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By **Nicholas P. Gilman.**

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CHARACTER BUILDING

A MASTER'S TALKS WITH HIS PUPILS

BY EDWARD P. JACKSON, A. M.



CHARACTER BUILDING

A Master's Talks with his Pupils

7096

BY

EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON, A.M.

*Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free ;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea !*

WHITTIER



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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TO
My Father and Mother
WHOSE FAITHFUL TEACHINGS
AND WHOSE
LIVES OF SELF-SACRIFICE IN THE CAUSE OF HUMAN WELFARE
INSPIRED WHATEVER IS WORTHIEST IN THESE PAGES
THEY ARE
AFFECTIONATELY AND GRATEFULLY
DEDICATED



PREFACE.

THE American Secular Union, a national association having for its object the complete separation of Church and State, but in no way committed to any system of religious belief or disbelief, in the fall of 1889 offered a prize of one thousand dollars "for the best essay, treatise, or manual adapted to aid and assist teachers in our free public schools and in the Girard College for Orphans, and other public and charitable institutions professing to be unsectarian, to thoroughly instruct children and youth in the purest principles of morality without inculcating religious doctrine."

The members of the committee chosen to examine the numerous MSS. submitted were: Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B., President of the Union, Philadelphia; Felix Adler, Ph. D., of the Society for Ethical Culture, New York; Prof. D. G. Brinton, M. D., of the University of Pennsylvania; Prof. Frances E. White, M. D., of the Woman's Medical College; and Miss Ida C. Craddock, Secretary of the Union. As, in the opinion of a majority of the committee, no one of the MSS. fully met all the requirements, the prize was equally divided between the two adjudged to be the best offered, entitled respectively, "The Laws of Daily Conduct," by Nicholas Paine Gilman, editor of the "Literary World" of Boston, and author of "Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee;" and "Character Building."

Although the two books were written with no reference to each other, they seem to be, both in manner and matter, each the complement of the other. The deficiencies of each are, in great measure, supplied by the other. While "The Laws of Daily Conduct" is, in the main, synthetic and general in its treatment, the present work is more analytic and specific. The two are, therefore, published in a single volume, as well as separately, at the earnest request of the Union, and the authors hope that the joint book will be preferred by purchasers. Much of the matter in the introduction to "The Laws of Daily Conduct" is equally pertinent to "Character Building."

The avoidance of sectarianism was not a difficulty, but a relief. Although both writers wish to be known as friends of religion, they agree in the conviction that the public school, which belongs equally to representatives of all sects and to those of no sect, is not the place for special religious or theological instruction. There is enough in what is known as morals, without admixture of a distinctive religious creed, enough that the good, the pure, the noble, the patriotic, the philanthropic of all creeds can agree upon, to fill not one little book like this, but a library. The difficulty is, not to find material, but to select wisely from the abundance at hand.

What use to make of the following pages each teacher must decide for himself. They may serve merely as hints as to methods, or they may supply subjects and their treatment, to be presented in such other language as shall seem best adapted to different classes of hearers. Should the teacher or parent prefer to read them in their original form, the time required for each of the Talks will be found not to vary materially from that prescribed by "Dr. Dix," ten minutes, at most fifteen, of one day in each week of the school year.

E. P. J.

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CHARACTER BUILDING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JOHN DIX, Ph. D., Principal of the Freetown Academy.
HIS PUPILS.

PROLOGUE.

“A time to keep silence, and a time to speak.”

Dr. Dix [concluding a moral lecture]. Well, Jenkins, what do you wish to say?

Geoffrey Jenkins [with a sly wink at his classmates]. I beg pardon, but are we going to recite our Cæsar lesson to-day?

Dr. Dix [glancing uneasily at the clock]. Is it possible! Really, I had no idea it was so late. I was so engrossed in my subject that I was altogether unconscious of the flight of time. No, Jenkins, I regret that we must give up our Cæsar lesson for to-day. Jenkins should not have waited until it was too late before calling my attention. Ah, ha! he knew what he was about, did he [*laughing*]? Well, well, you need n’t look so delighted. We’ll take a double lesson next time, and give our whole attention to it. I hope, however, that the time to-day has not been altogether lost; and yet, as I said, I regret that our Cæsar lesson must be postponed. To be sure, the proper discussion of a great moral principle is more important than a lesson in Cæsar: but we are told that there is a time for every-

thing ; and, in strict justice, we have no right to give the time that belongs to Cæsar to anything else, or to anybody else, however worthy. Well, what is it, Watson ?

Archibald Watson. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." [Laughter.]

Dr. Dix. "And" — Why don't you finish ?

Archibald Watson. "And unto God the things that are God's."

Dr. Dix. Well put, my lad, well put. An excellent application of a famous epigram. The past hour justly belonged to the author of the "Commentaries," and we have given it to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

It is nearly time for the bell, but I will mention to you a plan which I have been thinking of, and which I shall probably adopt. There are many things I wish to say to you not directly connected with your lessons. To avoid in future the mistake I have made to-day, it is my intention to set apart ten or fifteen minutes every Wednesday morning, not for set lessons, but for miscellaneous Talks. The time thus appropriated will be taken equitably from the various branches of study, and no one of them need to suffer perceptibly. But whether they suffer or not, I shall feel that I am doing no wrong ; and certainly no one can doubt the importance of questions of conduct and motive in a school which professes to form character as well as to train the intellect.

If I should adopt this plan, I cordially invite you all to join freely with me in the discussions, to suggest topics, to ask questions, and to feel no hesitation whatever in expressing dissent from anything that may be said, — *honest* dissent I mean, of course. I hope no one will ever take part in a discussion simply to carry his point and win a victory, or merely to make a display of his skill at logical fencing. The one great object I wish every one to have before him is to discover and point out the *truth.*

[Bell.]

1.

SINCERITY.

Dr. Dix. Well, scholars, after further consideration and conference with certain ladies and gentlemen whose judgment I value very highly, I have decided to adopt the plan which I mentioned last week.

Until further notice, then, the first ten minutes of each Wednesday will be devoted to what I hope will prove not only useful but interesting conversations. I say conversations, for I want you to do your share of the talking. As, however, I have a much greater store of experience to draw from than any of you, I expect that my share will be much larger than yours; but I shall always take good care to give you a full opportunity to say all you feel inclined to say. You have only to indicate your wish in the usual way, and it shall be granted.

I desire that these Wednesday Morning Talks of ours shall have a distinct bearing upon the formation of character, that they shall be such as shall tend to make you loyal citizens, and good, noble men and women.

And first, let me say, the easiest and cheapest part of morality is the discussion of it. Of all things in existence, words—if they are mere words—are the cheapest. Nothing is easier for some men, who can do little else, than to talk; and of all subjects under the sun there are none upon which more empty words are uttered than upon questions of morality. As you have learned in your study of English Literature, some of the most exalted sentiments that have ever been expressed in our language have been uttered by men of essentially ignoble lives.

The first condition, then, that I shall impose upon you as well as upon myself in these discussions is entire *sincerity*.

Louisa Thompson. Do you mean that we are not to speak of good things that we do not do ourselves?

Dr. Dix [smiling]. I fear that such a restriction would close many eloquent lips.

Louisa Thompson. And are all those eloquent people hypocrites?

Dr. Dix [with emphasis]. By no means, Miss Thompson. But the noblest human character is full of imperfections. Before any good act is performed, before any noble quality is attained, it must be thought of and aspired to. The runner in a race must fix his thoughts intently on the goal towards which he is striving. By all means let our thoughts and words be in advance of our actual attainments. That is the very first requisite to progress, and the farther in advance they are the better. What I meant was, that we should not profess admiration of virtue or detestation of vice which we do not actually feel, — that, in short, we should not preach what we do not at least sincerely *desire* to practice, whether in our weakness we are able actually to practice it or not. I think we shall not find this too severe a restriction. I take it for granted that there is no one here who has not a genuine desire, more or less alive and awake, to become better, stronger, nobler, more admirable than he is. If this desire is encouraged — and there is no better way to encourage it than to think and talk about it — it will naturally grow stronger and stronger. As the desire strengthens, so will the power to gratify it. There is no other sincere desire of the human heart so absolutely sure to be realized as this.

Do not let our talks end with mere talk. Do not let any of us discuss the beauty and nobility of truthfulness, for instance, and straightway resume the prac-

tice of the petty deceptions so common in the school-room, as well as elsewhere. Let us not sound the praises of industry, cheerfulness, forbearance, generosity, and immediately proceed to the indulgence of idleness, ill-temper, impatience, and selfishness.

Susan Perkins. What is a hypocrite, Dr. Dix?

Dr. Dix. Let us hear your own definition first, Miss Perkins.

Susan Perkins. Why, if we should do what you have just asked us not to do, we should be hypocrites, should we not?

Dr. Dix. Not necessarily. No, not even probably. A hypocrite is one who attempts to *deceive* others in regard to his true character, especially one who pretends to virtue which he does not possess. I should not think of accusing any of you of such contemptible meanness, even if you should do what I have just asked you not to do. I should simply think that your sentiments, though strong enough to be expressed in words, were neither strong nor deep enough for the louder speaking of action. They would be like certain plants which put forth very showy blossoms, but which have not vitality enough to bear fruit.

No; far be it from me to suspect any of you of that degree of insincerity which amounts to hypocrisy, a thing so utterly mean as to be despised alike by the good and the bad. But if you give occasion, I shall, of course, recognize in you that unconscious sort of insincerity which makes us satisfied with mere words and fleeting emotions instead of action, — with impulse instead of steady, persistent purpose, — with the shadow instead of the substance, — the blossom instead of the fruit.

As I said a little while ago, there is nothing cheaper than words. But even those whose words are held the cheapest are not always consciously insincere. Their emotions and sentiments may be real and vivid while

they last, though they may scarcely outlast the noisy breath that utters them.

Whether justly or unjustly, it is the common disposition of mankind to place a low estimate upon the earnestness of great talkers, and more particularly upon their will and power to do. There are familiar old proverbs illustrating this. Let us have some of them.

Jane Simpson. "Empty vessels make the most sound."

Charles Fox. "Still waters run deep."

Lucy Snow. "Shallow brooks babble."

Dr. Dix. Yes. Proverbs are called the wisdom of many and the wit of one. Those you have given are among the wisest and the wittiest. There is danger, however, that their very wisdom and wit may lead to their too wide application. One of the most familiar of the proverbs may well serve as a check upon all the rest. Can any of you tell me what it is?

Geoffrey Jenkins. "There is no rule without exceptions."

Jonathan Tower. And, "The exception proves the rule."

Dr. Dix. If any of the proverbs needs the check of the first of these two, it is certainly the second. There is no rule with more exceptions, even in Latin prosody or German gender, than that "The exception proves the rule."

It is *not* true that all or even the most of great talkers are deficient in earnestness or in the power and will to accomplish good in the world. The mission of such — I mean really great talkers — is chiefly to talk; not to express what they do not feel, but sentiments and emotions which may be even deeper and more fervent than their eloquent words, sentiments and emotions that live as realities in their hearts, that they will stand by to the death, if need be.

Few men have wielded a more controlling influence

over their fellow-men than Pericles during the first years of the Peloponnesian War. Cicero attributes his power chiefly to his surpassing skill in oratory. But what could his oratory have accomplished if the men of Athens had not known that their eloquent chief meant every word exactly as he said it? It was not the words that gave power to the man so much as it was the man that gave power to the words. Many an actor on the stage has equalled and perhaps surpassed Pericles in the tricks of voice, facial expression, and gesture; but the sublimest triumphs of the stage last only so long as the illusion of reality remains. When the pageant is over, the consciousness of its unreality returns, and lo! the burning words have lost their power, save as they please the memory and the imagination.

And, again, it is *not* true that all "still waters run deep." There are shallow, stagnant little pools that lie more silent and still than the deepest tides of the Mississippi. Silence may be "golden" or it may be leaden. It may be the silence of wisdom and self-mastery, or it may be the silence of stupidity and cowardice, the silence of the owl, or the silence of the sphinx.

Do not, therefore, be afraid to talk. Only talk at the right time and in the right place, and be thoroughly in earnest. Mean what you say. Feel yourself what you urge upon others, and be sure that your feeling is something more than a momentary impulse. Do not mistake a passing breeze for a trade-wind.

II.

WHAT IS RIGHT?

Dr. Dix. I don't wish you to look upon this new move of ours as merely the introduction of a new branch of study. If that were all I sought, I should simply have proposed the addition of ethics to our curriculum. I should have selected a suitable text-book, assigned lessons to be learned, perhaps, and appointed an hour for recitation; in which case some of you would probably have thought more of your "marks" and "percentages" than of the branch itself, as I fear is true with some of you in other cases.

No; it is not merely the *science*, but the *art* and *practice* of morality that I wish you to acquire. If this object is to be accomplished, it must be chiefly through your own efforts. Something of the science we may learn by talking; the art, like all other arts, can be acquired only by faithful, persevering practice.

Charles Fox. What does ethics mean, Dr. Dix?

Dr. Dix [looking around his audience]. Well, we are all waiting for an answer.

Isabelle Anthony. The science of morality, or moral philosophy.

Dr. Dix. And what is morality?

Isabelle Anthony. I should say it was a comprehensive word, including all our ideas of right and wrong.

Dr. Dix. That will do very well for the present. I might ask what is meant by "right," and what is meant by "wrong." That would lead us at once into the very heart of the science of ethics.

Charles Fox. And is n't that what you wish?

Dr. Dix. We can hardly practise an art successfully without knowing, either by acquisition or by instinct, at least the fundamental principles of the science which relates to that art. What I wish to guard against is, lest our talks, from which I hope so much, may degenerate into distinctly intellectual exercises. I can imagine our pursuing the science of ethics precisely as we study chemistry or logic, and with very much the same result. I do not mean that that result would not include moral benefit. I believe it would, just as I believe the study of chemistry — ay, even of algebra — is morally beneficial (and we shall speak of this more at length some other morning). I mean that the moral benefit would be secondary to the intellectual benefit, which is exactly what I do not wish.

I have often heard men of a philosophical and argumentative turn discussing ethical questions for no other purpose apparently than to while away a leisure hour, and to display their logical acumen. I have heard the loftiest conceptions of right and duty, in the abstract, eloquently set forth by men whose daily lives would indicate anything but a lofty conception of their own individual duty.

Of course we must have something of what is known as the science of ethics, but not enough of it to allow the head to usurp the functions of the heart. We will consider that this ten minutes belongs peculiarly to the heart, and we will allow the head to act only as an auxiliary. It is enough for him to be king the rest of the day, with the heart as only his modest and meek counsellor. Now I am ready to ask you what is meant by “right” and “wrong.”

Miss Thompson, what do you think those words mean ?

Louisa Thompson. Right is — is — why, it is that which is *right*. [Laughter.]

Dr. Dix. And wrong is, by the same process of reasoning, that which is *wrong*, eh ? Well, I don’t know

but that I ought to be satisfied with your answer. It shows, at least, that the words have a clear enough meaning in your mind. Right is right, just as gold is gold ; and wrong is wrong, as dross is dross. And so, I suppose, the words have a definite meaning in the minds of all present. Still, it is possible that they may mean different things to different persons. Let us see how nearly we agree. Miss Thompson, will you try once more ? What is "right" ?

Louisa Thompson. Right is — doing good to others.

Geoffrey Jenkins. I was going to say that, and then I thought you would ask what I meant by "good." So I would n't say it.

Dr. Dix [smiling]. Precisely what I was about to ask Miss Thompson, not for the sake of puzzling her or you, but for exactly the opposite reason — that we might begin with the clearest possible ideas. What is "good" ?

Louisa Thompson. Whatever causes happiness is good, is it not ?

Dr. Dix. Let us see. It is said that the effect of certain deadly drugs upon the nervous system is to produce a sensation of intense happiness. Are they good ?

Louisa Thompson. No, sir ; but the sensations they produce are not true happiness ; besides, they cause greater unhappiness afterwards.

Dr. Dix. Then, suppose we say that nothing is good, even though it may cause happiness — or what seems to be happiness — if it causes greater misery, or if it prevents greater happiness.

But suppose I do something which causes happiness to certain persons and unhappiness, though in a less degree, to others who are innocent ; is *that* good ?

Louisa Thompson. N-no, sir.

Thomas Dunn. And yet that very thing is often done, and called right and good, too.

Dr. Dix. When and by whom ?

Thomas Dunn. By the government, when innocent men are obliged to go to war to save their country.

Dr. Dix [impressively]. “*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*”¹ Men ought and often do count it their greatest happiness, as well as glory, to make that sacrifice.

Archibald Watson. Then why should n’t everybody count it happiness to make sacrifices for others ?

Dr. Dix. So everybody should, my boy ; but we are not speaking now of those who voluntarily make sacrifice, but of those who require it of others. And it must be remembered that the same rules cannot be applied to a government that are applied to an individual. What would be perfectly right and good in the government might be a capital crime in an individual. It would not be right for me to seek the happiness of some of you at the expense of the suffering of others who did not deserve it at my hands, — even though the total amount of the happiness I thus caused might overbalance the pain. So, though it is safe to say that all good is right and all right is good, yet we see that there is something involved in both the right and the good besides mere happiness. What is it ?

Julia Taylor. Justice ?

Dr. Dix. Yes. Justice and happiness may coincide, but we do not think of them as inseparably connected. Let justice be done is our instinctive feeling, whether happiness results or not. “*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.*”²

George Williams. Is it not both right and good sometimes to set aside justice ?

Dr. Dix. No. Justice may be “tempered with mercy ;” but it is never right nor good that it should be “set aside.” Right demands that the mercy shown to some should never involve injustice to others, as, for

¹ It is sweet and glorious to die for one’s country.

² Let justice be done, though the heavens fall.

instance, when a criminal, unrepentant and unreformed, is pardoned and let loose to prey again upon society.

Well, what besides kindness, mercy, and justice are included in right?

Susan Perkins. Truth.

Dr. Dix. Do not our commonest instincts teach us that nothing can be right or good that is not *true*? A lie, even though it may cause no unhappiness to any living creature, is and must be forever wrong. Right, *rectus*, means *straight, true*. A right angle is a square angle. Even in slang a man that does right is called "square" and "straight," while a rascal is sometimes called a "crook." Wrong is not straight nor square; it is oblique, crooked. Its very spelling shows what it is, — *w-r-on-g*, *wrung*, *wrested* from the true and the right. The wrong does not go straight on; it *wriggles*, it *wriggles*.

But there is one particular word which, with its equivalents, expresses the idea of right more exactly, perhaps, than any that we have used thus far. What is it? That is right which —

Thomas Dunn. *Ought* to be.

Dr. Dix. That is the word, *ought*, *owed*. Right is what is owed by somebody or something to somebody or something. Right is a debt, *debitum*, something owed. And there are equivalents; what are they?

Jane Simpson. Right is what is *due*, *duty*.

Dr. Dix. Yes. But we must be careful that we do not take those words in too narrow a sense. Some men seem to consider that they do their full duty to their fellow-men when they pay what they call their business debts. Are they right?

Many Voices. No, sir.

Dr. Dix. What else do they owe?

Louisa Thompson. Kindness.

Henry Phillips. Charity.

Jonathan Tower. Help.

Lucy Snow. Forbearance.

Jane Simpson. Friendship.

Susan Perkins. Forgiveness.

Dr. Dix. And the influence and example of a noble, upright life. These are all debts, as truly as those which are entered in their ledgers.

III.

THE SENSE OF DUTY.

Dr. Dix. To do right, as we said last Wednesday morning, is simply to do one's duty. Now *things* always do that. Observe, in this last statement I am not using the word duty in its strict metaphysical sense, which involves the idea of a right voluntary *choice* between alternatives of action. I use it simply in its etymological sense, that of giving what is owed, what is *due*. As I said, things always do that.

Thomas Dunn. Do they always? Does a watch, for instance, do its duty when it refuses to go?

Dr. Dix. Always. If it is properly made in the first place, and is not abused afterwards, it will go until it is worn out, and then it is its duty to stop. If it is not properly made, and is badly enough abused, it is its duty, it is the law of its being, so to speak, not to go.

Thomas Dunn. May not the same, or at least a similar thing, be said of a man?

Dr. Dix. Yes and no. A man is like a watch only in that he does not do the impossible. He is entirely unlike a watch in that he does not necessarily do what he can. Yes, Dunn, things always obey the laws of their being. They always *pay their debts*.

Joseph Cracklin. But they deserve no credit for doing so — they can't help it.

Dr. Dix. Who *does* deserve credit for simply paying his debts? However, we will not consider the credit for the present; we will consider the fact and its results, which are precisely the same as if things could do wrong if they chose, but always chose to do right.

A part of the lesson we are to learn is the results of right-doing and of wrong-doing. If you and your watchmaker do your duty to your watch, it will infallibly do its duty to you. It will go on, never resting, never tiring, never losing a tick, whether the eye of its master is on it or not, working as faithfully through the long hours of the night as in the daylight.

In a school reading-book in use when I was a boy, there was an ingenious little allegory entitled "The Discontented Pendulum," by Jane Taylor. The pendulum of an old clock, that had been faithfully ticking the seconds year after year, was represented as finally becoming utterly discouraged by its unintermitting labors and the prospect of their never ending, and abruptly coming to a full stop. After pouring out its grief and discouragement to a sympathizing ear, listening to a due amount of remonstrance for its ignoble neglect of duty and of encouragement to persevere to the end,—remembering that it never had but one swing to make in a second and that it always had the second to make it in,—it was finally persuaded to dry its tears and return to its duty. I remember that I liked the fable very much; but, with all my admiration, I could not quite forgive the injustice done to the pendulum in even imagining it capable of unfaithfulness of which only a living creature could be guilty.

No, things are never unfaithful. The stars never desert their posts for an instant throughout the ages. The planets never swerve a hair's breadth from the courses marked out for them by nature. Not an atom ever refuses to fulfil its duty, and its whole duty, in the unending work of the universe. The grand result of this unvarying fidelity to duty, this perfect obedience to the laws of nature, is perfect harmony throughout the physical universe. It is only in the moral universe that discord reigns.

1 The lower animate creation is no less faithful to duty

than the inanimate. No allurements will tempt the mother bird to desert her young. The working ant never idles away his time. Queens are only mothers in the hive and in the nest: neither kings nor queens are needed for government, for none of their subjects was ever known to violate a law of the realm.

Geoffrey Jenkins. The grasshopper idles, if the ant does n't.

Archibald Watson. Yes, sir; and we have the fable of "The Ant and the Grasshopper."

Dr. Dix. I have often thought that fable even more unjust to the grasshopper than Jane Taylor's to the pendulum. The grasshopper gets his living through the summer, his natural term of life, does he not? Many a Western farmer has learned that to his sorrow.

Geoffrey Jenkins. Yes, sir; he *steals* his living.

Dr. Dix. No, I cannot admit that. Human laws of property are binding only on men, not on grasshoppers. They know only the laws of nature, which recognize no monopoly of the green fields; they have never learned to read the warning legend, "No Trespass."

But/let us see what even the grasshopper will do when duty calls. When the devastating multitudes sweep over the plains, leaving no green shred behind them, attempts are sometimes made to check their progress by lighting long lines of fire. Then comes the vanguard of grasshoppers, overwhelming the opposing walls of flame like an extinguishing wave of the ocean. There is no hesitation. *Haud mora.*¹ Like Napoleon's platoons at the bridge of Lodi, the countless multitudes go unflinchingly to certain death for the sake of the vastly greater multitudes behind them.

That is the way the little voluntary of the fable does his duty. I have compared him to the heroic soldier, the human type of that perfect fidelity which we have seen in the inanimate and in the lower animate

¹ No delay.

creation. The true soldier's one object and ambition is to *do his duty*, no matter what the cost. You have all heard the famous story of the burning of the Czar's palace at Moscow — how in the general confusion the order to relieve the royal sentinels was not issued by the proper authority, and how the heroic fellows paced back and forth upon the blazing balustrades as if they were on parade, until the falling walls buried them from sight.

There was an example of fidelity to duty set before the world! It was an example not only to the soldier guarding his sacred trust, but to all men in all stations and conditions of life.

What seem to be little duties are as binding upon us as those which may gain for us greater glory and admiration. The regular army soldier is taught to be as faithful in the care of his horse and of his wardrobe as in the performance of his graver duties on the battlefield.

Now, can you tell me why the sense of the imperativeness of duty should be so especially prominent in the mind of the soldier? Why more so than in the minds of men in general?

Julia Taylor. It is no more so than in the minds of other *faithful* people.

Dr. Dix. Very true. Heroic fidelity to duty is by no means confined to those whose trade is war. There are cowards, traitors, and shirks in the army as well as elsewhere. From the earliest ages, however, the soldier has been a favorite proverb of devotion to duty, and an idea so general must have some foundation in truth.

Isabelle Anthony. One reason is, that bravery is so much admired, and cowardice so much despised.

Dr. Dix. That is doubtless a part of the explanation. But to be brave is not the soldier's only duty: his first and greatest obligation is to *obey orders*.

Thomas Dunn. I think the chief reason is, that

there is so much depending on his doing his duty faithfully. If he sleeps on his post, the safety of the whole army is endangered ; if he is cowardly in battle, the victory is lost ; if he is disobedient to orders, there can be no discipline, and without discipline an army is only a mob.

Dr. Dix. Yes ; that is the explanation — *necessity*. Fidelity is indispensable to efficiency. An army composed of untrustworthy and disobedient soldiers would be like a watch — if such a thing is conceivable — in which the wheels should turn or not as they individually chose ; or, to carry out my former comparison, like a universe in which the atoms should obey the laws of attraction and repulsion or not according to their sovereign pleasure. Such an army would be, as Dunn says, a mob : such a universe would be chaos.

Now, boys and girls, each one of us is like a soldier in an army — with this difference : however we might wish to do so, we can neither resign nor desert. We must ever remain parts of the great whole. Each of us is a little wheel in the great mechanism, and if we do not do our share of the turning, or if we turn in the wrong direction, we do so much to block the machinery, to disturb the general harmony that might prevail. Why should any of us feel the sense of imperative duty less strongly than the brave, true soldier ? Why should man, the apex in the pyramid of being, be less obedient to the laws of his existence, less faithful to his duty, than the wheels of his watch, than the ant or the bee, than the minutest atom that helps to hold the universe together and keep it in harmonious motion ?

IV.

“CREDIT,” AND OTHER “REWARDS OF MERIT.”

Dr. Dix. During my eulogy on things and the lower animals, last week, for always fulfilling the ends for which they exist, it was objected that they deserve no “credit” for doing so, because they cannot do otherwise. Well, as I replied then, who *does* deserve credit for simply doing his duty ?

Joseph Cracklin. When a man pays a debt, it is put to his “credit” on the ledger.

Dr. Dix [smiling]. That sounds like a very clever answer ; but it is only a play upon words. Even things deserve credit in that sense of the word. The farmer *credits* a field with the crop that he considers no more than his *due* for the labor and money he has expended upon it. When Cracklin made the remark that “things deserve no credit,” he used the word in an entirely different sense, that of commendation for positive moral virtue. A man who merely pays his debts simply *does n’t do wrong*. His act is like thousands of other acts, neither positive nor negative so far as their moral nature is concerned ; whereas the man who not only pays, but gives from benevolent motives, is “credited” with an act of positive moral virtue.

Thomas Dunn. But did n’t we decide, a fortnight ago, that kindness, charity, generosity were only *debts* that we owe our fellow-men ?

Dr. Dix [laughing]. We seem to have stumbled upon one of those ethical subtleties that I was so anxious to avoid. It is not so subtle, however, as it seems. Words often have a very different force, according as

their application is high or low. We say, for instance, that this building is stationary. It is so only with reference to the earth on which it stands. Referred to the heavens, we know that it is in rapid motion. So that which may not be a debt in the business sense, may be a most binding debt in the moral sense. The payment of such moral debts has positive moral virtue, and is entitled to moral credit. Let us consider this moral credit, as distinguished from business credit.

It is a part of the natural and just reward of well-doing. The love of the approbation of our fellow-men is implanted in us by nature, and is entirely commendable, if properly regulated. There is no motion without a motor. The steam-engine will not move without steam, neither will man act without a motive. He labors for food and other necessaries and comforts of life. Without reward of some sort he will not act, and this is right. As I said, the approval of his fellow-men is one of these rewards. But suppose it is the only or chief motive for doing good. You have read of a class of men who give alms that they may be seen of men. You know what is said of them: "They have their reward." Do you not detect a subtle sarcasm in that laconic awarding of the prize of "credit"? Are they really entitled even to the poor reward they receive? If men knew their actual motive, would they receive it? No; in order that their credit may be justly earned, it must be only a secondary motive of action. And the same may be said of all other rewards which appeal to our selfish passions and desires. You may name some of the motives which impel men to do good and shun evil.

Isabelle Anthony. I think the most general and powerful motive is expressed in the old copy-book line, "Be virtuous and you will be happy."

Frank Williams. People are afraid they won't get to heaven if they are not good.

Dr. Dix. And what do you think of such motives, unmixed with others?

Isabelle Anthony. I think they are purely selfish.

Dr. Dix. Do you think they are entitled to much of the credit we are speaking of?

Isabelle Anthony. No, sir.

Dr. Dix. Suppose no such rewards were offered, — suppose — if such a thing is conceivable — that virtue did not gain the approval of our fellow-men or lead to happiness, what do you think the effect would be on general human character?

Jane Simpson. There would n't be much good done.

Thomas Dunn. I do not think there would be any good at all.

Dr. Dix. So you think all good acts have at bottom some selfish motive?

Thomas Dunn. It seems to me that it must be so.

Dr. Dix. Do you think the Good Samaritan was selfish?

Thomas Dunn. He *might* have been purely so. He could n't help pitying the man he saw suffering. Pity is no more truly an act of the will, I suppose, than surprise, or fright, or any other sudden emotion. His pity caused him a kind of suffering, and he took the most direct and effectual way of relieving it.

Dr. Dix. And so he was entitled to no credit?

Thomas Dunn. I don't say that. I only say that his good act might have been purely selfish. If my head aches, I try to relieve it. I do the same when my heart aches.

Besides, he might have heard of its being "more blessed to give than to receive," and he might have been business-like enough to do that which would secure to himself the greater blessing.

Julia Taylor [*indignantly*]. I don't believe it possible for him to have had any such sordid thoughts. I don't believe the most remote thought of himself or of

rewards of any kind entered his noble heart. I believe his act was one of the purest and most unselfish benevolence.

Dr. Dix. Miss Taylor's supposition is at least as reasonable as yours, Dunn. I had no idea you were such a cynic.

Thomas Dunn. You invited us to express our views without restraint.

Dr. Dix. Certainly. I am not reproaching you for expressing your views; I am only surprised that such fully developed cynicism should come from such young lips.

Thomas Dunn. I merely repeated what I have heard from older lips. But I only said what might be *possible*.

Dr. Dix [*more graciously*]. But what in your heart you felt is not probable. That is not the way you ordinarily judge your fellow-beings. Only those without virtue themselves disbelieve in its existence in others; only those without benevolence themselves believe others destitute of that virtue.

Thomas Dunn. But the Good Samaritan was not one of my fellow-beings; he was only an imaginary character, after all.

Dr. Dix. He stands for the good heart of all mankind. In maligning him, you malign your race. Don't lose your faith in human nature, Dunn. It would be one of the greatest losses you could suffer. There is no doubt that selfish motives actuate a great amount of the good that is done in the world; but, thank heaven, not all, nor nearly all. The mother thinks only of her beloved child in danger. She thinks no more of herself than the planet thinks of itself as it wheels unswervingly in its celestial orbit. The hero who clings to the lever of his engine as it hurries him on to his death thinks only of the hundreds of precious lives entrusted to his care. He has no time to think of the glory

which his eyes shall never see, or of the fame of which his ears shall never hear. Napoleon's soldiers may have thought of *la gloire*, as they marched on to their fatal Lodi; but it was not that alone which led them on: there was besides the irresistible impulse to do their duty *because it was their duty*.

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V.

GOOD BOYS AND "FUN."

Dr. Dix. The other morning I said that I took it for granted that all here feel a sincere desire to improve in character. Now, I am a pretty fair reader of countenances, and I must confess that I noticed what seemed to me a hesitating look here and there. I will not ask any one to speak for himself; but I wish some of you would express what you suppose may possibly be the feeling of others.

James Murphy. Please, sir, good boys don't amount to anything out of school hours. [*Laughter.*]

Dr. Dix [graciously]. Thank you, Murphy, for your free expression of opinion. I have urged you to express your views without restraint, and I am glad that one, at least, has shown his willingness to do so. If what Murphy says is true, I confess it is a new fact to me. Now, will you please be a little more definite. What do bad boys "amount to" out of school hours more than good boys?

James Murphy. Why, sir, good boys are afraid of a little fun, and — and — they don't know how to have any fun, any way.

Edward Williams. They are n't so *smart* as bad boys.

Richard Jones. It's all well enough for *girls* to be good; but with *boys* it is different.

Sally Jones [with jealous indignation]. Girls are just as bad and smart as boys are! [*Loud laughter, in which the Doctor himself joins.*]

Dr. Dix. Our young friends of the Sixth Class show a spirit of competition worthy of a better cause, which,

whether it be so candidly expressed in words or not, unfortunately prevails among many of larger growth. I trust they have not expressed the actual public sentiment of Room No. 6. At all events, they have furnished us with a subject for our Talk this morning.

"Good boys don't amount to anything out of school hours," because *"they are afraid of a little fun."*

Now, whether that is a fact to be lamented or not depends on what you mean by "fun." If you mean malicious mischief, the inflicting of injury or annoyance upon others for the sake of the pleasure it may afford to the perpetrators, or if you mean indulgence in immoral or injurious pleasures, then I must admit that you are perfectly right when you say that good boys and girls are afraid of it. But is such fear a thing to be ashamed of? There are two kinds of fear, that of the coward, and that of the hero. The bravest soldier is mortally afraid of one thing—disgrace. The noblest soul shrinks in terror from dishonor.

Without this kind of fear the highest kind of courage cannot exist. The man that boasts that he is not afraid of anybody or anything is most likely to be an arrant coward at heart. Everybody is, by this time, familiar with the story of the New York regiment recruited from the worst criminals and "toughs,"—how it was confidently expected that they would show at least one virtue, that of desperate courage, and how, to everybody's amazement,—no, not everybody's, for there were some that already understood the true relation between manhood and vice,—they proved as utterly worthless on the battlefield as in the camp, showing that the only danger they were *not* afraid of was that of shame and disgrace. One of the most valuable lessons our great war taught was, that the best men make the best and the bravest soldiers. He that is truest to his duty in peace will be the most certain to be true to his flag in war. So much for the good boy's fear.

“Good boys don’t know how to have fun, any way.”

Assuming for the present that the word fun has been correctly defined, I think you will all agree with me that it would be a most blessed thing for the world if all knowledge of it were forever lost. There are some kinds of knowledge which are a terrible loss rather than a gain. Many and many a youth knows altogether too much of certain things, and not enough of others, for his own happiness and good.

There is a kind of “fun” that is anything but funny in its results, a kind that brings far more tears than laughter. This is the kind that the good boy neither knows nor wishes to know how to have.

“Good boys are not so ‘smart’ as bad boys.”

I presume that “smart” is here to be taken in its American sense, as meaning clever, able, energetic. If so, I confess that the idea expressed is a novel one to me. Does it require more cleverness, ability, energy, to do wrong than to do right? Most people find it quite the reverse. Which is easier, to give a wrong solution of a mathematical problem or the right one? Any one can answer a difficult question wrongly; only the “smart” ones can answer it correctly. It is the same in the moral as in the intellectual field; to do right requires effort, power; to do wrong generally requires neither.

Joseph Cracklin. I have heard my father say that a rascal will work harder to steal a dollar than an honest man will to earn ten.

Dr. Dix. A very wise and true saying it is, too. But the effort I am speaking of now is the effort of power, cleverness, ability, energy—not the effort of weakness and folly. The making of great efforts does not necessarily indicate power. A fool will work harder to accomplish nothing than a wise man will to build a ship. Then, again, some kinds of effort, desperate as they may seem, are much easier to make than others. Your rascal

would find it harder to make up his mind to honestly earn one of the honest man's ten dollars than to work day and night to steal a hundred.

No, it is not true that evil requires more power than good. Men are wicked because it is *easier* to be wicked than it is to be good. Like the lightning, they follow the path of least resistance.

Susan Perkins. "The way of the transgressor," I have always been told, "is *hard*."

Dr. Dix. Ah, that comes *later*.

Julia Taylor. Don't we often hear it said in praise of certain good people, that they find it easier to do right than wrong, — that it comes more natural to them?

Dr. Dix. I am glad you asked the question, for it suggests the most striking and admirable characteristic of all kinds of power, moral as well as intellectual and physical — *the ease with which it accomplishes its results*. The athlete does without apparent effort what might be an impossibility for the ordinary man. The genius dashes off in an hour a poem that we common mortals could not produce in a lifetime of effort. How have these good people you speak of attained their power for good? By long-continued perseverance in the paths of virtue. That which you say "comes natural" to them is simply the second nature of habit.

Jane Simpson. Is all virtue only second nature? Are there not some people who seem to have been born good?

Dr. Dix. Certainly some people inherit better natures than others, just as some inherit more vigorous bodies and keener intellects. We are not all favored alike. The point I am urging is, that good requires more power than evil; whether inherited or acquired is not now the question. This power may be inherited in vastly different degrees by different individuals; but one great truth I want to impress upon you: Every virtuous life that has ever been lived has been a life of persistent effort.

VI.

VIRTUE IS STRENGTH: VICE IS WEAKNESS.

Dr. Dix. *Every virtuous life that has ever been lived has been a life of persistent effort.*

Let no one palliate his own self-indulgence and belittle another's self-denial by saying, "It is easy for him to be good, he could n't be bad if he tried." Vice *per se* is always easier than virtue. The apparent exception I have already explained. If there are those of such exalted virtue that it seems well-nigh impossible for them to go wrong, it is because of their *strength*. Their inability is like that of the athlete who cannot act the invalid, the giant who cannot be a pygmy. I say again, vice *per se* is always easier than virtue: self-indulgence is always easier than self-denial; to resist temptation is always more difficult than to yield; to utter the angry word or strike the angry blow requires far less power than to restrain the tongue or withhold the hand.

Joseph Cracklin [*pertly, looking about for applause*]. Some men have found out that there was considerable power in one of Sullivan's angry blows. [*Laughter, more or less restrained.*]

Dr. Dix [*with cold displeasure*]. We have been speaking of "smartness," and we have thus far used the word in its colloquial sense. When correctly used, however, it has for one of its meanings shallow aggressiveness of speech or manner, with the added notion of impertinence. I think your attempted witticism, Cracklin, and more particularly your manner of making it, was a very good illustration of that kind of smartness. It was

shallow, because it betrayed a total failure to comprehend the subject we were discussing; and, in fact, had not the slightest bearing upon it. We were speaking of a power far greater than that of a puny arm of flesh and bone, even that of the notorious bully you named. It was impertinent, that is, not pertinent, for the same reason. It was aggressive — not in respectfully expressing honest dissent, which would have been proper and welcome — but in interrupting our discussion for the mere sake of displaying your wit.

Joseph Cracklin. I beg your pardon.

Dr. Dix. That is “smart” in the colloquial sense, Cracklin. It is right, and therefore strong. The other was wrong and therefore weak. We will let the one offset the other. And now let us return from the digression.

Virtue is a constant resistance to force, which tends to draw the soul to its ruin; vice is the simple, passive yielding to that force. The universal experience of mankind has led to the comparison of virtue to an ascent hard to climb, and of vice to a descent down which it is easy to sink. What does Virgil say on this subject, Miss Perkins?

Susan Perkins. “*Facilis descensus Averno; sed revocare gradum, — hoc opus, hic labor est.*”¹

Jonathan Tower. But simply because virtue is a climbing and vice a sinking, I don’t see how it follows that the good are necessarily cleverer or more powerful. I happen to know some clever people who are not regarded as very good, and I also know some very good people who seem to me rather weak than strong.

Dr. Dix. You have evidently misunderstood me. Perhaps you thought I was speaking of persons, when, in reality, I was speaking of actions.

Jonathan Tower. Pardon me, Dr. Dix, I have sup-

¹ The descent to Avernus is easy; but to return, — this is the difficulty, this the task.

posed from the beginning that the subject was one of persons. I thought the very question we were discussing was, whether, as Williams expressed it, "bad boys are smarter than good boys."

Dr. Dix. Not precisely. Virtue and vice is the subject we are discussing. I asked at the outset whether it requires more power or cleverness to do wrong than to do right, and Virgil's famous epigram, quoted just before you spoke, treats of actions, not of persons.

Jonathan Tower. I cannot understand the essential difference between speaking of *actions* and speaking of *actors*. Does not either word imply the other?

Dr. Dix. There is a very essential difference, my boy, between speaking of an action and speaking of the actor. Though, as you say, one implies the other, yet I should not necessarily pronounce one good or bad, weak or strong, because the other is. We are told that one may hate sin, but love the sinner. Wise people very often do foolish things, and foolish people, wise ones. So, though I may say with perfect truth that all evil is weakness and folly, and that all good is strength and wisdom, I could not say with truth that all good men are in all respects strong and wise, or that all bad men are in all respects weak and foolish. History is full of famous wicked men, and we all know plenty of good souls, strong and wise only in their goodness.

In general, however, it is fair to presume that among the doers of wise things there are more wise men than among the doers of foolish things, and *vice versa*. From this presumption alone I should feel perfectly safe in declaring that by far the larger share of the world's intellect and power is arrayed on the side of virtue. And when we look abroad we find that universal testimony confirms the deduction. The most intelligent and powerful nations are, on the whole, the most virtuous.

Charles Fox. I have read that criminals are, as a class, men of a very low order of intellect.

Dr. Dix. A state prison warden of many years' experience once told me that the most intellectual prisoner that had ever been under his charge was distinguished, not for any special breadth or depth of mental power, but simply for an intense keenness of cunning, which operated in the narrow circle of first defrauding his victims, and then attempting to outwit his keepers. Considered by itself, there is a wonderful amount of ingenuity displayed in the invention of instruments and other aids to the commission of crime; but how utterly insignificant it appears, both in quantity and quality, when compared with that employed for the benefit of mankind!

Of course, the single instance mentioned by the warden would not prove a universal rule; but it is safe to say that there is some fatal deficiency in the intellectual as well as in the moral make-up of every thoroughly bad man.

In the conflict between good and evil that is ever in progress, it is a most fortunate thing for us all that the enormous preponderance of intellect and power is on the side of good. It is to this that we owe the practically perfect safety with which we go unarmed and unattended from ocean to ocean. The bad are everywhere, and fain would make us their victims; but the strong right arm and the vigilant eye of justice-loving humanity are ever about us, and with so mighty a champion, we look upon evil lurking in its dark caves and feel no fear.

Archibald Watson. Men are robbed and murdered sometimes.

Dr. Dix. Alas, yes. We rarely take up a newspaper without seeing accounts of thefts, robberies, and murderous outrages. It is not that evil is not mighty and prevalent, but that good is vastly more mighty and vastly more prevalent. So great is the difference that, as I said, we have practically no fears for ourselves or for our friends. So little, as a rule, do we actually

suffer of wrong from our fellow-men, so little do we suffer from the combined efforts of all the intellect and power of the wicked, that, in order to complain at all, we pour out our bitter bewailings upon some petty three-penny tax or other that we feel to be unjust ! Think of it, scholars ! Think what might be the condition of the world to-day if evil were actually more clever and strong than good ! What would become of our asylums, hospitals, and life-saving stations ; our schools, churches, and libraries ? What would become of veneration for the aged, of respect and homage to woman, and of the almost universal value placed upon sacred human life ? In short, what would become of the law and order, national and international, which protects not only the humblest subject or citizen in his rights, but the feeblest state in its independence ?

Frank Williams. Dr. Dix, when I said that good boys were not so smart as bad boys, I was n't talking of *men*, I was talking of *boys*.

Dr. Dix. And, pray, what should make a difference ? The proverb says, "The boy is father of the man." Our other proverb, "There is no rule without exceptions," applies here, of course ; but you will find it to be generally the case that the bad men of to-day are the bad boys of twenty years ago, and *vice versa*.

VII.

MORE ABOUT GOOD BOYS AND “FUN.”

Dr. Dix. One of the specifications in the recent indictment of the typical good boy was, that he “is afraid of a little fun,” and another was that “he does n’t know how to have fun, any way.”

Defining fun as malicious mischief, or as injurious pleasure, we admit both specifications, with no palliating circumstances.

But if you mean by fun pure, honest enjoyment of the pleasures so lavishly given us to enjoy, we deny both specifications.

An indispensable requisite to the highest enjoyment is a healthy, natural condition of mind and body. You have all heard of the miserable dyspeptic who finds no pleasure in the most luxurious table, and of the healthy hunger which finds a sweet morsel in a dry crust. The principle applies to all kinds and conditions of real enjoyment.

Thomas Dunn. You speak of *real* enjoyment; do you mean to imply that there is none in what are called forbidden pleasures—that wickedness actually renders men incapable of real enjoyment?

Dr. Dix. I mean that forbidden pleasures always entail more pain in the end than pleasure. So, if we strike the balance, or get what I may call the algebraic sum, it is nothing—less than nothing. I mean that every sinful indulgence diminishes the power of enjoying even the forbidden pleasure itself, until at last the power of enjoyment of the good or the bad may be utterly lost.

The opium-eater always secures the greatest effect from his first dose, because his nerve-system is then in its most vigorous condition, and therefore most capable of responding to the stimulant. His next dose must be larger to produce an equal effect upon his impaired susceptibility.

Thomas Dunn. You are speaking now of an indulgence which we all know to be injurious. Are there not immoral indulgences which are not necessarily injurious, — that is, I mean, to the health ?

Dr. Dix. Do you know of any such ?

Thomas Dunn. I know a good many that are *called* immoral, — going to the theatre, for instance, or dancing.

Dr. Dix. I cannot see how anything that is not injurious to the mind, body, or heart can be immoral. If drinking wine and smoking cigarettes were not injurious, they would not be sinful ; if malicious pranks upon our fellow-pupils were not injurious, both to them and much more so to ourselves, — for health of body is not the only or the most important kind of health, — they would not be forbidden pleasures.

Henry Phillips. You just remarked, Dr. Dix, that health of body is not the most important kind of health.

Dr. Dix. I did.

Henry Phillips. Is not health of body the foundation of mental and moral health ? and is not the foundation of anything the most important part ?

Dr. Dix. The foundation is a *necessary* part, but not the most important. That which rests on the foundation, that for the sake of which the foundation exists, is the most *important*. As to whether physical health is the foundation of mental and moral health, we say, on general principles, that if one member of an organism suffers all will suffer. The mind suffers with the body, the body with the mind, and, if the law is true, the heart must suffer with both.

Louisa Thompson. It does not seem to me that the law *can* be true. Have not some of the most famous minds been found in inferior, weakly, and diseased bodies, from old *Æsop* down to *George Eliot*?

Julia Taylor. And do we not often hear of poor suffering invalids who show the best and noblest hearts?

Dr. Dix. Yes, all that is true. Still such apparent exceptions neither prove nor disprove the law. It can never be known whether those famous intellects were really strengthened or brightened by physical defects and sufferings. Disease often stimulates the faculties to abnormal but short-lived brilliancy; but is that real strength? We do not look upon the maniacal strength which fever sometimes gives as real strength; certainly not as we look upon the substantial and enduring strength of health. Some physiologists regard that which we call genius as nothing more nor less than a form of brain disease.

If only the physically feeble were intellectually and morally strong, the case would be different; but the truth is, that the majority of the world's leaders in great moral reforms as well as in intellectual achievements have been blessed with bodily health and vigor, have had the *mens sana in corpore sano*.¹

As to the saintly invalids of whom Miss Taylor spoke, we have all known of them; of all mankind they are most deserving of love, tender sympathy, and admiration: they prove to us that disease may exert a most benign influence upon men, that "as gold is tried by fire, so the heart is tried by pain:" they show us what lessons of heroic patience and sweet resignation may be learned by physical suffering. Yet who knows that the hearts even of these sainted sufferers might not have throbbed with still stronger love if the blood that vitalized them had been richer and warmer?

Do not, I pray you, misunderstand me. For no con-

¹ A sound mind in a sound body.

sideration would I disparage the merits of any of my fellow-men, — least of all those who most deserve our sympathy and appreciation ; nay, our emulation. It is their fate to suffer rather than to do, and to suffer with godlike patience and fortitude is even nobler than to achieve with godlike power ; in its influence upon other hearts and lives, even its achievements may be more beneficent.

But, though disease may sometimes exert a most holy influence, it is not only never to be sought, but it is always to be avoided by every means in our power, — except the violation of a higher duty. Body, mind, and heart are all stronger, better qualified to do their duty, in health than in disease.

And, to return to the subject with which we began this morning's Talk, one of our duties is to *enjoy*. We exist not only to make others happy, but to be happy ourselves. Both happiness and misery are contagious.

Other things being equal, our happiness is in proportion to our health ; and again, other things being equal, our health is in proportion to our goodness, — that is, as I have already shown, in proportion as we obey the laws of our being.

Jonathan Tower. Dr. Dix, what do you mean by “other things being equal” ?

Dr. Dix. By other things, I mean in the one case *character* and external circumstances, and in the other *natural constitution* and external circumstances. Thus, the bedridden invalid may sing with joy, while the vigorous criminal who never suffered a day's illness endures mental tortures that only he and such as he knows ; or while the mother, herself in perfect health perhaps, is weeping for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not. Thus also one with inherited disease, or one placed in circumstances beyond his control, or one heroically discharging his duty, may to the very best of his ability obey the laws of his being, and yet

be sick unto death; while another who cares little for law or duty may live on in comparative health.

But, "other things being equal," both health and happiness are in exact proportion to goodness.

"*The good boy does n't know how to have fun*"? I tell you he is the only one who *does* know how to have it. Compare his cheek ruddy, his eye bright, his laugh loud and ringing, his pulses bounding, from his faithful obedience to nature's laws; his brow open and unclouded, his heart loving, light, and hopeful, from his obedience to the law of right,—compare these with the cheek pallid, the eye listless, the blood vitiated and sluggish, from nature's laws violated; the heart heavy, filled with dull, aching discontent, from the ever-living sense of wrongs done in the past and unrepented in the present,—compare all these, I say, and then judge who it is that "knows how to have fun."

VIII.

CLEVERNESS AND COURAGE.

Helen Sawyer. Dr. Dix, I think we are all convinced that *in reality* the intelligence, power, and courage of the world are on the side of virtue rather than vice ; and yet it seems to me that it is very common for even older people than we are to look upon good people as rather slow and uninteresting, and upon bad people — at least *somewhat* bad people — as — as —

Dr. Dix. As fast and interesting ?

Helen Sawyer. As more clever, and enterprising, and courageous, and all that.

Dr. Dix. Among many unthinking people no doubt such an impression prevails, — only, however, among those who know very little of what real goodness is. If there is any cause for it, aside from perversity of heart and judgment, it must consist in certain advantages which the unscrupulous possess over those who are restrained by their sense of right and wrong. To illustrate: Witty things may be said on certain occasions which would be wrong on account of their unkindness, irreverence, impropriety, or perhaps their profanity. A good man would not say them even if they came unbidden into his mind ; a bad man would. There are persons who cannot be witty or brilliant without being at the same time cruel, immodest, or profane. A very cheap kind of wit and brilliancy, is it not ?

Again, keen, shrewd, brilliant acts may be performed which would be wrong on account of their unkindness or positive dishonesty. A good man would not perform them, not because he lacks the shrewdness or the bril-

liancy,— he may possess these qualities or he may not ; a bad man would not hesitate, if he thought of them, and thus he might gain a reputation for “smartness” and enterprise which his honest, honorable neighbor must needs forego. Scholars, do you know any such clever men in public or in private life ? Do you envy the reputation they have gained ? How do you suppose they are regarded in the secret hearts even of those who profess to admire them ? With contempt,—yes, even by those who applaud the loudest. Many and many a time I have seen men laughing at the wicked drollery or cunning of some smart buffoon or scapegrace. Did he fondly imagine that he was winning their real admiration ? Perhaps he did not care, so long as he won their noisy applause ; but the fact is, there was not one of them who did not despise him in his inmost heart, not one of them who would not feel degraded by having him at his own table or fireside.

Archibald Watson. Those of his own kind would n’t feel so, would they ?

Dr. Dix. I believe that even those of his own kind, congenial spirits, would, way down deep, feel a contempt for him, as well as for themselves for being of his kind. There is implanted somewhere in every human heart an unconquerable contempt for evil and admiration for good. Few men are so abandoned that they do not honestly wish their children to follow a path different from their own. There are times in the lives of all bad men when this inner sense awakens, and they feel the impulse to escape from their degradation ; to be something like the good and the noble, whom they cannot but admire. In this inner sense, which, I believe, never utterly dies, lies the germ of hope for every living soul.

For a reason similar to that I have given, another common impression among the unthinking is that the good are apt to be wanting in hardy courage. A bad man will fight — sometimes, not always — when a good

man will not simply because his conscience will not let him. Fighting, as a test of courage, is apt to be greatly overestimated. There are few men, either good or bad, who cannot or will not fight on occasion. The whole human race has descended from a fighting ancestry. Every war has demonstrated this fact; and how the best compare with the worst, when the occasion renders fighting necessary and therefore justifiable, the story of the New York regiment to which I have already alluded most strikingly illustrates. When fighting is neither necessary nor right, it generally requires more real courage to resist the impulse to fight than to yield to it, inasmuch as it is harder for most men to endure ridicule, the suspicion of cowardice, or the smarting sense of wrong unavenged, than to endure physical pain and danger. This is not always true, of course. We must admit that there are some physical cowards who refuse to fight, not because they think it wrong, but because they are afraid of the bullet, or, among the more vulgar, of the bloody nose. That is a kind of peaceableness which is not goodness. It is even worse than the combativeness of the wicked man; for physical courage is a virtue,—one of a low order, it is true, when unattended by other virtues, one which we share with the brute creation, but still a virtue,—whereas cowardice, whether physical or moral, is not only no virtue, but one of the most justly despised of all desppicable traits.

If, then, there is a boy among you who, on being insulted, refuses to fight, before you stigmatize him as a coward, satisfy yourselves *why* he refuses. If it is because it is against his conscience, admire him, honor him, crown him with the olive wreath of a victor; for he is a conqueror of the most heroic type, he is greater than one that taketh a city. If, on the other hand, it is certain — but how can you know? — that it is only because he is afraid of a black eye or a bloody nose, why, then you are at liberty to despise him, or rather

his cowardice, a little more even than you despise the cowardice of the bully who insulted him.

Charles Fox. Why do you say *cowardice* of the bully who insulted him?

Dr. Dix. Because a bully is almost always a coward. In the case supposed he is certain to be one. It requires not even physical courage to insult one who will not resent the insult.

Now, boys, don't look so complacently warlike. I have not been pronouneing or even hinting a eulogy upon the "manly art." I said distinctly that the good boy will not fight unless he is absolutely compelled; but it is n't because he is *afraid* to fight: the only thing he is afraid of is *wrong*. And, girls, don't look so indifferent and uninterested. There are more ways of fighting than with the fists—there are other wounds than those of the body. Good people are generally terribly shocked at a desperate set-to between two fiery-tempered, brawny-armed fellows, their eyes glaring, their breasts heaving, their muscles straining, their blood, perhaps, flowing. And well they may be shocked,—it is a disgraceful scene, worthy only of game-cocks and bull-dogs, a scene that rational beings should be ashamed of, as they would be ashamed of wallowing in the mud, grubbing their food out of the gutter, or of any other act of pure bestiality. But, brutal as it is, and disgusting to all persons of true refinement, there are other ways of fighting that do not bring into play even the virtues of brute courage and fortitude, ways meaner and more contemptible, if less brutish. Better be brutish than fiendish.

Helen Mar. Are those the ways girls fight?

Dr. Dix [*joining in the general laughter*]. Did I seem to imply that? If I did, I most sincerely beg your pardon. Those ways of fighting are not confined to any sex, class, or age. I am happy to believe we have as little of them in this school as in any civilized community of equal number.

But the time approaches to engage in an entirely different kind of contest, one neither mean nor brutal, but most honorable and ennobling.

Helen Mar. Before the tocsin sounds for that struggle, may I ask whether the desire for victory, which must be the chief motive in all contests, is not in itself purely selfish? The expressions "magnanimous foe," "generous rivalry," and the like, which we so often hear, have always seemed to me somewhat paradoxical. Even in our studies, the desire to stand first involves the desire that some one else shall stand second. How can that justly be called magnanimous or generous?

Dr. Dix. The question does you great credit, Miss Mar. But we are none of us accountable for the possession or lack of natural endowments. To make the best use of those we possess is a solemn obligation which must be evident to all. If we outstrip others in the race, it is strong presumptive evidence that we are faithfully fulfilling that solemn obligation, and we are justly entitled to the satisfaction which always rewards the performance of duty. This is the only satisfaction resulting from victory which is really magnanimous or generous. If we desire either that the endowments of others shall be inferior to our own, or that they shall neglect them for the sake of our triumph, we are not merely selfish, but actually malevolent.

But the desire to do something better than has yet been done is neither selfish nor malevolent. It is grand, noble. It is the lever which has lifted the race of men throughout the generations of the past to higher and higher planes of being, and which will continue to lift them throughout the generations to come.

IX.

THE BATTLE.

Dr. Dix. Scholars, it is not my intention to appropriate any part of this short period to individual discipline. The time is to be kept sacred to the purpose originally announced. One of the most effective means, however, of accomplishing that purpose is to take advantage of passing occurrences in school life, and I shall begin with the very unpleasant occurrence of yesterday.

In last week's Talk I hoped I had impressed you all with not only the wickedness, but the vulgarity also, the low brutality, of pugilistic encounters. I learn this morning, however, that after school yesterday two young men, from whom I had every reason to expect better things, committed the very fault I had so recently condemned. [*Hisses, which the Doctor's raised hand instantly checks.*]

I can account for the unpleasant circumstance only in one of two ways: Either it was due to a deliberate defiance of my expressed opinions and sentiments, and in deliberate opposition to the influence I was trying to exert —

Geoffrey Jenkins. Dr. Dix, I beg you will not think that.

Archibald Watson. And I, too, Dr. Dix. I assure you it was not so.

Dr. Dix. I am very glad to hear so much from you both. The only other supposition, then, I can entertain is, that our Talk suggested and actually led to your committing the offence which was its subject.

Although, as I have implied, your formal trial and punishment must be reserved for another hour, yet you may, if you are willing, state whether this supposition is correct or not. Jenkins?

Geoffrey Jenkins. Well, it came about in this way: We got to talking after school about what you said about fighting. Watson said he believed every fellow that was not a coward would fight if he were insulted. I told him I did n't believe anything of the sort. He insisted upon it, and said that I would fight myself if I were insulted badly enough. I said I would n't, and I was no coward either. He said he would like to see it tested. I said I *could n't* be insulted, any way. "Oh," said he, "so *that's* the kind of fellow you are, is it?" Well, this made me pretty mad; but I kept quiet. I only explained that anybody who insulted me would be too low to be noticed. He said all that was very grand talk, but if the trial really came I would n't find it so easy as I thought. Well, the talk went on in that style, when all at once, before I knew what his game was — *He* may tell the rest.

Dr. Dix. Go on, Watson.

Archibald Watson [*hanging his head*]. I slapped him over the mouth. I only wanted to see if he was the saint and hero he pretended to be.

Dr. Dix. And you, Jenkins?

Geoffrey Jenkins. My fist struck out before I could help it. He did it so quickly he did n't give me time to think. [*Applause, which the Doctor does not check.*]

Dr. Dix. And you, Watson, having satisfied your curiosity, having found out that he was n't "the saint and hero he pretended to be," took the blow in good part, laughed, and asked his pardon?

Archibald Watson [*coloring with shame*]. N-no, sir. He hurt me a good deal, and—and I struck back, and—

Dr. Dix. Well, what then, Jenkins?

Geoffrey Jenkins. *Then we had it.*

Dr. Dix. Yes, your appearance indicates pretty plainly that you both "had it." [Laughter.] Your senseless quarrel is a fair type of quarrels in general. Very rarely are both sides equally to blame; still more rarely is one side altogether blameless. Perhaps in the present instance one of the parties is as near an approach to —

Archibald Watson. Dr. Dix, may I say something more?

Dr. Dix. Go on.

Archibald Watson. I have been thinking about the affair ever since it occurred, and I want to say that I was entirely to blame [Voices. "Yes." "That's true."] — and I want to ask his pardon here and now. [Applause.]

Geoffrey Jenkins. No. I was partly to blame. [Voices. "No!" "No!"] Yes, I ought to have carried out my boast.

Archibald Watson. But he *couldn't*. I did n't give him time to think. His fist struck out almost of its own accord. He *couldn't* help it. And he served me right, any way. [Applause.]

Geoffrey Jenkins. It is not quite true about my not being able to help it. A sort of half-thought flashed through my mind, "Now is the time to prove my boasting true. Now is the time to do what Dr. Dix talked about;" — but with it came the other thought, "I'd like to do so well enough; but I'd rather show him that he can't slap *my* mouth without getting his own slapped a good deal harder," — and I want to ask his pardon for that.

Archibald Watson. Well, any way, I was the most to blame. Was n't I, Dr. Dix?

Dr. Dix. Your schoolmates evidently think you were; and, since you ask, I have no hesitation in pronouncing you *very much* the more to blame. According to the account, in which you both agree, you were the entirely unprovoked aggressor.

Archibald Watson. And *he* was not at all to blame, was *he*?

Dr. Dix. That does not concern you so much as it concerns him. He insists upon it that he *was*. Well, boys, in spite of me and my plans, you seem to have pretty nearly settled the whole affair between yourselves. So I will say what little remains to be said about it now. You were both to blame, though in very different degrees: one of you for his uncalled-for, his utterly unjustifiable insult to his friend and schoolmate; and the other for not yielding to the noble impulse of his higher nature, which, though feeble and momentary, he acknowledges he felt. Both of you are grievously to blame for the unrestrained rage to which you afterwards gave way. The actual physical pain you inflicted upon each other was the least part of your offence, and I will allow it to stand for a part of your punishment. Not only this, but so far as that physical pain cleared away the angry clouds from your brows and from your hearts, and led you to the magnanimous confessions you have publicly made this morning, I consider it a positive good. It certainly was far better than an outward peace preserved at the cost of bitter wrath and hatred rankling in secret.

So now you may shake hands in token of your mutual forgiveness and the renewal of a friendship which, I hope, will be strengthened by the wrench it has received. We will consider the purely personal part of this discussion at an end.

X.

WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS.

Dr. Dix. When I began these Talks, I was not so sanguine as to expect that the wrong pointed out would thenceforth be invariably shunned. If evil were so easily abolished and good so easily established, the world would have reached perfection ages ago, and the occupation of those who seek to do good, like Othello's, would be gone.

But character is not spoken into existence by the utterance of a few words, as were the palaces of the "Arabian Nights" by the magician's voice. It is formed by long, slow processes. It grows, like a tree, cell by cell, fibre by fibre, branch by branch; it is builded, stone by stone, like real palaces whose foundations are on the solid earth. But if it cannot be spoken into existence, neither can it be destroyed in an instant, by the magician's voice. Once builded, it is firm and solid "from turret to foundation stone." It is even firmer and more solid than any material palace or castle; for no enemy can batter down its walls, no treacherous torch can reduce it to a heap of ruins. No hand but the owner's can harm or deface it.

I expect no magical results from these appeals. I hope and expect something better than magic, — progress towards the good and the true, which shall be *real* progress, slow though it may be.

The incident of yesterday neither surprised nor disheartened me. Our Talk against fighting did not prevent an actual fight from taking place within a week. According to the account given by the participants, it

even suggested and in a certain way induced it. Did the Talk then do no good? Nay, did it not do positive harm? I trow not. I will not be over-anxious; for when the physician attempts to cure a disease, he sometimes finds its peculiar symptoms aggravated, rather than reduced, by his first treatment: but that does not trouble him; he knows that he must awaken the enemy before he can drive him out.

I do not expect that talking will altogether prevent fights and quarrels in the future; but, scholars, is it too much to hope that it will make them fewer, less bitter, and sooner mended? that it will make them more odious in your eyes, and make peace, harmony, and love more beautiful?

I have already characterized pugilistic encounters as low, vulgar, and brutal. Of all forms of contention among human beings, they seem to me the most so. I cannot perceive any respect in which man-fights or boy-fights of this kind differ essentially from dog-fights, except that, as a general rule, the dog exhibits more desperate pluck and fortitude than the man. Very few men would allow themselves to be torn limb from limb rather than relinquish their desperate grip on the adversary, as many a dog has done.

There is sublimity as well as terror in the spectacle of armies battling with each other amid the roaring of artillery, the flashing and clashing of steel, and the thundering, rushing tread of armed hosts. Even the spectacle of a pair of duellists, calmly facing each other with their deadly weapons, horrible indeed though it be, cannot inspire the utter disgust and loathing in the civilized mind that it feels at the sight of a pair of human beings, insane with rage, doing their utmost to pound the "divine semblance" out of each other's faces with their fists.

The human hand is a noble and beautiful object. Whether it wield the author's pen, the artist's pencil,

or the artificer's tool; whether it invoke the soul of music, thrill the heart of friendship or love with its warm grasp, or sway multitudes with its wide sweep, the human hand is a noble and beautiful object to contemplate;— but the human *fist!* faugh! how does it differ from a hammer or a club, except that it is not so heavy, hard, or deadly? As a weapon it is inferior to almost any other that nature has provided. Carnivora have terrible teeth and claws; the larger herbivora have horns and hoofs; other animals are armed with swords, arrows, or stings,— each kind showing that in its combats it only carries out the design of nature. Man was made for nobler things than fighting with his fists or with less vulgar weapons.

And now I wish you to notice how, as we ascend in the scale of being, we find the beastly instinct of fighting less and less developed. Savage man, in all ages and in all countries, is continually at war with his fellow-savage. The barbarian enjoys longer or shorter intervals of peace according to his degree of advancement beyond savagery; while civilized man frequently lives through entire generations without knowing war save in history. As the world advances in civilization we see the tendency still more strikingly shown. In ancient times war seems to have been the chief occupation of even the most civilized nations. The wonder is that, with such continual cutting and slashing at one another, such endless pillaging and burning, the human race, with the works of its hands, was not altogether exterminated.

Thomas Dunn. Their weapons were not so effective as those of modern times.

Dr. Dix. True. If they had been as effective, wars could not have been protracted through whole generations, as they sometimes were. The superiority of modern arms is often assigned as the reason why there is less fighting than formerly. Doubtless this is one great

reason ; but another and more adequate explanation is the improved moral and intellectual status of modern man over his ancient progenitor. As his intellect advances, he devises more and more effective means of destroying life ; but meanwhile his heart and soul keep pace with his intellect, and hence his disposition to make wanton use of his deadly inventions diminishes, and his disposition to settle his differences by arbitration increases.

Florence Hill. Do you suppose the time will come when war will be entirely unknown, when all disagreements between nations will be settled by arbitration ?

Dr. Dix. The civilized part of the world have the best of reasons for looking forward to such a time. It is a point in perfection towards which civilized man is slowly but surely advancing.

Florence Hill. That will be the time when men shall “beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks.”

Dr. Dix. Try to imagine such a golden age, scholars. No repetition possible of such horrors as your fathers and mothers witnessed only a short quarter-century ago ; no such evils as exist even in the peaceful to-day ; no millions of treasure wasted in the making of arms and munitions and in the building of fortifications ; no hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men taken from the ranks of useful labor to consume in idleness the products of others’ industry !

Florence Hill. Do you believe, Dr. Dix, that such an age will actually come ?

Dr. Dix. Why should I not ? The history, philosophy, and faith of mankind all point to that glorious consummation.

George Williams. And yet when it comes there will be something lost to the world.

Dr. Dix. Possibly. The proverb says, “There is no great gain without some small loss.” What do you think will be lost ?

George Williams. Well, it seems to me such an age must be exceedingly tame. There will be no grand military heroes to admire, — no Grants, nor Shermans, nor Sheridans, nor Custers, nor Stonewall Jacksons. In private life there will be no father nor brother who has shown his courage and patriotism by going to the wars.

Florence Hill. Among all the horrors and sacrifices of our great war, did it not have at least one great and good effect? Did it not make men and women suddenly forget their selfishness and their avarice, and become devoted patriots?

Dr. Dix. We will reply next Wednesday.

XI.

WHEN THE GOOD BOY WILL FIGHT.

Dr. Dix. If there were no wars, there would certainly be no grand military heroes, no soldier fathers, brothers, husbands, or lovers to admire and be proud of — or to *mourn*.

But Peace has its heroes as well as War. There is other glory than that of the battlefield. The most heroic bravery may be shown in saving life as well as in destroying it. Does a young man weary of the tamelessness of peace, and thirst for the glory that heroic self-sacrifice brings ? There is no lack of opportunity ; the bravest soldier that ever charged battery, or leaped over parapet, was no braver than the physician or the nurse who remains unflinchingly at the post of duty, while others are fleeing from the pestilence that wasteth at noonday ; or the fireman who dares wounds and death more terrible than those from the bullet or the bayonet ; or the engineer who saves his train at the cost of his own life ; or the ship captain who will not leave his sinking wreck until all others are saved, from the cabin passenger to the miserable stowaway ; or the lifeboat-man ; or any one else who flings himself into the breach at the trumpet-call of duty, — not, mark you, to shoot and cut and thrust and stab, not to kill, *but to save* !

No opportunity for heroism when wars shall have been banished from earth ? *Think of Father Damien !*

Susan Perkins. Can there really be such a thing as a righteous war ?

Dr. Dix. Most people think so. We Americans look upon all our great wars as righteous, at least on one side.

Susan Perkins. And I suppose those who fought on the other side thought the same for *their* side?

Dr. Dix. Unquestionably.

Susan Perkins. But *both* sides could n't be in the right.

Dr. Dix. That seems evident.

Susan Perkins. Does the side that is in the right *always* win the victory, as we Americans have always done?

Dr. Dix [smiling]. "We Americans" have not always been victorious; in our last war half of us were defeated. Now let me ask *you* a question: If millions of civilized people think one thing right, and millions of other civilized people think just the opposite, who is to decide which is really the right?

Susan Perkins. Why, I suppose the stronger party will decide.

Dr. Dix. When strength has been appealed to, strength has always decided; and the world has generally concurred in the decision. "Might makes right."

Susan Perkins. But it is n't always really true, is it, that might makes right?

Dr. Dix. By no means. But in purely political wars, not involving any great moral question, it has always been so regarded. The party that revolted against the existing form of government, if successful, were "glorious revolutionists;" if defeated, they were "traitors and rebels."

Susan Perkins. I don't understand how the time can ever come when it will be otherwise.

Dr. Dix. As I said, the nations are growing more intelligent and more humane. The time was when it was thought not only just, but perfectly rational, to decide by a mortal combat between private individuals which of them was in the right. The world has outgrown this palpable absurdity. Why should it not in time grow intelligent enough to perceive that a national

combat is no more rational a criterion of right and justice than a private combat is?

Susan Perkins. Then, if the stronger nation is not to decide, who will?

Dr. Dix. If what are called the "Laws of Nations" are not definite enough in themselves to settle a disagreement between two nations or two parts of the same nation, it will, by common consent, be referred to a commission of other friendly powers. This is what we mean by arbitration. What is the most famous instance of the sort that you know of?

Susan Perkins. The commission that sat at Geneva on the Alabama Claims.

Dr. Dix. Yes. Undoubtedly it prevented what, less than a century ago, would have been a long and bloody war.

Susan Perkins. That might always have been done, might it not?

Dr. Dix. Certainly, if only the parties interested had agreed to it.

Susan Perkins. Then I don't understand how any war that was ever fought can be called a righteous war.

Dr. Dix. Simply because it "takes two to make a bargain." It is not enough for one side to be willing to appeal to arbitration. If one side will not assent to this peaceable mode of settlement, then nothing remains for the other side but to fight or submit to what it considers wrong. As the world advances, the general sentiment of humanity will grow so strong in favor of arbitration, and its indignation at the barbarous criminality of forcing a war will be so overpowering, that no nation will dare to brave it. Wars will go out of fashion as duels have already gone.

Florence Hill. Dr. Dix, you spoke of one nation being forced to fight or submit to wrong. Are we not taught that it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong?

Dr. Dix. Better to suffer wrong than to do wrong, *always*, either for a man or for a nation. But, though we may rightfully submit to wrong in our own persons, we have no right to allow others to suffer through our neglect. Especially is it our duty to see that our beloved country suffers no wrong from its enemies that we can prevent by any personal sacrifice; to see that future generations inherit no burden of injustice or oppression from our cowardice or neglect of duty. It is because our fathers did their duty in this respect so nobly and heroically that we are now enjoying our inalienable rights to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, with no earthly power to disturb us or make us afraid.

Charles Fox. Is it ever right to fight except as a soldier for one's country?

Dr. Dix. "Ever" is a very comprehensive word. I can truly say that I never saw the time in my own life when I thought it was right for *me*, and I hope you will never see the day when it will be right for *you*.

Charles Fox. But it *may* come, may it not?

Dr. Dix [laughing]. How natural it is for a boy to love to talk about fighting! If you should ever see as much of it as my comrades and I saw during the war, perhaps it will not seem so fascinating to you. Man is a combative animal; but he is generally pretty easily satisfied: a few weeks in the hospital are likely to cure him entirely.

Well, since you insist upon it, I believe I made the statement a while ago that the good boy will not fight unless he is absolutely compelled. That implies that there may be circumstances when it is not only not wrong, but positively his duty to fight.

Fighting is not wrong in itself: it is the hatred, cruelty, injustice, selfishness, pride, vanity, greed, or unreasoning anger that so often accompanies fighting that is wrong.

Jonathan Tower. You said a good boy will not fight unless he is absolutely compelled. Even a coward will fight then. I have read that the most timid animals sometimes defend themselves fiercely when driven to desperation.

Dr. Dix. The time when the coward will fight may be the very time when the good and really brave boy will not.

Charles Fox. Dr. Dix, will you please say when you think it would be right to fight, except as a soldier for your country?

Dr. Dix. You seem to think this is one of those occasions. [Laughter.] You seem most desperately determined to carry your point, at all events. Well, I will ask *you* to suppose a case.

Charles Fox. If you should be walking with your mother or sister, and a ruffian should attack her.

Dr. Dix. That *would* be a trying situation, indeed! The boy or man that would not fight then would be rather a sorry specimen of humanity. [More seriously.] And, scholars, don't you think the case supposed is an admirable illustration of the situation in which the loyal, patriotic citizen feels himself when his mother country is attacked by ruffians?

Many Voices [heartily]. Yes, sir.

Dr. Dix. Yes. There is a very close kinship between the instinct of patriotism in the noble soul and filial affection and faithfulness. Well, you may suppose other cases.

Henry Jones. When you see a big fellow abusing a little one [glancing resentfully at *Joseph Cracklin*].

Joseph Cracklin. Sometimes little fellows deserve to be punished for their insolence.

Dr. Dix [with keen significance]. A fellow with a big soul as well as a big body never recognizes "insolence" in a little fellow.

Henry Jones. And I only told him he was a —

Dr. Dix. And a little fellow with a big soul never tries to shield insolence with his little body. But enough of this. Go on with your cases.

Frank Williams. If a burglar should break into your house.

James Murphy. If a robber should attack you in the street.

Dr. Dix. With all due respect to your coolness and courage, boys, I think it scarcely probable that many of you will enjoy such opportunities to display those admirable qualities, however much you may covet them. Never mind doubling up your fists *now*, — there's no immediate danger that I can see. [Laughter.]

Without reference to any incident that has occurred among us, let me remind you that there is a wide difference between a blow struck in self-defence and one struck in mere revenge. And let me remind you, boys, and girls too, that there is a kind of self-defence besides that against blows upon the right cheek. There are enemies within our own bosoms far more dangerous than any we are likely to encounter without. Against *them* the good boy and the good girl will fight with all the heroic chivalry they possess.

Mary Rice. I understood you to justify self-defence, Dr. Dix. Are we not told that if any man smite us on the right cheek, we are to turn the other also?

Dr. Dix. I am not aware that I have as yet expressed any decided views on the subject of physical self-defence. We will talk further upon this subject next week.

XII.

WHEN THE GOOD BOY WILL NOT FIGHT.

Dr. Dix. Suppose that when men were struck upon the right cheek they always turned the other also, how would the great aggregate of fighting and quarrelling the world over be affected?

Mary Rice. It would be very much diminished, of course.

Florence Hill. I should say it would disappear altogether, if everybody acted on that principle, for nobody would strike in the first place.

Dr. Dix. Well, suppose half the world were inclined to strike, but the other half were not inclined to return the blows.

Thomas Dunn. I think the effects would be very different with different people. Some would no doubt be satisfied with the blow they had already given, and would have no disposition to repeat it.

Dr. Dix. Do you think they would have no feeling besides that of satisfaction?

Thomas Dunn. They might think the blow was deserved, that no more than justice had been done, and they might suppose that the reason why it was not returned was because the other party viewed it in the same light.

Dr. Dix. Even granting this to be the case (which, as human nature is constituted, would not be likely to occur very frequently), how would they probably regard such an exhibition of patient submission to justice?

Thomas Dunn. They might admire it; that is, if they did n't despise what might seem a want of spirit.

Dr. Dix. But the supposition is that they regard the forbearance shown as due only to the sense of justice.

Thomas Dunn. In that case, of course they could n't but admire it.

Dr. Dix. Don't you think it possible that they might even feel something like regret,—that they might wish they had shown a like forbearance?

Thomas Dunn. Some might feel so.

Dr. Dix. A person of real magnanimity would, would he not?

Thomas Dunn. Yes, sir.

Dr. Dix. And if he were not a person of magnanimity, would it matter very much to the other how he felt?

Thomas Dunn. I suppose not.

Dr. Dix. At all events, the quarrel would be stopped.

Thomas Dunn. It might be, in that case. But there are other people who, if they find they can abuse anybody with impunity, will keep on doing so.

Dr. Dix. Do you think there are many such? Did you ever see an example?

Thomas Dunn. Indeed I have. He is known among schoolboys as a bully. Among grown-up people he has different names. I lived in a town once where there was a man who was always cheating the minister, because he thought he was "too pious to quarrel."

Dr. Dix. And did the minister submit without protest?

Thomas Dunn. I never heard of his protesting. All I know is that the same thing was going on when I left the town.

Dr. Dix. What do you think the minister ought to have done?

Thomas Dunn. I think he ought to have prosecuted the rascal for swindling. He ought to have done so for the sake of his family, if not for his own sake. Because he was smitten on his right cheek he had no right to

turn *their* left cheeks also. Because a man took away his coat he had no business to give him *their* cloaks, whatever he did with his own.

Dr. Dix [coldly]. It seems to me you make a digression for the sake of the opportunity to be caustic. We were speaking of *quarrelling*, not of prosecution in a court of justice.

Thomas Dunn. Is n't prosecution a species of quarrelling?

Dr. Dix. A court of justice bears a relation to private individuals similar to that which a court of arbitration bears to nations. The legitimate purpose of both is the same: to prevent or settle quarrels and see that justice is done. So, in a legal prosecution of the man who wronged him and his family, your minister could not justly be charged with quarrelling. On the contrary, if he found that personal appeals to the man's conscience and generosity were of no avail, he should be credited with resorting to the only peaceable means of righting a wrong that lay within his power, arbitration.

Is it not possible, however, that the good man feared lest the remedy might prove worse than the evil,—lest, in short, it might prove more costly to go to law than to submit to the imposition?

Thomas Dunn. My uncle offered to pay all the costs if he would sue the man.

Dr. Dix. Ah, there might be costs that your uncle could not pay. I know something of the relations between country clergymen and their parishioners.

Louisa Thompson. You called a court of justice a court of arbitration to prevent quarrels. In reality is there not more quarrelling there than almost anywhere else? Is n't the prosecution itself generally one long quarrel between the lawyers?

Dr. Dix. We must admit that even lawyers are not free from human imperfections. [Laughter.] There

need be no more quarrelling in determining the truth and its proper consequences in a case at law than in a question of science or mathematics. That men pervert and abuse their proper functions in the judicial department of human society, as they do in all other departments, is no reason why the citizen should not perform his own proper function as a member of society.

Not that he should be ready to appeal every trivial disagreement. Generally, not only magnanimity and dignity, but even common sense and common policy, dictate the quiet ignoring of minor injuries from our neighbors.

Florence Hill. Besides, as you said, it *costs* a good deal to go to law: poor people cannot afford it.

Dr. Dix. Yes, indeed, it *costs*! Often far more than the wrong it cures. But to resent the wrong in other ways is more costly still; for it costs what is more precious than gold and silver. Better suffer in person and property than in heart and character. And, heart and character aside, it is better to make a little concession, even if in doing so we suffer injustice, than to live in unending enmity with our neighbor.

Henry Phillips. Is there not danger that we may encourage our neighbor to continue in his wrong-doing, as the man did that Dunn told us of?

Dr. Dix. That person is an example of only one class of men,—I am happy to believe of only a comparatively small class. The more probable result of our forbearance would be to awaken feelings of shame and repentance in those who have wronged us. Men generally have a pretty fair knowledge of what is right and just. When their judgment is not clouded by anger, hatred, or revenge, they usually know when they are in the wrong, whether they confess it or not. And there is nothing which will sweep away those clouds from their minds like turning the other cheek also. There is nothing like a soft answer to turn away wrath.

One of the most curious and interesting phases of human emotion is that which accompanies a reconciliation after a quarrel. They whose chief object lately seemed to be to injure each other, now vie with each other in friendly words and deeds; whereas each strove to be more haughty, bitter, and unyielding than the other, now the question is, which shall be the more humble and apologetic. In short, the chief object of each now is to undo what before he was most anxious to do. What better acknowledgment could each make that he was mistaken? that all that energy and passion were wasted,—worse than wasted? It seems to me that no lesson can better teach the utter folly as well as wickedness of a quarrel than the absurd inconsistencies between it and the reconciliation which it almost always lies in the power of either party to bring about.

You all know what is meant by “noble revenge.” You have read stories of which that is the *motif*. Other things being equal, are there any stories more stirring? are there any in which your sympathy and admiration for the hero are more strongly aroused?

Helen Mar. I never quite liked the word “revenge” in such stories, notwithstanding the “noble.” In fact, I fail to see how *any* kind of revenge can be noble. You might as well speak of hot ice. I don’t see any essential difference between heaping coals of fire on your enemy’s head and heaping them under his barn, except that heaping them on his head is very much the worse.

Dr. Dix. If the only purpose is to cause suffering, there is no essential difference. No doubt such “noble” revenge is often taken. “I will return him good for evil,” one will say, “until he is ready to sink into the earth for shame. He shall not dare to hold up his head in my presence.” And the added thought may be, “Everybody will then see how magnanimous I am, and how contemptible he is.”

But those whose revenge is really noble have no such

thought. They even lament the pain their return of good for evil may cause. They soften the suffering as much as possible by kind, forgiving words and a charitable palliation of the injury done them. "You did not harm me so very much, after all," they will say. "At all events, it is past now, and the future remains to us both."

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Then, too, they know well that such "coals of fire" are beneficent rather than evil in their effects; that they burn out nothing but what is bad, only warming the good to life.

Now, let us suppose them to take the opposite course. Suppose they nourish their wrath, and show in every way they dare their implacable hatred towards those who have injured them: what will be the natural result?

Henry Phillips. Their mutual hatred will grow stronger and stronger.

Dr. Dix. And suppose that opportunities come when they can return evil for evil with interest, and that they improve their opportunities,—what then?

Henry Phillips. Matters will only grow worse and worse.

Dr. Dix. Though by superior force they may, in a sense, be said to vanquish their enemies, will they *really* do so?

Henry Phillips. No, Dr. Dix. Their enemies will only wait for a chance to "get even" with them.

Dr. Dix. And so on, back and forth, perhaps from generation to generation. If a man smite thee on the right cheek, smite him in return; and if he dare not repeat his blow, yet will he find some way to strike thee,—in the dark, perhaps. At all events, he remains thine enemy. But turn to him the other also, and lo! the hand that smote thee is outstretched for thy forgiveness. The only absolute conqueror is Love.

XIII.

“GOODY-GOODY” AND GOOD.

Dr. Dix. You have heard of “hero-worshippers.” They are almost as solicitous for the welfare and reputation of their favorites as for their own. They are as sensitive to injustice, and especially to ridicule or contempt that may be cast upon their heroes, as they would be in their own behalf. Now, I think I must be an example of the species, for I acknowledge a sensitivity in regard to a certain class of my fellow-beings, which some of you have touched more than once. My hero is the good boy ; my heroine is the good girl ; and you must be careful how you asperse either of these in my hearing, for I shall always be their stanch and loyal defender.

Advertisers of merchandise often warn the public against base imitations, which, they complain, tend to injure the reputation of their wares. Certain classes of people suffer from base imitations, but only in the minds of those who cannot distinguish between the genuine and the spurious. The gallant soldier suffers in reputation from the blustering braggadocio who is at heart as cowardly as he is blustering. The saint suffers from the hypocrite ; the true scholar from the pedantic sham who astonishes the ignorant with his vast stories of learning ; and I suspect, from some things which have been said and which have formed the subjects of some of our Talks, that my hero and heroine have suffered in your estimation from a similar cause.

There are two kinds of base imitations of the good

boy or girl: First, the real, unmitigated hypocrite who pulls his long face and whines out his sanctimonious cant for the deliberate purpose of concealing his villainy. This species, I am happy to believe, is exceedingly rare among young persons; it generally takes more than twenty-one years to develop that degree of contemptible wickedness; so we will not dwell on the revolting picture. The second kind is the "goody-goody" boy or girl, who is usually rather weak than deliberately wicked, although he may have, without suspecting it, some of the most despicable traits joined to his self-righteousness.

Jonathan Tower. What traits, for example?

Dr. Dix. Well, pusillanimity, vanity, treachery, perhaps from a mistaken sense of duty, uncharitableness, and that same canting sanctimoniousness which I have ascribed to the other and far worse species.

Is it not possible that this is the kind of good boy that some of you had in mind when you compared him so unfavorably with the gay, fascinating bad boy of your fancy? If so, I am not sure that I don't agree with you. Many so-called bad boys are far more worthy of respect, trust, and admiration than boys of this type.

But the goody-goody boy and the good boy are no more alike than a solid gold eagle is like a poorly executed counterfeit.

Now, scholars, let me give you my ideal of the really good boy, my hero,—and I wish you to understand that I use the word "boy" generically, as we use the word "man," to denote both sexes.

This is the hero, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*:¹—

He is *truthful*. He would scorn any approach to a lie as he would scorn any other act of meanness or of cowardice. Do you despise him for this? do you admire a liar?

¹ Without fear and without reproach.

He is *generous*, — in thought, word, and deed. He thinks the best of you that you will allow him to think. If others vilify you behind your backs, he takes up the cudgel in your defence. If you are in trouble, he does his best to help you. How do you like that? Do you prefer a boy who thinks and speaks evil of you, who is selfish and unaccommodating, and who laughs at your trouble?

Geoffrey Jenkins. Dr. Dix, one of the worst boys in town (at least he is called so; he has been expelled from school so often that they are talking of sending him to the Reform School) will always help a fellow when he can. He is the most generous boy I ever knew.

Dr. Dix. So far as he “helps a fellow” in a good cause he is good. Probably no one is utterly bad. As there are faults in the best of men, so there are virtues in the worst. As to his being the most generous boy you ever knew, that may be, but he is not more generous than my good boy, my hero.

Geoffrey Jenkins. But don’t you think that people who have the reputation of being bad are apt to be more generous and free-hearted than those who have the reputation of being good?

Dr. Dix. I am not speaking of reputation; I am speaking of reality. Generosity and free-heartedness in themselves are among the noblest and most admirable qualities we can possess. So far as any one possesses them he is good, noble, and admirable, whatever he may be in other respects. As to what class of men possess them in the greatest measure, I say unhesitatingly, men who are good in other respects, — not goody-goody, you understand, but *good*. It would be a self-contradiction to say the opposite: badness does n’t consist in good qualities, does it? nor goodness in bad qualities.

You must bear in mind one universal principle: con-

trast always brings things out in bolder relief. Kindness of heart is *expected* from a good man, and is not noticed as it would be in an otherwise bad man. It is no more conspicuous in the good than hard-heartedness and selfishness are in the bad. A white handkerchief that would not be seen in the sunlighted snow would gleam like a star on a heap of coal a furlong away. Your reform-school candidate is no more generous and free-hearted than my hero; probably not so much so, for my hero will always stop to think whether his generous impulses if carried out will do more harm than good. But let us go on with our portraiture:—

He is *faithful*, my good boy is. You can trust him. If he has made a promise — and he never makes one that is not right — he will fulfil it, if it is within the range of possibility. He is always at the post of duty. How does that please you? Do you prefer a boy that you cannot trust, — one that lets his post of duty take care of itself? We have spoken of soldiers in the face of the enemy: who do you think would make the best sentinel? Whom would you rather trust your life to as you slept around the bivouac fire?

He is *grateful*. Grateful to all his benefactors, country, parents, friends, teachers, and playmates. Do him a kindness, and see how he will receive it. Do you admire ingratitude?

He is *brave* and *manly*. He is not afraid to do his duty even in the face of ridicule and, if it should come, cruel persecution. In your hearts, what do you think of a boy or a man, a girl or a woman, who is afraid to do right lest he should be laughed at? Do you think him weak or strong, wise or foolish, noble or contemptible?

He *has good habits*. He believes he has duties to himself as well as to his fellow-men. Nay, he knows he cannot properly discharge his duties to others unless he takes proper care of himself. He regards his mind,

heart, and body as priceless treasures entrusted to his keeping ; hence he does all he can to keep his body healthy, active, and strong, his mind bright and clear, and his heart warm, pure, and unselfish. Do you prefer the boy of bad habits, who enfeebles his body, stupefies his brain, deadens and perverts his heart, by unhealthful indulgences ? Every other consideration aside, which would naturally make the more agreeable companion ? Which would you rather do a summer's camping with ? You cannot hesitate, for one of the inevitable consequences of his good habits is that —

He is *cheerful* and *light-hearted*. Troubles that would make some boys miserable he laughs at ; burdens that would weigh them down to the ground he carries as if they were feathers.

Archibald Watson. Can't a boy be good without being healthy, strong, and bright ?

Dr. Dix. I said he does all he can to make himself healthy, strong, and bright. If he has inherited a feeble body or brain, he may at least cultivate a good heart and a cheerful temper ; and good habits will reduce his misfortunes to their minimum. What he has not received he will not be held accountable for ; the servant who had received but one talent was not required to render an account for ten. But even if he is not naturally vigorous, he may be all I have described. Have you never heard of feeble invalids who have blessed all with whom they came into contact ?

XIV.

THE KNIGHT "SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE."

Dr. Dix. It is not necessary that a good boy should be a bedridden invalid. My hero does not happen to be unfortunate in any such way. As I said, he might be so afflicted and yet be essentially all I have described him; but so long as he is not he enters into all healthful, invigorating sports with twice the gusto of your scapegrace with enervating habits.

There are other advantages and disadvantages, besides natural health or disease, that he may have, which have nothing to do with vice or virtue save as they may serve as temptations to the one or inducements to the other. For instance, he may be poor or wealthy, handsome or ugly, graceful or awkward, witty or dull; he may be what is called well or humbly born. These fortunate and unfortunate accidents, like the sunshine and the rain which fall alike upon the just and the unjust, are pretty evenly distributed by Fortune among the good and the bad, although I repeat in this connection what I have said before: If by wit is meant that which is so often coupled with wisdom, you will find the greater share of it where you will find the greater share of its twin blessing, wisdom,—among the good; and as to personal beauty, there is nothing that will enhance it like the frank, clear eyes and healthy vigor that right living gives.

Julia Taylor. I have heard a great many times that vice goes with poverty and ignorance; that the greater proportion of criminals are from the lower classes. If that is true, it seems to me very unjust.

Dr. Dix. In naming certain favorable and unfavorable circumstances which have nothing to do with virtue and vice. I took pains to add, "save as they may serve as temptations to the one or inducements to the other." Great as are the temptations of wealth and station (and the advantages which go with them) to certain vices, there is no doubt that extreme poverty and ignorance are still greater temptations to other and more flagrant sins. Perhaps I should have said these good and ill conditions are pretty evenly distributed among the *naturally* good and bad, or among the evil and well disposed. Many a man lives a fairly good life who under less favorable circumstances might be a criminal. Who shall say that he is really a better man than his unfortunate brother, "a criminal from the lower classes"? In the eyes of an infallible judge the learned dignitary on the bench may be worse than the miserable wretch he sentences.

But let us return to our typical good boy. I have heard you in discussing one another talk about such and such a one's being a "mighty good fellow." Let us see how your hero compares with mine. Tell me about your "mighty good fellow." What does he do?

Geoffrey Jenkins. Well, he's always good-natured and full of fun.

Dr. Dix. Yes; go on.

Archibald Watson. He's always ready to share his good things with the other fellows.

Jonathan Tower. He's always ready to help you if you're in trouble.

Trumbull Butters. He is n't always bothering you, and he does n't look down on you if he is richer and smarter than you are.

James Murphy. He does n't go round telling everything he knows about you.

Joseph Cracklin. He does n't flare up at every little thing you say in fun.

Charles Fox. He knows how to play ball, and tramp, and fish.

Louisa Thompson. He is kind and accommodating to his sisters.

Henry Jones. He knows how to tell stories and do lots of other things.

James Murphy. He would n't lie, nor steal, nor do anything sneaking any more than he 'd cut his head off.

Henry Phillips. He 's bright and clever, does n't say soft things, and is n't afraid of anything.

Dr. Dix. Except what is bad. In short, he is very much the same sort of hero I have been describing. But perhaps, after all, he does things my good fellow does n't do.

Does he swear a round, ringing oath, for instance ? Well, mine *could* if he wanted to. It does n't take any great amount of intellect or wit. Your good fellow did n't *invent* swearing, did he ? so he can't claim originality, and *anybody* can imitate. A parrot can be taught to swear the biggest oath that ever fell from the lips of a pirate or a stable boy. Does your good fellow feel proud of an accomplishment in which he may be overmatched by a parrot ?

Perhaps he is beginning to take a social glass. Well, what superior ability, or genius, or generosity does *that* show ? If one were so disposed, it could be done as easily as to take a glass of water ; and how generosity can be shown by swallowing anything I confess I am not subtle enough to understand. Like swearing, drinking is an imitative act. I once heard of a monkey who could toss off his glass of wine as jauntily as your jolliest toper. A fine type of good-fellowship that ! But Jocko was more sensible than his human boon companions ; for when, at last, he took enough to give him a headache the next morning, he knew enough never to repeat his folly. Few men are as sensible as that.

There is no patent on drinking. It is open to all. It is as free to my good fellow as to yours. He can drink whiskey or strychnine, or cut off his fingers with a hatchet, if he chooses, just as easily as your good fellow can.

Perhaps he smokes. Another imitative act, to which the same train of remark will apply, including the monkey. Perhaps he chews. Faugh! We will draw the line there. To associate good-fellowship, in any sense of the phrase, with such ineffable nastiness is too gross a misapplication of terms to merit a moment's discussion.

Trumbull Butters. The first man who swore, or drank, or smoked, or chewed, did n't imitate.

Dr. Dix. We will allow him the full credit for originality. Let him have whatever credit is due him for his invention or discovery.

Geoffrey Jenkins. But, Dr. Dix, I don't understand that men do these things to show their genius or originality.

Dr. Dix. What do they do them for?

Geoffrey Jenkins. Why, I suppose they do them because they enjoy them.

Dr. Dix. They may *continue* them for that reason, but that is not why they *begin* them. No human being ever enjoyed his first glass of whiskey or his first cigar. As to the first profane oath, whatever poor satisfaction may have accompanied it must have been far more than offset by the moral shock, the inevitable sense of sudden degradation, the uneasy consciousness that remained like a foul taste in the mouth. No; men don't begin these things because they enjoy them, but because they wish to be thought clever, and spirited, and jaunty, and manly, especially — like the parrot and the monkey — because they want to do as others do.

Joseph Cracklin. A good many men who are highly respected both smoke and chew.

Dr. Dix. True. Man is a curious animal. He has been most justly called a bundle of inconsistencies. The king who ranks as the proverb of wisdom did some of the most foolish things.

Such habits among the class of men you refer to simply show that they were not always as wise as they are now. There was a time when they were foolish boys. I know an able and highly esteemed judge who has a pirate flag with skull and cross-bones complete tattooed on his left arm. It only serves to remind him of his ante-college days, when he read dime novels and formed a plan, with some of his equally wise and virtuous cronies, to run away to sea, seize a ship, and change its name to "The Black Scourge of the Atlantic." [Laughter.]

Archibald Watson. Were they going to kill the captain and mates?

Dr. Dix. I believe their hardihood did n't go quite to that extent. They were going to put them in irons and land them on some uninhabited island, I believe.

The judge that I told you of smokes, too, and, for aught I know, chews. He looks upon both his pirate flag and his tobacco as ineffaceable scars of his youthful folly.

But we will reserve the subject of Bad Habits for a future Talk. I want to say a word more about my hero, who, though every inch a boy, is too sensible to be caught in any such poorly baited trap as tobacco and whiskey. I spoke of myself as a hero-worshipper. I regard him with something more than mere approval and admiration. When I see the fine scorn with which he refuses to speak or even act the smallest lie, the hearty cheerfulness with which he prefers the comfort and pleasure of others to his own, the pluck and energy with which he attacks every obstacle in his path of duty, his inexhaustible store of boyish fun and good humor, and especially when I see his unassuming mod-

esty, as if he were utterly unconscious of doing or being anything particularly worthy of praise, how can I help being a hero-worshipper? I can admire a beautiful landscape or a beautiful statue, but a beautiful *soul* I can more than admire, — I can *love* it.

Nothing is beautiful or lovable that is not good. Beautiful evil exists only in poetry and romance. We may admire the picturesque villain on the stage or in the novel, but in actual life we only abhor him. Milton's magnificent Satan, Goethe's clever Mephistopheles, would be simply horrible as realities. The thoroughly bad, if there were such, would never love, even among themselves; they would herd together simply for the advantage of concerted action; when they had no common prey outside they would prey upon one another. Even if they were capable of love, — other than that purely selfish passion miscalled by that name, — there would be nothing to call it forth, for even the worst people love only what is good, real or imaginary, in one another. Kindness, generosity, self-sacrifice, fidelity, square-dealing, bravery, strength, wit, and beauty, — these, and such as these, are the qualities that are really *loved* among either the good or the bad.

XV.

THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF VICE.

Dr. Dix.

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

Would it were always so! Too often, however, the fact is exactly the reverse. The “monster” generally approaches with a most charming front, a most fascinating smile, and the “frightful mien” is assumed when it is too late to escape from her clutches. No, not quite that; it is never too late to escape, if the victim is only willing to make the supreme effort.

Her charming front, her fascinating smile, is a clever disguise. She must needs put it on, else she would never secure her prey. In order that temptations may tempt they must be tempting; only gudgeons are silly enough to be caught with a bare hook.

Boys, do any of you look with admiration and envy upon what is known as the “fast young man”? Do any of you look forward to the time when you hope to be as gay and reckless as he? Look a little further; you may see him in all stages of his career. The wretched old sot that you all view with pity, horror, and disgust was once as gay and debonair as he.

Girls, do any of you find him your most agreeable and fascinating companion? The poor, starved, terrified wife, fleeing for her life, once looked with your eyes and listened with your ears. *She* no longer regards with secret admiration the gay young gallant tossing off his glass of sparkling wine. There’s no cure like satiety.

There is a time in all communities when every one, whether ordinarily inclined to smile indulgently upon the "fast young man" or not, turns to him the cold shoulder. It is when some terrible crime has filled every heart with horror and with loathing. It is then, if never before, that men of true and tried worth are appreciated at their real value. Then the common heart goes out, not to brilliant recklessness or graceful vice of any kind, but to unfailing virtue. No matter how dull, awkward, or simple a man may be, if he be only true and good. Then every man's life and character are rigidly scrutinized in the universal questioning as to who may next turn out a villain.

But it is not at such times alone that this is the question deep down in every heart. There is never an hour when the man of tried virtue and steady sobriety of habits is not more in demand in all the real business of life than his dissolute neighbor, however gay and fascinating. There is never an hour when you will not place your life and property in the keeping of a man distinguished for the homely virtues, rather than in that of the most brilliant reprobate that ever tossed off his glass of sparkling champagne.

George Williams. Dr. Dix, allow me to say that I think there are a great many exceptions to the rule you have just stated. I can name a long list of names of men of notoriously vicious habits, who nevertheless seem to have been trusted in the most important affairs of life. They have been employed to carry into execution great financial schemes, to command armies, and especially to manage affairs of state.

Dr. Dix. I see that I have not made my meaning quite plain. I compared the man of homely virtue with the man of brilliant vice. I emphasized the homeliness of the one and the brilliancy of the other. Perhaps this was hardly fair to the former. I have already enlarged upon the fact that vice has no monopoly of the intellect

and energy of the world ; on the contrary, I have shown that virtuous living conduces directly to the development of power, while vicious living tends as directly to its enervation. Of course, stupidity and ignorance, however combined with virtue, cannot be trusted to accomplish results that demand intelligence and skill ; but if I implied that my man of homely virtue was lacking in intelligence and skill, I certainly did not intend to do so. I emphasized the brilliancy of the other, but it was the brilliancy of vice, not of intelligence,—the fascinating personal presence, and low cunning in the execution of dishonorable schemes, that distinguish many famous but unprincipled men. I also emphasized the homeliness of virtue, but I used the word in no reproachful sense. There is a sort of homeliness that we all value, admire, and trust. When a heavy structure is to be supported, the homeliness of the solid granite column is always preferred to the painting and gilding of the hollow shaft of wood.

Again, I have said that few men are utterly bad. Those who are known to be so are never trusted—nowadays at least—with “great financial schemes,” “the command of armies,” or “the affairs of state.” Men may have “notoriously vicious habits” united with great intellectual power, but they must have—or at least must be believed to have—enough moral principle behind it all to render them safe, or they will not be trusted. Whatever a man’s talents may be, if he is of doubtful moral character the question will always be, in any of the affairs you have named, is his ability preëminent enough to make it worth while to run the risk of his possible rascality ?

In order that two things may be justly compared, they must be compared *per se, ceteris paribus.*¹ Given equal ability and skill (and among these I do not include the tinsel brilliancy of the “fast young man” or that of

¹ By themselves, other things being equal.

the more developed rascal of later years), vice stands no chance whatever in the competition with virtue, either in matters of finance, war, or statesmanship.

Joseph Cracklin. Sometimes the low cunning of the rascal that you have spoken of is the very quality that is needed to carry forward an enterprise; then which stands the best chance?

Dr. Dix. I have been speaking of the community of respectable, honest citizens, not of thieves and robbers.

Jonathan Tower. You remarked a few minutes ago that men who are known to be thoroughly bad are not trusted with the management of great enterprises *nowadays*; was there ever a time when they were? I mean, of course, among civilized nations.

Dr. Dix. Civilized nations have not always been as good and wise as they are to-day. The centuries have not passed in vain. Yes, Tower, great villains have been trusted over and over again, and always with the same result: final disaster to themselves and to those who trusted them. By bitter experience men have learned that nothing is to be hoped from cupidity and selfish ambition, unredeemed by some degree, at least, of honor and patriotism, however great may be the talents which accompany them.

Jonathan Tower. Was not Napoleon I. a great villain, and yet was he not of incalculable benefit, not only to France, but to the world?

Dr. Dix. The fact that he was the means of so much good proves conclusively to my mind that he was not an unmitigated villain. No doubt his own glory was first in his heart, but that of France was at least second; and ambitious as he was, I do not believe he would ever have consented to raise himself upon the ruins of his country. Remember, too, that Napoleon I. had his Moscow, his Waterloo, and his St. Helena. But there are not wanting in history examples of ambition as towering as his. Alexander raised his country to the pin-

nacle of magnificence, only, by refusing to appoint his heir, to pull it down at his death about the heads of his successors, as Samson pulled down the temple of the Philistines.

Thus it has always been, and thus it always will be. A thoroughly unprincipled and selfish man can be trusted only so long as his own interests are subserved with the interests of those who trust him.

Upon the Athenian Alcibiades both Nature and Fortune seemed to vie with each other in showering their richest gifts. Brilliant and powerful in intellect, courageous and energetic in character, vigorous and graceful in body, of unbounded wealth and most noble ancestry, he was indeed a paragon among that race of paragons. Who can help being deeply interested in such a character? As we read his story, how we long to learn that he was as honorable, prosperous, and happy as he was clever, brave, and beautiful! But how our admiration cools as we follow him through his career of heartless ambition, ingratitude, and treachery, till we have scarcely pity left for his tragic death and ignominious burial!

What a life, and what a death! How glorious they might have been had those marvellous intellectual and physical endowments been accompanied by a pure heart! As it was, they were like instruments of exquisite workmanship, capable of doing great good or evil according as they are in good or evil hands.

XVI.

CREEPING, WALKING, AND FLYING.

Dr. Dix. One of the most powerful orations I ever listened to was a New Year's sermon. The speaker, already renowned for his burning eloquence, surpassed himself. He seemed like one inspired. From beginning to end his audience sat rapt, almost breathless, in their eagerness not to lose a drop of that flashing stream of eloquence. It seemed impossible that there should have been one in that multitude who could resist the appeal; as if every one must perforce resolve from that day to live the noble life so graphically pictured to them.

On our way home I said something like this to a middle-aged friend of mine. He admitted the power of the address, "but," said he, "it won't last. By to-morrow night nine tenths of it will be forgotten. I used to become an immaculate saint every New Year's; but I got over that long ago. I found it was of no use. It's easy enough to talk about flying into the upper air, but when it comes to the actual flying — we find we haven't got the wings."

"And so," I said, "you think such discourses as we have heard to-day do no good?"

"Oh, I did n't say that," he answered; "I did n't say it would *all* be forgotten, — I said nine tenths. And then even a temporary lift is better than no lift. If it does n't permanently raise us, perhaps it keeps us *from* sinking lower. If our consciences did n't get a stirring up once in a while they would die from stagnation."

His comparison was a very good one. As our bodies

are held down to earth by gravitation, so our souls are held down by our passions and appetites, and especially by the never-ceasing gravitation of *habit*. A stone thrown upward by a single impulse will quickly come down again: in order to continue its ascent there must be constant applications of power, like the beats of the eagle's wings as he soars towards the heavens.

Frederick Fox. What good does it do to throw the stone up at all? It will come down again just as low as it was before.

Dr. Dix. It may, and it may not. It may be thrown from the bottom of a well to the surface, thence to the house-top, thence to the hill-top, thence by successive throws to the mountain-top.

The moral world is no more truly a plain than the physical world. It has its deep abysses, its hills, its mountains, and — its *clouds*. We cannot rest in the moral clouds any more than we can in the physical clouds. Even the eagle with his mighty wings must find his permanent resting-place upon the solid earth; but he does not rest in the depths of the mines nor in the valleys; his eyry is high up among the mountain crags.

The inspiring oration I told you of was a single impulse upward. With some of those who heard it the fall backward may have been to the same old level, or even to a lower one; but it need not have been. Some of them doubtless were permanently lifted. But, as I said, the ascent could not continue without constant upward impulses, new efforts every day, like the beating of wings. Even those who were permanently lifted maintained their vantage-ground only by clinging and bracing themselves; for, remember, the path of virtue is up a steep mountain side. Few, if any, ever reach the summit. Remember also that the mountain is a *mound*, not a cone nor a pyramid. The path is steepest at the bottom: the higher we climb, the easier the climbing and the firmer the foothold.

Have these Talks, or others that you have heard, or books that you have read, influenced any of you to make good resolutions which seemed at first easy to carry out, but which afterward proved too difficult for you? And have you, therefore, come to the conclusion that there is no use in trying further?

As my friend said, there is a vast difference between talking and doing; between laying out a course of action and carrying it into execution.

Suppose a weak-armed boy should say with desperate resolution, "*I will* lift that weight!" Suppose a young mathematician should clinch his teeth together and say to himself, "*I will* solve that problem!" Then suppose, on making the trial, both should find that they had resolved to do the impossible: would that be a sufficient reason why they should give up trying? No: let them begin with tasks within their power; let them do what is possible. They will find as time goes on that they can do more and more, until finally the big weight is lifted and the eclipse calculated. And let them remember all this time that if they do their best each day, the lifting of the little weight at first is as meritorious as the final magnificent feat.

Archibald Watson. You have been telling us the story of Milo and his calf.

Dr. Dix. Yes, indirectly. Now give me as famous an illustration of the exactly opposite.

Jane Simpson. The eyeless fishes in Mammoth Cave.

Dr. Dix. Yes,—another.

Helen Sawyer. The slave-holding ants of Texas.

Dr. Dix. Tell us about them.

Helen Sawyer. After generations of dependence they have become so helpless that they cannot even feed themselves, and must die of starvation in the midst of abundant food when deprived of their slaves.

Dr. Dix. An unhappy condition which is almost exactly paralleled by some classes of human society, people

who both by inheritance and habit have become so dependent upon their wealth, and the immunity from all kinds of effort which wealth secures, that when suddenly deprived of it they are totally helpless: mental, moral, and physical idleness have so enervated them that they cannot do by a supreme effort what the man brought up to labor does almost without effort.

Suppose one of these unhappy beings, who has inherited mental, moral, and physical helplessness from a line of wealthy and idle ancestors, should chance to hear an eloquent discourse on the nobility and advantages of labor; and suppose that, in the enthusiasm kindled by the eloquence, he should form a sudden resolution to live thenceforth a life of steady industry. He begins with plenty of zeal and spasmodic energy; but in a few days—in a few hours, it may be—his zeal has burnt itself out and his feeble energies are exhausted. The result is inevitable. It is not enough to exercise the will-power. That is always able to choose between right and wrong; but not to do an impossibility is not wrong. It is not enough to will to do: there must also be the well-woven fibres of brain, muscle, and heart to execute.

Henry Phillips. Then is his good resolution of no use?

Dr. Dix. That is what I am coming to. He receives a sudden, powerful impulse upward; must he necessarily fall back to his former level or to a lower one? No; let him retain some of the vantage that has been given him, if it is but a step. Then let him take another step upward. Since he cannot fly, let him climb; if he cannot walk, he can at least creep upward.

XVII.

THE DOCTOR IS FAIRLY CAUGHT.

Dr. Dix. Confession after detection is not generally very highly credited. If any of you acknowledge mischief that I have already detected, you hardly expect me to make much allowance on account of the confession. Now, scholars, I have a confession and an explanation to make to you. The confession is not worth much for the reason I have given,—*I have been fairly caught.* [*Sensation.*] But the explanation and what else I have to say will be, I hope, of some use to you.

Last evening as I sat in my study, not expecting visitors on account of the lateness of the hour, one of you paid me a business call and caught me *in flagrante delicto.*¹ I was in the very act of smoking a cigar. There was no escape; it would have availed nothing to throw the solid evidence of my offence into the grate or out of the window, for the air was thick with odorous, yea, visible evidence, convincing and *strong*. True, I might have left it uncertain as to whether the pungent fumes which filled the room had issued from my own lips or from those of some recent visitor to whom I had hospitably allowed the liberty. I confess that, when I heard the rap on my door and saw through the glass the familiar form of one of my pupils, such a thought flashed through my mind; but I scorned to act on the thought. I was smoking when the lad knocked,—I continued smoking after he had entered. To tell the truth, however, I was not so unconcerned as I appeared. I marked the look of surprised inquiry in his eyes, and

¹ In the commission of the crime.

felt a twinge of self-reproach and — shall I confess it? — shame. I don't think these feelings were so much due to the fact that he had seen me smoking as to the fact that he had caught me doing what he doubtless supposed I would rather conceal. My feeling would have been very different if he had seen me smoking in the open street, — though that is a thing that I should not think of doing any more than I should think of drinking a cup of coffee in the open street.

Geoffrey Jenkins. Would you have felt the same if he had seen you drinking a cup of coffee in your study?

Dr. Dix. I should have had no feeling of any sort in that case.

Geoffrey Jenkins. Why should you have had any more in regard to the cigar?

Dr. Dix. Why do you ask? Do you include coffee and cigars in the same category?

Geoffrey Jenkins. Many people hold that both are injurious to the health.

Dr. Dix. But not equally so.

Geoffrey Jenkins. Then the difference in the fault is only in degree, not in kind.

Dr. Dix. No, Jenkins; I thank you for trying to palliate my fault, but I don't think I will accept your defence, — not until we have considered the matter further, at all events.

So far as my rights and privileges are concerned, I suppose no one would charge me with transcending them. If I choose to indulge in what I must acknowledge to be a bad habit, in the privacy of my own sanctum, I have the undoubted right — liberty, I should say; there is a great difference between a right and a liberty — to do so. Furthermore, I don't know that I am under any moral obligation to publish it abroad. Hitherto I have not felt bound to tell you that I smoke my cigar nearly every evening and Saturday morning, any more than I have felt bound to tell you what I am in

the habit of ordering for my supper. But there is this difference: I don't care whether you know what my supper consists of or not, while I would much rather you should not have discovered that I smoke.

Joseph Cracklin. Why need you have mentioned it, then? The boy who called on you would probably never have spoken of it to any one.

Dr. Dix. That my miserable habit has made such a thought as you suggest possible is punishment indeed!

Geoffrey Jenkins. Why would you rather we should not know?

Dr. Dix. Why would I rather you should not know I smoke? Chiefly for two reasons: First, because I am thoroughly ashamed of it.

Louisa Thompson. We all know that you were a soldier in the war, and everybody was always willing to excuse *him* for smoking.

Dr. Dix. No, no, no! that was no excuse. I learned to smoke long before I went into the army. I suppose as a foolish boy I was as proud of it as I am ashamed of it now.

But the other reason is a much more important one. I would not under any consideration be the means of influencing any one — least of all one of those whom it is my special duty and pleasure to benefit in all ways within my power — to form a habit which I know does no one any good and is the cause of great injury to many. It is with the hope that I may not only counteract the unfavorable influence which the discovery of my weakness might exert among you, but even do much positive good besides, that I decided to make it the subject of our Talk this morning.

I have at least this advantage, boys: I can speak from actual personal experience. I wish you to observe in the mean time that all that I say in regard to the formation and growth of the habit and the increasing difficulty of relinquishing it applies with equal force to

any other habit. So we may consider our Talk to be upon the general subject of

HABITS,

illustrated by one of them. None of you may ever fall into this particular one, — I sincerely hope you may not, — but all of you have already formed others, good and bad, and as you grow older you will form still others. In fact, the greater part of all we do is the result of habits.

I see, by the way, that I was wrong in my conjecture. A few tell-tale smiles and expressive glances show that some of you have already begun to forge the same chains about you that I am wearing. Well, boys, let me assure you that you will not always feel as complacent over them as you evidently feel now. The time will come when some of you, if you keep on as you have begun, will feel as I feel at this moment, — willing to make almost any sacrifice to break your fetters, almost any sacrifice short of — breaking them.

And, girls, though none of you may ever be tempted to smoke cigarettes or to color a meerschaum, yet there are plenty of other temptations that you must meet. So if you mentally substitute them for tobacco you may profit by this Talk as well as the boys.

To illustrate the subject, I shall give you now and then choice bits of my own experience with the fascinating tyrant, which will perhaps help you better to judge for yourselves whether it is worth while to cultivate his acquaintance or to let him alone.

I learned to smoke when I was at Grantham Academy fitting for college. I don't remember that my conscience rebelled in the least at that time. I don't think the question as to whether I was doing right or wrong even entered my mind. I saw other boys puffing their eigars, and, partly from the instinct of imitation, which leads us all more or less slavishly to "follow the fashion,"

partly because it seemed manly, debonair, I heroically endured the agonies of initiation into the practice. "Agonies" is none too strong a word, as I fear some of you already know from your own experience. Boys, ought not that very experience to teach us what a terrible violation of nature we were committing? What but a deadly poison attacking the very citadel of life could blanch our faces, cover our brows with cold sweat, and send that mortal sickness through our vitals? True, Nature speedily adapts herself to the new condition; that is, she no longer warns us so energetically of the true character of the enemy we have admitted within our walls. *The outside sentinel has been slain!* But the enemy is no less deadly for that.

Isabelle Anthony. This morning's "Freetown Patriot" tells of a young man, a graduate of this school, who died a day or two ago of "tobacco-heart."

Lucy Snow. And it was only a week ago, I think, that I read of another who became insane from excessive cigarette smoking.

Archibald Watson. If the tobacco habit keeps on at this rate, it bids fair to become almost as fatal as tight-lacing. [Laughter.]

Susan Perkins. Or champagne and absinthe drinking.

Frederick Fox. Or low necks and pneumonia.

Dr. Dix. Both sexes have their full burden of responsibility for suicidal practices. As I said, in our onslaught upon tobacco we will include all bad habits and practices.

The authorities of the Naval Academy at Annapolis tell us that an appallingly large percentage of their applicants for admission are rejected because their constitutions have become irreparably injured by smoking.

Julia Taylor. What a frightful sound there is in that phrase "tobacco-heart"! It quite makes my blood run cold.

Dr. Dix. Indeed, it has a frightful sound! How it brings up before the imagination the human heart, that wonderful organ, so gigantic in its power, so delicate in its construction, struggling like a bird in the coils of some venomous reptile! No wonder your blood runs cold as you realize its true meaning. And yet so mighty is the force of the habit, so completely do men become enslaved by it, that, with the full realization of its evils and dangers, they scarcely make an effort to escape. I once heard a brilliant young physician descendant volubly upon the nerve-and-heart-paralyzing effects of tobacco. "In no other form," said he, "is the poison so effective, so penetrating, as in that of smoke." He then slowly filled his mouth from the cigar that he had been puffing all through his talk, and blew it through his white handkerchief. "There," he said, exhibiting with evident satisfaction the deep brown stain which the smoke had left, "that is pure nicotine, one of the deadliest poisons known to my profession. Imagine that in contact with the mucous membrane of my mouth and lungs by the hour, as it was for a second with the threads of my handkerchief!"

Knowing its nature and effect so thoroughly, why did n't he spurn it from him as he would have spurned any other poison? Ah, none but the slave of habit knows the completeness of its mastery!

Mary Rice. I don't think we girls are in danger of ever forming habits that will affect us in that way.

Dr. Dix. I trust you never may. But there are other drugs even more disastrous in their effects than tobacco, to whose slavery thousands of both sexes fall victims. Let me remind you all again, boys and girls alike, that, though I am speaking of one habit in particular, what I say applies with even greater force to many others,—in a measure to all. *Ab uno discite omnes.*¹

¹ From one learn all.

XVIII.

THE CHAINS OF HABIT.

Frederick Fox. Dr. Dix, are the habits you spoke of last Wednesday morning immoral simply because they injure the health?

Dr. Dix. That reason alone would be enough; but there are other reasons. What are some of them?

Isabelle Anthony. They are an annoyance to our neighbors.

Dr. Dix. Some of them most certainly are: perhaps if we should consider further we should find it to be the case with all.

Joseph Cracklin. So are some things we have a perfect right to do.

Dr. Dix. What, for instance?

Joseph Cracklin. Well, building a house and cutting off our neighbor's view.

Dr. Dix. A more fitting comparison would be, building a stable or some other nuisance next his house, and thus interfering both with his health and his comfort.

Susan Perkins. Yes, sir; and the law often recognizes that as wrong and forbids it.

Lucy Snow. Just as the notice is posted up, "No Smoking."

Dr. Dix. A most excellent illustration. Well, give us another reason why the tobacco habit, for instance, is immoral.

Florence Hill. It is filthy; and cleanliness is a duty.

Dr. Dix. Good. And why is cleanliness a duty?

Florence Hill. Because it is necessary not only to our own health and comfort, but also to that of our neighbors.

Dr. Dix. Necessary to the health and comfort of both mind and body. It is a duty, like all other duties, springing from a principle of right. We should be cleanly, as that mirror should be bright. We should be cleanly, healthy, and comfortable, as we should be truthful, honorable, and unselfish. Now, let us have another reason why the habits we are discussing are immoral.

James Murphy. Because other people may follow our example.

Dr. Dix. Yes; I have already alluded to that most unhappy consequence of our misdoing. If for no other reason, when that danger comes, we should strike for freedom.

Frederick Fox. Suppose the injury to our own health were the only objection to the habit, would it be immoral? Was it wrong, for instance, for Robinson Crusoe to smoke his pipe?

Dr. Dix. That is a very interesting question. When Robinson Crusoe had no neighbors to injure or annoy or set a bad example to, how was it possible for him to do wrong?

Archibald Watson. But he *did* have neighbors, — his cats, goats, and dogs.

Dr. Dix [smiling]. None of them would be likely to follow his example, in smoking at least: as I remarked some time ago, most animals are too sensible; it is only the one that most resembles man in shape that ever imitates him in this folly. But, granting that Robinson did his full duty to his dumb companions, what other duties devolved upon him?

Julia Taylor. As has already been said, it was his duty to be cleanly.

Dr. Dix. Yes. Go on.

Helen Sawyer. It was his duty to be as cheerful and contented as possible.

Dr. Dix. But why, since there was no one to be affected by his sullenness or discontent?

Helen Sawyer. There was himself to be affected by it.

Dr. Dix. Had n't he the right to do as he chose with himself?

Helen Sawyer. No, Dr. Dix; because he did n't create himself.

Dr. Dix. Right. But even suppose, if such a thing is conceivable, that he did create himself; would he then have had the right to do what he pleased with his own handiwork?

Helen Sawyer. I think not, unless he pleased to do the best; for the best only is duty, as you have said so many times.

Dr. Dix. I am glad the lesson has been so well learned. His best was to cherish mind and body to the very utmost of his ability, to be grateful for the blessings still remaining to him, which, as you remember, he so dutifully offset against his privations, striking the balance in favor of his blessings.

Let us now return to the particular subject of last Wednesday, in regard to which I have somewhat more to say. A young man asked me how it is that men can use tobacco as they do without dying, if it is such a deadly poison. He told me of his grandfather, who has used it for at least sixty years, and who yet seems to be strong and healthy in spite of it.

I have known even more remarkable cases of tenacious vitality than that. I am personally acquainted with a man who carried a bullet in his brain for several years after the war, and for much of that time seemed as well as ever. Does this prove that bullets are not deadly? Habitual arsenic-eaters have been known to survive single doses which would kill a dozen people with systems in the normal condition. Would you argue, therefore, that arsenic is not a deadly poison? The life force seems well-nigh inexhaustible sometimes. If it were not so, neither human nor animal races could

survive the terrible strains they are all subjected to at certain times in their life history. I have no doubt whatever that in the case of the young man's grandfather it is as he says, and that he is as strong and well as he seems. Doubtless nature endowed him originally with very great strength of constitution, which has probably been still further favored by an invigorating out-of-door occupation; but it is pretty certain that he could not have kept up the habit through all those years as our young cigarette smokers practice it to-day: he would doubtless have died long ago of "tobacco-heart." We must not lay too much stress on the fact that there are people who arrive at old age in spite of this and other destructive habits. No one knows how much better and happier lives they might have lived, or how much healthier and stronger they might have been to-day. Especially no one knows how many others of feebler vitality these same habits have laid in untimely graves.

I have no wish to exaggerate the evils and dangers I am urging you to avoid. Besides the moral wrong I should commit in doing so,—if it were done knowingly,—I should defeat my own object. Your own observation would soon reveal the exaggeration, and lead you, perhaps, even farther from the truth in the opposite direction.

Let us admit, therefore, that multitudes of men indulge in the use of tobacco with apparent impunity; yet reason tells us that the impunity is only apparent, that the penalty is exactly in proportion to the degree in which nature is violated; and the solemn, indisputable fact is, that countless numbers are most terribly injured by the habit. Like all other life-sapping practices, it is especially disastrous to the young and undeveloped. I see no reason to doubt the highest medical authorities, who declare that the habit of cigarette smoking, as indulged in by the boys and young men of

to-day, is capable, in a few generations, of making the strongest race on earth the feeblest.

There is no exaggeration, boys, in these statements. Let me make one more: The easiest way to escape this or any other bad habit is, *never to form it*. The old smoker is bound by chains and fetters of steel: he can escape only, if at all, by a long and painful struggle. You whose fresh young lips have never been contaminated never need make a struggle. You are forever free, if you choose, without an uneasy moment.

Geoffrey Jenkins. I never supposed that it was really painful to leave off smoking.

Dr. Dix. *Painful!* Is it painful to feel an unconquerable craving for something that is easily within your reach, and yet resolutely let it alone? to feel this craving growing stronger and stronger the longer it is ungratified, for days, weeks perhaps? to be unable by reason of the torturing hunger to remain at ease in any place or at any occupation long at a time? No one can know what it is until he has experienced it. It is the regular and natural effect of stopping the habitual use of any poisonous stimulant. Inveterate users of alcohol, opium, and other still more powerful agents which I will not name, often become raving maniacs when deprived of what has been their chief necessity. The same result has been known to follow the sudden deprivation of tobacco.

The old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," applies with peculiar force to the formation of this and all other bad habits. If I should say what I have been saying to you to a roomful of old smokers, I should expect that my words would accomplish little or nothing. The probability is that the majority of my hearers would already know and admit the truth of all I have said. Yet, like the young doctor with his cigar and white handkerchief, they would go on poisoning themselves with calm and deliberate unconcern.

But with *you* I hope and expect that the result will be different. You are as yet unscathed,—most of you at least, I hope; you have scarcely a battle to wage. If any of you, with full realization of what you are doing, deliberately sell yourselves into the abject slavery which I have been describing, you will richly deserve all you will suffer. If I had realized what I was doing when I formed the habit, I firmly believe that not even army life would have betrayed me into it.

There is a question which you have all mentally asked; only your politeness and respect have prevented your asking it aloud: “Dr. Dix, why don’t you leave off your cigar *now*?”

Well, I don’t say that I shall not. I have tried several times and failed. That is a humiliating confession to make, is it not? In other respects I believe I am not wanting in resolution. Heretofore, however, I have not been conscious that my bad habit has injured any one but myself. That is wrong, I have said and still say, but as I have indulged in moderation I have felt that I could afford the tax on my vitality. Now, however, I have a new incentive: I am forced to choose between setting you a good or a bad example. There can be no possible uncertainty in my mind as to which is my duty. Nevertheless I shall have a hard struggle. May that struggle of mine be a salutary lesson to all of you, and may the victory which I hope to win be a still more precious lesson, teaching you never to despair, whatever bad habit you may have fallen into, when you may see that even the tobacco habit of thirty years’ standing may be broken.

XIX.

THE ALCOHOL HABIT.

Dr. Dix. The tobacco habit, which we have been considering at some length, naturally suggests its kindred vice, the alcohol habit.

You are all familiar enough with the story of its ravages: how it changes gardens to deserts, homes of thrift, comfort, and happiness to abodes of wretchedness and want; how it fills prisons, hospitals, and almshouses; how, in short, it ruins body and soul alike, transforming a man to a fiend, maniac, or imbecile, and bringing him to an untimely grave. You have heard all this from your earliest childhood; and although not every man who takes his social glass pays the full penalty of his daring, you know well that there are countless multitudes who do pay the penalty. What are the temptations that lead men deliberately into a habit whose possible results are so universally recognized? It is principally of these that I wish to speak, for it is only with these that any of you can be personally concerned at this stage of your lives.

Tell me, boys, what are some of the inducements that tempt a young man to take his first glass?

Archibald Watson. His companions invite him, and he is ashamed to refuse.

Dr. Dix. Ashamed! Of what? Of refusing what he does not want, and what they know he does not want?

Archibald Watson. He is ashamed to have them know that he does not want it,—to have them think he is a “tenderfoot.”

Dr. Dix. That means, I suppose, one who is not, at

least, an incipient drunkard. So a taste for whiskey is a thing to be proud of, is it ?

Archibald Watson. It is not a thing that *I* should be proud of, but the young man we are speaking of and his comrades might be proud of it.

Dr. Dix. I did not suppose you were speaking for yourself. I presume gambling is a thing to be proud of among blacklegs, and thieving among pickpockets. The way to escape the influence of such public sentiment is obvious and easy.

Archibald Watson. To find different society ?

Dr. Dix. Even so.

Joseph Cracklin [*with an air of resentment*]. The young man's comrades may be neither blacklegs nor pickpockets ; they may be only a party of gay young fellows, who like a good time.

Dr. Dix. We will speak of that "good time" presently. They may be honest enough, as Cracklin says, so far as money is concerned, but what are they doing to the young man ? They might far better rob him of his last penny and leave him otherwise unharmed.

Joseph Cracklin. They probably don't think of the harm they are doing to him. At any rate, they don't try to make him any worse off than they are themselves.

Dr. Dix. No ; they probably "don't think." That has been their trouble from the first. But we will let them go their way and turn our attention to him. Suppose he should be manly and sensible enough to estimate things at their true value, — his own safety of body and soul and right for its own sake on the one hand, and their passing approval on the other. What then ?

Joseph Cracklin. Why, if he thought there was any real danger of his becoming a drunkard —

Dr. Dix. *If* he thought ! Does n't he know there is ? What right has he to believe there is no danger for him in what has destroyed so many millions, none of whom were any more anxious to be destroyed than he ?

Joseph Cracklin. If he thought enough about it, of course he would refuse.

Dr. Dix. Well, it is a matter worth thinking about. What would be the worst possible consequence of his refusal?

Joseph Cracklin. They would set him down as a muff, a fellow with no fun in him.

Dr. Dix. And perhaps might find him so uncongenial as to cut his acquaintance?

Joseph Cracklin. Perhaps.

Dr. Dix. A terrible fate, indeed!

Joseph Cracklin. They'd treat him *civilly*, of course, whenever they met him.

Dr. Dix. But would n't honor him with invitations to their convivial dinners?

Joseph Cracklin. As he had already declined that sort of thing, they would probably think it of no use.

Dr. Dix. And would that be likely to make him inconsolable?

Joseph Cracklin. A fellow does n't like to lose his friends.

Dr. Dix. Nor would he. You make a great mistake, Cracklin. They would do a great deal more than treat him civilly. There is not one of those gay young fellows, whose friendship is worth a straw, that would not secretly, if not openly, admire the courage and independence that dared to say No, — not one of them that would not in his heart despise the imbecility, folly, and cowardice that would accept possible ruin for fear of ridicule or unpopularity. Men always like a backbone better than a string. It is human nature to despise those over whom victory is easily gained. When a false friend is endeavoring to persuade you to your own disadvantage, yield, and you win only his contempt; firmly refuse, and he at once acknowledges you as his superior. I repeat, not one of those gay young fellows that would not in his heart admire the exhibition of strength,

courage, and independence, and most heartily wish that he possessed the same noble qualities.

Joseph Cracklin. But they would n't really like him, for all that, because they could n't have any fun with him.

Dr. Dix. Hold ; let us see about that. Fun is the natural exercise of wit and light-heartedness, is it not ?

Joseph Cracklin. Yes, Dr. Dix.

Dr. Dix. And wine and whiskey make men witty ?

Joseph Cracklin. Sometimes, not always.

Dr. Dix. There is no wit or humor except what alcohol makes ?

Joseph Cracklin. Oh, I did n't say so.

Dr. Dix. Then there are people who can have fun without getting drunk ? How do they compare with those who cannot ?

Joseph Cracklin. I never thought of it in that light before. I don't want you to think *I* am in favor of drinking.

Dr. Dix. None of our talk is supposed to be personal. Scholars, don't you think a man who cannot be funny or light-hearted unless he is drunk has rather a poor claim to either wit or jovial spirits ?

Chorus. Yes, sir.

Dr. Dix. And what is a company of young men who acknowledge by their acts that they cannot enjoy themselves without the aid of alcohol but a sorry, stupid set, after all ? Compare them with an equal number of bright young fellows whose hearts are always light with health and a clean conscience, whose brains are unbefogged and unparalyzed by poison of any kind. The wit of these, inspired only by the wine of native genius and good spirits, sparkles like the pure mountain brooklet laughing in the sunlight ; the wit of those, fuming from the cellar, is like the blue flame whose fitful gleam only shows how heart, brain, and body are slowly but surely burning to ashes !

XX.

BENEFICENT LIONS AND TIGERS.

Dr. Dix. Can any of you tell me how it is that alcohol — not always, indeed, as Cracklin has well said, but sometimes — makes men witty and light-hearted, courageous, enthusiastic, strong for a sudden effort ?

Jonathan Tower. It stimulates them.

Dr. Dix. That simply repeats the proposition without explaining it.

Isabelle Anthony. It makes the blood circulate faster, and it is the blood that sustains all kinds of action in our bodies.

Dr. Dix. So healthy exercise in the fresh air quickens the circulation.

Isabelle Anthony. But that is a natural stimulus, whereas alcohol is not.

Dr. Dix. True. Now I will tell you how alcohol stimulates the circulation of the blood. The blood circulates in our bodies almost exactly as the water circulates in the water-works of a great city. Let us see with what minuteness the parallel may be drawn. First, there is the great engine that raises the water in the standpipe or reservoir, and thus gives it "head." What is that in the body ?

Chorus. The heart.

Dr. Dix. From the standpipe or reservoir the water is forced into the mains branching through the streets like —

Chorus. The arteries.

Dr. Dix. From the mains it is carried by service-pipes into houses, manufactories, and workshops. These service-pipes correspond to —

Chorus. The smaller arteries.

Dr. Dix. Observe that up to this point neither water nor blood has done any work. In the houses and manufactories the faucets are turned as the water is needed. Then and there it does its work, not in the pipes, but after it has left them. What are the faucets which "turn on" the blood, and where in the body does it do its work?

Frank Williams [*hesitatingly*]. The veins?

Dr. Dix. No; the blood enters the veins *after* it has done its work, just as in the city the water, having done its work, enters the —

Chorus. Waste-pipes.

Dr. Dix. In the body, however, the blood enters these "waste-pipes" only to be purified and renewed. What lie between the arteries and the veins that correspond to the kitchens, bathrooms, laundries, and workshops of the city?

Chorus. The capillaries.

Dr. Dix. Yes. It is in the capillary network that the blood does all its work, and thus enables our bodies and brains to act.

Now, in the manufactories, kitchens, workshops, etc., of the city the water is turned on only as it is needed. Suppose, however, a horde of reckless vandals, being admitted to the city, should force their way into the various apartments where work is harmoniously in progress, and turn on the water in full stream everywhere at once. That would be a quickening of the circulation indeed! Suppose, moreover, that the mischievous strangers should stand their ground, forcibly preventing the faucets from being closed. There would be plenty of action for a while, though anything but harmonious action. But it would only be for a while: the water, that at first quickened and strengthened action, would soon clog and drown it. After the vandals had been finally driven out and the faucets had been

closed, one by one, and after the surplus water had slowly drained away, things would gradually return to something like their former condition, save here and there, where the sudden flood had wrought irreparable damage.

This, I am assured, is a perfect illustration of the physiological action of alcohol. Nature opens the little entrances to the capillaries only wide enough to admit the blood as it is needed for the normal action of our various organs; but when the vandal King Alcohol is admitted, he goes raging through the body and brain, paralyzing the capillaries, and "turning on" the blood in rushing, drowning, maddening torrents that, in spite of subsequent slow repairs, leave here and there irreparable injury.

And that is how it makes a man sometimes witty, light-hearted, and energetic, but oftener silly and absurd. No wonder he is absurd with all that chaos raging within. Think of the suddenly flooded kitchens and workshops of his poor body and brain!

But, alas, silliness and absurdity are not the only or the worst effects of the internal deluge. Too often it drowns reason and conscience together, and makes the man a maniac, a suicide, a murderer.

Joseph Cracklin. Alcohol sometimes does good in the human system, does n't it?

Dr. Dix. That is a question for the physicians to answer. If my doctor should prescribe it, I suppose I should take it. If I felt called upon to reason upon the propriety of his prescription, I should assume that Nature did not open my capillaries wide enough to meet a sudden emergency, and that Alcohol was sent to help her, not as a vandal horde, but as a quiet, orderly messenger.

Frederick Fox. Should you never feel justified in taking it except upon a physician's prescription?

Dr. Dix. If I should be bitten by a venomous ser-

pent and could get at a jug of whiskey, I should drink all I could possibly swallow, precisely as, if the whole city were on fire, the obvious remedy would be to fight conflagration with flood. But I have not been speaking of the use of alcohol in emergencies. My subject has been, not alcohol, but the alcohol habit. I have shown what it does for the individual.

Does the alcohol habit ever do any good? Political economists and biologists speak of one of its effects on the human race, which we must acknowledge, in the long run, to be a benefit. I will illustrate it by another comparison.

What is known as the survival of the fittest is one of the two great principles upon which depends the development of the races. In the struggle for existence, in both the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, the strong crowd out or prey upon the weak; those best adapted to their environments survive; the rest perish. Among the carnivores, for instance, the strongest and the most courageous destroy their antagonists and are left to feed upon the feebler races. Among these latter the strongest and most active and cunning only escape. Thus only the most highly developed of all races are left to transmit their superiority to succeeding generations.

Frederick Fox. Hasn't sheer good luck sometimes as much to do with their escaping as their own strength or cunning?

Dr. Dix. You must learn to generalize, my boy. A few exceptional cases do not invalidate the general law.

Among civilized men there are so few that perform the function which beasts of prey perform among the animal races that the economy of nature demands some other agents to suppress the inferior elements of society and leave the earth a heritage for the superior. The crowding-out process operates to a certain extent, it is true; but that alone would be insufficient, at least

until the world becomes vastly more densely populated than it is to-day.

Jane Simpson. Would it be sufficient in such a city as London or Paris?

Dr. Dix. The fearful rate of mortality among the lowest classes in such centres of population is a most striking illustration of what I have been saying. It is not due to the crowding-out process alone, however, even there: the other agents which Nature calls to her aid in securing the survival of the fittest among men work still more terrible havoc even in London and Paris. But the work of these other agents is not confined to densely populated centres, which, after all, include but a comparatively small part of the world's population. They operate in country as well as in town, where there is plenty of room and provision for all as well as where the feeble must necessarily go under. What are these other agents?

Florence Hill. I suppose the alcohol habit is one of them.

Dr. Dix. And all other self-destructive habits. It is these chiefly which do for the human race what beasts of prey do for the brute creation. Does it not really seem as if it were the deliberate policy of conscious Nature thus to implant in the most undesirable elements of the human race the means of their own extermination? The worst criminals are the shortest-lived class on earth, slain by one another's murderous hands and by the laws they violate, but in enormously greater multitudes by their own base appetites and passions. It is not crime alone that is thus held in check and prevented from overrunning the fair earth; weakness and inferiority in general are, as a rule, accompanied by that moral weakness, that lack of self-command, which makes them an easy prey to the cleansing besom of Nature.

Thus, for the good of mankind at large, as I have

shown, the wicked and the weak are doomed not to live out half their days. When, therefore, you are tempted to fall into the alcohol or any other self-destructive habit, ask yourself what there is in you or about you that should lead Nature to wish to exterminate you and your type from earth.

Julia Taylor. But it is not always the naturally bad or weak that form these self-destructive habits. Do we not often see and hear of the strongest, the most generous and amiable, the most brilliant, falling victims?

Dr. Dix. Once more I say, you must learn to generalize. When a multitude of rufianly rioters are raging through the streets, the artillery mows them down without regard to an occasional noble exception that may be among them. So Nature's laws must be enforced. But even in the cases you refer to there must always be some weakness joined with the strength, the amiability, and brilliancy, — moral weakness, if no other, — the perpetuation of which would not be good for our race. No drunkard, opium-eater, or any other species of self-indulgent suicide ever died whose mental, moral, and physical make-up, as a whole, it would be for the advantage of mankind to perpetuate. So, I repeat, if you are tempted to fall into any of these bad habits, ask yourself why Nature wants to get rid of you.

XXI.

TRUTH AND TRUTHFULNESS.

Dr. Dix. Now let us talk of some of the habits we wish to cultivate.

In estimating the values of things, the very first question we ask is, Are they what they seem ? Is the glittering yellow mineral gold or only iron pyrites ? is the brilliant that flashes in the light a diamond or only paste ? is the smiling, benevolent face that appeals to our love and confidence an open window of the soul or only a mask ? in short, is what we see and hear the truth or a lie ? This is to us the first and most important test of the values of either men or things : hence I shall place at the head of the list

THE HABIT OF TRUTHFULNESS,

in word, act, and appearance.

In a previous Talk I remarked that things always do their duty. With some rare exceptions, of which I shall speak in due time, things always tell the truth. Suppose it were not so ; suppose we lived in a world not only of artificial but of natural shams, — mountains, forests, and seas not really mountains, forests, and seas, but only seeming so ; what appeared, for instance, a pleasant, inviting field turning out a frightful precipice as we entered it.

Sally Jones. That would be like some fairy tales I have read.

Dr. Dix. And did you ever think you would like to live in the fairyland you read about ?

Sally Jones. I have often thought how delightful it would be.

Dr. Dix. What, never know at what moment the pleasant person with whom you were talking would turn into a hideous dragon, or your magnificent palace into a wretched hovel ? always expecting to be caught up into the air or sent wandering through caverns at the bottom of the sea ? liable at any instant to be transformed into a mouse or an elephant at the pleasure of the wicked magician who lived next door ?

Sally Jones. But there would be a good fairy who would be more powerful than the wicked magician, and she would turn me back into a princess.

Dr. Dix. And the poor toad that had befriended you into a splendid prince, eh ? But even then there would always be other wicked magicians, for if they were all dead there would be nothing more for the good fairies to do, and it would soon cease to be fairyland.

I sincerely hope the time will never come when fairyland will cease to exist — in the imagination. The destruction of Jack the Giant-Killer, Santa Claus, Titania, Thor, Juno, and Jupiter would be an irreparable loss to mankind. It would be to the world of thought what the destruction of the blue sky (which you know is only a beautiful unreality) would be to the world of sight. But all these delightful personages and their delightful habitations are good only in their proper sphere, the imagination. If Miss Jones will reflect a little, I think she will decide that the real world is better to live in than fairyland would be, — the ground she walks on real solid ground, and not merely a thin shell covering vast subterranean caves, into which the next step may precipitate her ; the water she drinks real water, and not a potent charm that may transform her into a marble statue.

Yes, scholars, most happily for us, things tell the truth, — they are what they seem.

Helen Mar. Longfellow says quite the opposite.

Dr. Dix. Ah! in that line Longfellow refers to our misinterpretation of things. It is only of the dead soul that slumbers that he is speaking. To all who are alive and awake life is not an empty dream, and things *are* what they seem, earnest realities.

We are talking just now, however, of things in a more material sense. Our earthly habitation, happily for us, is not a fairyland of gorgeous uncertainty, but a well-ordered reality, to which our senses are adapted by a corresponding truthfulness. I remember once I was standing on a railway while a train of cars was approaching. As the huge, thundering mass came nearer I stepped off the track upon another, and while I stood there gazing a thought passed through my mind somewhat like this: My eyes tell me what track the train is on. Suppose my eyes should deceive me, that the train should be really on the other track. My life would then be only for a few seconds longer. But I felt no doubt. Although the engineer spied me and sounded his shrill whistle, I stood my ground in perfect confidence that my eyes were telling me the truth; and presently both eyes and ears told me that the train had passed on, leaving me in safety. Now, the sense of sight is only one means of obtaining information; the speech of my fellow-men is another. Both are valuable in exact proportion to the confidence I can feel in their truthfulness. But, alas, the two are never placed on the same footing. Every one says, "I shall believe my own eyes rather than what any one tells me," thus confessing the superiority of nature to man.

If men were as truthful as their eyes or as the rest of nature, the gift of speech would be of immeasurably greater value than it is. So great is its depreciation, however, that it has given rise to the common saying which I have already quoted several times, "Words are cheap." If not truthful, they are far worse than cheap,

— they not only have no value, but they are a positive curse, like the counterfeits that vitiate the currency of a nation. A bank-note has no value save as it represents value ; and its representative value is deteriorated in exact proportion to the degree of uncertainty in regard to its redemption. This uncertainty may be due to either or both of two causes : first, the untrustworthiness of the government or corporation which issues the note ; and, secondly, the degree to which successful counterfeiting may be carried. The government of which we Americans are so justly proud is so absolutely trustworthy, and there is so little successful counterfeiting, that its notes are equivalent, and generally preferred, to gold.

Suppose all Americans were as honorable in every respect as their government is in its financial dealings, what a nation we should be ! Think of receiving the words of a stranger with the implicit confidence with which we receive his bank-notes ! Ah, *then* words would be no longer cheap.

Like the bank-note, the value of words is purely representative ; but unlike the bank-note there is no great centre of responsibility. Each individual is his own bank, and his notes are good or not according to his individual reputation for honor and veracity. Let one of his notes go to protest and there is an immediate depreciation of all the rest. Let one after another be unredeemed and finally they are all waste paper.

As the thorough business man has an almost intuitive knowledge of the true value of the commercial paper which passes through his hands, so we all instinctively estimate the value of words by their source. “Who says so ?” we ask. “If it is A it must be true, but if it is B, — ah ! that is a very different matter.”

One of the things we prize most in life is our power and influence over our fellow-men. We cannot all be great leaders, but there is one way in which the weakest

of us may be strong: let it be known that every note we issue is as good as solid gold, that every statement we make is the exact truth, and we shall exercise a sway in comparison with which the power of the most brilliant liar is impotence. Such a reputation is a priceless treasure. As a successful old merchant remarked to me, it is the most valuable capital with which a man can start in business. Mark, I am not speaking now of the real character which alone can secure the reputation,—that is altogether above price; I am speaking only of the reputation itself. All men, whatever their own reputation for truthfulness, fully appreciate its importance in others. With one accord they will prefer him whose representations need no discount, be he the architect who is to build their houses or the boy who is to carry their messages.

Jonathan Tower. You said, “whatever their own reputation for truthfulness.” Why should not men appreciate its importance in themselves as well as in others?

Dr. Dix. Because they do not always recognize the fact which I have stated, that the real character alone can secure the reputation,—the lasting reputation I mean, of course. Everybody thinks he reads others more clearly than they read him. This is easily accounted for when we consider that while each one knows not only what he himself says, but also what he thinks, he knows only what others say. If any one of you has been in the habit of thinking himself the one mortal blessed with unerring perception, insight, intuition into the character of others, let him think so no longer: let him remember that he is only one of an innumerable species, that it is more than probable that there are others quite as sharp as he is,—possibly sharper.

Mankind seems gullible enough, it is true; but, as in almost all other respects, mankind is not what it seems. It is only things that are as they seem. Many rascals

beside those of the notorious Tweed ring have found this out too late. Too late it has dawned upon them that the final crash was but the inevitable result of the slow undermining of the confidence of their fellow-men, who for years, perhaps, showed no outward sign. Too late they find that their boasted cunning has been like that of the ostrich which, thrusting its stupid head into the bushes, fancies its great, awkward, ugly body unseen.

Helen Mar. It seems to me, Dr. Dix, that there must be exceptions. Is not the community often startled by the sudden revelation of wickedness altogether unsuspected before?

Dr. Dix. Altogether unsuspected by the community, perhaps, because the community may not have been in close enough relations with the perpetrators to be in any sense acquainted with them. The great majority of people whom we call our acquaintances have only a bowing acquaintance with us. I do not claim that such comparative strangers always or often read us aright. This may form the subject of another Talk. But I do not believe there was ever a thorough-going rascal whose true character was not divined by some of those whom he least feared. In many of the cases to which reference has been made, the "startling wickedness" has been the result of undermined moral strength less suspected by the criminal himself than by those around him. It has been like the sudden giving way of the Johnstown dam, slowly but surely eaten away in its foundations, which had seemed firmer and safer to the proprietors than to the keener eyes of less interested—or, as it proved, far more interested—observers.

It is good for us all to know that, if we are not always justly estimated by others, we are generally better known by them than we are by ourselves. It is useless for a confirmed liar to try to deceive his intimates; and if he could know how clearly his false heart is seen

even by comparative strangers, he would be appalled. With all our mistaken reading of one another, we err least, I think, in our estimate of one another's truthfulness. And with what minuteness we form that estimate, all unconsciously too! How easily we could arrange a table of percentages attached to the names of all our acquaintances in definite order, from the one hundred per cent of our hero and our heroine down to the zero of the poor wretch who will lie even when the truth would serve him better.

From policy, the lowest of all motives to do right, if from no other, never deceive. There is no surer way of disarming yourselves.

XXII.

TRUTH AND TRUTHFULNESS, CONTINUED.

ALL that has been said of the well-nigh irresistible power of habit might be repeated with especial emphasis in dealing with our present subject. The Castle of Truth cannot be erected in the soul without long and patient effort. Its foundations must be strong and deep-laid; its walls and columns must be solid to the centre of each massive block. Then only will it stand firm and unshaken amid the storms of temptation.

Julia Taylor. Why, then, are little children so often made a proverb of truthfulness?

Dr. Dix. In little children the virtues are chiefly those of negative innocence. They are like tender flowers blooming in the virgin soil where a future city is to be built. They are fragrant and beautiful, indeed: but life is more than a garden; its sweetest flowers must ere long give place to castles or hovels, temples or dungeons.

Habit, habit, habit. There can scarcely be too much iteration of the word. Habit determines almost infallibly what a man shall do in any given situation; it determines with positive certainty what his first unthinking impulse shall be.

“I spoke without thinking,” says a boy detected in a falsehood. “If I had stopped to think a moment I should have told the truth.” Does he know that he has confessed not one but a thousand falsehoods? If he had declared that he had resisted his first good impulse and had sinned deliberately, it would have been bad enough, indeed, but better, immeasurably better than

it was. My hero would have done neither the one thing nor the other. From his brave, clear eyes and his ready tongue the truth would have leaped forth instantly, pure, whole, unsullied.

There are certain vices that men are more or less proud of. No one is proud of falsehood. The lowest vagrant will scowl and show fight at being called a liar, though he may rarely open his mouth but to lie; for of all the virtues of good men there is none he admires more than their truthfulness; there is none that in his estimation more distinctly marks the difference between them and himself.

I have spoken of the advantage which a reputation for truthfulness gives a man among his fellows. Of infinitely greater value than the mere reputation is the reality. The instant one begins to deviate, though never so slightly, from the truth, he has given his moral structure a wrench that has loosened its very foundation stones. Whatever others may think of him, he knows that he is, in some degree at least, a sham; that there is a hollow place in what may still seem on the outside solid and whole to the centre. Every succeeding lie, whether discovered or not, gives another wrench and takes away another stone, until at last there is nothing left but a shell. There are sins that men may commit and still retain some measure of self-respect, but what must the habitual liar think of himself? He at least, if no one else, can look within and behold the moral void.

Archibald Watson. How, then, can any man retain his self-respect? Are not all men liars?

Dr. Dix. Compared with Absolute Truth all men are liars. So, seen against the face of the sun, a candle flame is a black cone. But all men are not habitual nor intentional liars. As a race, they are earnest lovers of and seekers for the truth. They long to discover it, reveal it to their fellows, and hand it down to their

descendants. What long ages of patient toil they have given to this single pursuit! What expense or pains too great to purge from human knowledge its alloy of error? It was easy to trace upon the map the supposed sources of the Nile, but who was satisfied with the supposed sources? It is a pleasing thought that beyond the icebergs and ice fields there may be a calm, clear sea, in which ships may ride as safely as in their own harbors. But of what value is the mere thought? It is the truth men yearn for, and it is this yearning that has sent so many to the death-chill of the frozen North. And they want the exact truth, not a mere approach to it. Men have for instance, known, for a long time very nearly the distance of our earth from the sun, so nearly that the addition or subtraction of a small fraction of a hair's breadth in instrumental measurements would probably give its exact distance. Every few years an opportunity comes to lessen still further this fraction of error, when the leading governments fit out expeditions at great expense, and scientific men leave their homes and sail to the antipodes, if need be, to take full advantage of these opportunities.

One of our future Talks will be on the moral effect of purely secular study. What possible relation, for instance, can there be between mathematics and virtue? I will anticipate that Talk to say that, whatever its other effects may be, there can be no question that secular study tends very powerfully to develop a love for the truth, the exact truth, and a contempt for error. It is the untrained and untaught mind that is satisfied with half-truth and half-falsehood. The weakness and indolence of ignorance are responsible for more lies and half-lies than all other causes combined. One of the richest fruits of intellectual training is *accuracy*.

George Williams. I have sometimes felt an uncomfortable doubt as to whether accuracy may not be gained at the expense of breadth and vigor.

Dr. Dix. Such a result is by no means impossible; but a sensible man is not likely to make so foolish and unnecessary a blunder. Wholesome, properly conducted intellectual training not only quickens the perceptions, but enlarges their range. A child's or a savage's picture of a horse satisfies his own eye both in detail and in general outline: training would reveal to him the slovenliness of the one no sooner than the gross disproportion of the other. The untrained taste and intellect are satisfied with disproportion in outline and slovenliness in detail in everything,—pictures, architecture, dress, stories, histories, arguments; that is to say, they are as likely to be lacking in breadth and vigor as in accuracy. And when to untrained taste and intellect is added an untrained moral sense, which is satisfied with what I may call slovenly truthfulness, what chance remains for either art or truth?

Julia Taylor. Dr. Dix, I appreciate all that has been said of the importance of truth and truthfulness; but language has other uses besides to impart knowledge: to amuse, for instance; to make us laugh; to please the taste and fancy, as in the cases of fairy tales and mythology, of which you have approved. Has not fiction an important office to perform?

Dr. Dix. Most certainly. I have compared the use of language to communicate knowledge to the use of the art of engraving to produce bank-notes, the representatives of value; but the art of engraving has uses besides that of producing bank-notes. A beautiful picture has an intrinsic value consisting in its beauty; but an ugly scrawl upon a soiled scrap of paper may have a representative value that will purchase a thousand pictures. So the eloquence of an actor on the stage may have an intrinsic value, consisting in its beauty, force, skilfully simulated passion; but an awkwardly expressed statement of fact from an authority may have a representative value outweighing it a thousand times.

A great audience sat listening breathlessly to the outpouring of Othello's grief and remorse by the bedside of his murdered wife. At the very climax of the thrilling scene, when he was about to plunge the dagger into his own breast, a plain man, in every-day dress, stepped upon the stage with a paper in his hand. It was the mayor. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have come to tell you that *Lee has surrendered!*!" What then was Othello? what was Desdemona? Only two of a great multitude shouting in frantic joy.

But even the intrinsic values of which I have spoken — that of the engraving and that of the acting — are, after all, dependent upon their truthfulness, their fidelity to nature and reality. Real art is but the embodiment of truth. The best fiction is truer than much of what professes to be history. There is more truth in Michael Angelo's angels than in most portraits.

Louisa Thompson. Including their wings?

Dr. Dix. Yes, including their wings; for their wings represent nothing but what may be true of the soul, even in this life.

Jonathan Tower. And what of the fairy tales and mythology?

Dr. Dix. They deceive no one, and if written and read aright even they may teach lessons of truth that inartistic stories of real life utterly fail to teach. Compare "Rip Van Winkle" with an ordinary newspaper account of what "actually happened"!

XXIII.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN LANGUAGE.

Archibald Watson. Dr. Dix, notwithstanding the strong detestation which you have expressed for all departures from the truth, I want to ask if there is not a certain kind which may be innocent. There is an old sailor in our neighborhood whom everybody looks upon as an amiable and perfectly harmless fellow, who nevertheless is acknowledged to be the greatest liar in town.

Dr. Dix. Does he acknowledge it himself?

Archibald Watson. No, indeed, not he! He claims to be veracity personified. But we have reckoned up the shortest possible time in which the personal adventures which he relates could have taken place, and it makes him about two hundred and fifty years old.
[Laughter.]

Dr. Dix. His assumption of veracity is probably only intended to add to the humor of his "yarns." He surely does not expect you to believe them?

Archibald Watson. I only know that he gets furious if any one hints a suspicion of his veracity. He always gives the exact time and place when and where everything happened.

Dr. Dix. But what does he say to your computed aggregate of two and a half centuries? Even Coleridge's Ancient Mariner did not claim to be as ancient as that.

Archibald Watson. He says he does n't care about our "figgerin'." He "reckons" he knows what he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. Now, I want to ask what possible harm his lies can do, since the youngest child knows better than to believe them.

Dr. Dix. He harms himself, if no one else, in more ways than one. He probably has destroyed, as far as possible, his own sense of the difference between truth and falsehood. To him Truth is as if she were not. He has destroyed the value of his power of speech except as a means of idle amusement. What would his testimony be worth in a court of justice? You may laugh at him and even like him in a way; but not even the youngest child, who, you say, knows better than to believe him, can feel for him any real respect. In short, he has destroyed the influence which he might have exerted as a man and reduced himself to a meaningless chattering.

No untruth told with intent to deceive — which is what constitutes a lie — can be harmless. The destruction of the castle of truth in the soul is one of the direst calamities which can befall her. Do not, I beseech you, belittle that calamity. Remember always that it is no less than the transformation of solidity to hollowness, of reality to sham.

Archibald Watson. At least you will admit that some lies are infinitely worse than others?

Dr. Dix. "Infinitely" is a strong word.

Geoffrey Jenkins. *Infinitely* strong.

Archibald Watson. Well, that's just the word I want to describe some of the lies that are told.

Dr. Dix. I am almost inclined to agree with you, my boy. The word has been so badly abused, however, that it is no longer "infinitely" strong. You spoke a little while ago of one kind of departure from the truth which you thought might be innocent. There is another kind which you and many others may regard as innocent. I refer to the indiscriminate use of such words as the one in question. Is it innocent? Let us see. "Infinitely" meant originally absolutely without limit. When used by those whose "bank-notes pass for their full face value," it still means the same. Space extends

infinitely in all directions, but one young lady's hair is not infinitely longer than another's, as I overheard a third young lady declare the other morning. [Laughter.] Time past and future is infinite in duration, but Dr. Long's sermons are not, although I have heard them called so. Now, I do not charge those who habitually use extravagant language with any great amount of moral turpitude. They probably mean no harm; they do not usually intend even what some might regard as innocent deception. When your landlady told you this morning that she had just bought some "perfectly splendid butter," she probably did not intend you to understand that it emitted a dazzling radiance from its golden surface; she simply meant that it was fresh and sweet, and that was all the meaning her words conveyed to your mind. When a young lady informs her confidential friend that the new French teacher is "utterly horrible," she does not mean that he wears horns and is covered with scales, like a dragon; it is only her animated way of saying that he is not altogether agreeable to her. Well, since that is all she means and since that is all she is understood to mean, where's the harm? The harm is exactly that that *is* all she is understood to mean.

Helen Sawyer. I think there would be a great deal more harm if she were understood to mean exactly what she says.

Dr. Dix. If she were so understood she would probably not make use of such language. She and others like her have so corrupted the "coin of the realm" that it has lost, when "uttered" by them at least, the greater part of its value. They have done what they could to destroy the power of language. You often hear the expression, "Words are inadequate to describe," etc. But why are they inadequate? If their original power had been preserved intact, there is nothing in nature or art, in action or feeling that they would not adequately

represent. The most splendid sunset that eyes ever beheld was no more than splendid, but since butter has set up an equal claim to the epithet what remains to describe the sunset? The most horrible monsters that ever existed in fact or in fancy were no more than horrible, but since unpopular, but perhaps well-meaning and even respectable-appearing, instructors in French have been unfortunate enough to fall into the same category, how can we convey any adequate idea of those monsters?

Suppose one of these luxuriant speakers should attempt to describe some experience of which his hearers actually knew nothing save from his description; suppose he had seen what was in actual fact beautiful or magnificent or lovely, or frightful or horrible or utterly revolting. What could he say? The utmost resources of his vocabulary suffice to express only the rather fine, the passably attractive, the somewhat disagreeable. Imagine the struggles he would make for expression, and the final desperation with which he would say, "But words are utterly inadequate to give you the faintest idea of it!"

Julia Taylor. You said that these poor abused words formerly meant more than they do now. Has n't human nature always been the same? Don't you suppose people have always been as prone to extravagant language as they are to-day?

Dr. Dix. No, Miss Taylor. I believe that the ever-increasing stream of modern trashy fiction that is pouring from the press has done more and is doing more to devitalize our language than all other causes combined. Its choicest words, that should be kept sacredly for the rare occasions when they are really appropriate, are spread thickly over every page. The constant struggle of vulgar minds to elevate themselves to the ranks of genius tends only to drag the language of genius down to their own level. In doing the work of peasants

among peasants the kings and queens among words have lost their crowns and their royal robes, and now wear only fustian. Hence the habitual reader of cheap romance finds the works of real genius, past or present, tame and impotent.

Isabelle Anthony. What you have just said solves what has been a mystery to me. I have always wondered in what the superiority of the classics consists. There is so much written to-day that seems to me more brilliant, vigorous, and vivid than anything of Virgil's, or Pope's, or Dryden's, that I have really distrusted the critics, and have suspected that the boasted superiority of the classics is only a tradition.

Dr. Dix. When next you read Virgil, Pope, Dryden, Spenser, Ben Jonson, or Wordsworth, try to forget the decrepitude into which the words they used are rapidly falling, and give to them the power they possessed when they were written.

Florence Hill. But I suppose to-day has its geniuses as well as the past. It is not their fault that language has lost so much of its vigor. What are they to do?

Dr. Dix. Your question brings us back to the authority of the speaker or writer. Do not forget that as a bank-note owes its value to the bank that issues it, so a word owes its force to the person who utters it. A speaker or a writer who is observed to confine his use of words scrupulously to their true meaning will restore to them, in his own utterances at least, much of their original force: all of which is only another way of saying that the man who always tells the truth—as the real genius does, for genius is, after all, only a quicker insight into the true—will always be believed.

Julia Taylor. That will do very well for geniuses, but common, every-day people cannot hope to do much towards restoring to words their original force. If they should try to do so, I am afraid they would only succeed in making themselves seem more stupid, or perhaps

rude, than ever. Suppose, for instance, I should tell my friend whom I had been visiting that I had enjoyed a considerable amount of pleasure, and that I hoped she would return my visit when it should be mutually convenient, instead of fervently assuring her that I had had "a most lovely time," and that I should be "perfectly delighted" to have her return my visit as soon as she possibly could: I am afraid that, instead of giving me credit for truthfulness and for a desire to reform the language, she would simply wonder what had happened to offend me so grievously.

Dr. Dix. If you had been in the habit of gushing, she would probably wonder what had so suddenly checked the stream. But suppose, during your visit, a part of your conversation had been on the very subject we are now discussing, and you had mutually agreed to take each other's words at their real value; then suppose she should reply to you in the reformed style which you have illustrated (which, by the way, would probably understate the real feelings of you both), don't you think you would, already assured of each other's true friendship, be fully satisfied with its expression?

Julia Taylor. I am afraid not. I think we should both feel decidedly chilled.

Dr. Dix. Another illustration of the force of habit. No doubt it would be as you say. It would take you a long time to become reconciled to the strange vocabulary. And if society in general is ever to make this much-needed reform and restore to words their birth-right of power, it must be a long, slow process. But what a grand triumph it would be for truth!

There are some honest souls, however, that would not need to change. My own revered father is one of these. When he said, "That was not right, my son," it was more to me than the severest denunciation from others would have been, and his "Well done" was a eulogy indeed!

XXIV.

SNAKES IN THE GRASS.

Dr. Dix. Last Wednesday morning Watson asked whether some lies are not “infinitely” worse than others. His extravagant adverb supplied in itself a subject for the greater part of our Talk for that occasion. Now let us try to answer the question he intended to ask. What is one of the worst kinds of lies than can be told ?

Chorus. Slander.

Dr. Dix. Unquestionably. It is fittingly typified by a serpent hiding in the grass. We have been speaking of liars who are hollow within, though they may appear fair and solid from without. The slanderer is neither hollow within nor fair without, for he is filled within and is reeking without with venom. The ruffian who assaults his victim face to face may at least show a certain degree of brute courage ; his victim may have some chance of defending himself,—may at least know that he is attacked, and who his assailant is ; but the slanderer makes his cowardly attack without facing either the physical or the moral defence of his victim. Iago sought and enjoyed the friendly confidence of the fair, pure, innocent being whose “sweet body” and good name he was at once so malignantly plotting to destroy. Towards other enemies we may feel placidly defiant, but who so strong, so brave, so well panoplied, that he may defy this one ? Only he whose virtue has been tried and proved beyond a doubt. This, the meanest and most cowardly of all foes, is yet the only one before whom the best and bravest have been made to

cower. Few have escaped his deadly fangs, darting forth from dark holes reeking with poisonous slime. The more eminent the victim, the fiercer and more venomous the infernal bites. Even the immortal Washington, whom we look upon as the type of all that is good and noble in man, was during his life the favorite victim of calumny; and once there were no colors black enough to paint our sainted Lincoln in the minds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen.

Learn from this a lesson for to-day and for coming days. Do not believe, as rival political journals would have you, that there are no really good, wise, or patriotic men among our nation's leaders. There is corruption enough, Heaven knows, and fraud enough in public places; but not all our legislators and officials are knaves or fools.

But it is not alone the eminent who feel the stings of calumny. There is scarcely any one in public or in private life who has not suffered in a greater or less degree. Tell me now, what are some of the incentives to this contemptible crime?

Frederick Fox. Envy. Some people cannot bear to see others more prosperous or popular than themselves, and so they take this means to bring them down to their own level or below it.

Dr. Dix. Yes; the serpent calumny is often the spawn of that other serpent you have named. Go on.

Henry Phillips. Revenge. A coward who does not dare to revenge himself openly for a real or a fancied injury may try what seems to him a safer way.

Archibald Watson. Another form of cowardice, which leads a person to try to escape punishment or censure by fastening his own guilt upon another.

Dr. Dix. You may well call it another form of cowardice, and it is hard to say which form is the more contemptible. Go on.

Susan Perkins. Prejudice.

Charles Fox. Uncharitableness.

Lucy Snow. Love of gossip.

Dr. Dix. The last three you have named, particularly the third, may be the least malignant of all the motives to bear false witness against our neighbor, but they probably are responsible for by far the greater aggregate of mischief on account of their greater prevalence.

We need not devote much of our Talk to the more flagrant sins. The greater part of offences against the civil law need form the subject of no long homilies here. Their revolting names are comment enough of themselves. Mankind is a race of sinners, but not of criminals. As comparatively few fall victims to savage beasts of prey, while countless multitudes die from the attacks of invisible foes that people the water and the air, so it is not great crimes that most people need to be warned against, but little faults that grow unseen, perhaps, and unsuspected in their minds and hearts,—little faults which, however, if unrestrained in their growth, may develop into crime. You all know that it was never the first act of dishonesty that consigned a man to the felon's cell, nor the first indulgence in uncontrolled hatred that condemned him to the scaffold.

Let us now return to our specific subject. I have no fear lest any of us may become an Iago, but are we always guiltless of the sin of bearing false witness against our neighbor? If we never cherish the fiercer and baser passions of envy and revenge, if we never screen ourselves from the righteous indignation of our fellow-men by sacrificing to it the reputation of our innocent neighbor, are we always free from the prejudice, uncharitableness, and love of scandal which have made havoc of so many fair names? Do we never form unfavorable opinions of persons with whom we have too little acquaintance to justify any verdict, good or bad? What is more to the point, do we never freely express those opinions to others? Are we always inclined to put the

best constructions upon the words and acts of those who are better known to us? Do we never detect ourselves relating with malicious satisfaction or hearing with equal relish some piece of petty scandal?

Let us never forget that our neighbor's reputation is worth more to him than houses or lands or any other earthly treasure.

Remember that there is nothing more tender than a good name. A shrug of the shoulders, a sidelong glance, a curl of the lip, may wound it "past all surgery." Always think before you speak, but especially before you speak of your absent neighbor, whose utter defenselessness in your hands should appeal to your pity and your chivalry. You know not how many times you may have thoughtlessly lowered him in some one's esteem for the mere sake of being interesting, spicy, or witty. Ah, how many hearts have been pierced, how many fair fames have been besmirched, for the sake of a paltry witticism! Would you destroy your neighbor's property for sport? Do not that which is worse!

Louisa Thompson. I wonder how many there are among us whose consciences are entirely at ease now. And yet, who can avoid prejudice? It is so natural to judge strangers by some unpleasing expression of face or peculiarity of manner. One of the ladies I love and admire most among my acquaintances I once thought the proudest, the most selfish and unapproachable. The worst of it is that I did not hesitate to speak of her as such among my friends. I shall never forget the day when I made her acquaintance and found how completely I had been deceived. If only I were sure that all I have said of her since had entirely undone the mischief, I should be happy indeed. I bitterly realize that a word once uttered can never be recalled. I say these things publicly, in the hope that they may help towards the reparation I am so anxious to make to one of the sweetest-souled women I ever knew.

Dr. Dix [with feeling]. You may be assured, Miss Thompson, there is no one here who thinks the less of you for the noble words you have just spoken.

Julia Taylor. Dr. Dix, I suppose you would pronounce pure love of gossip to be the greatest of all the destroyers of reputation?

Dr. Dix. Yes; because, though, as I have said, it may be the least malignant in intention, it is undoubtedly the most prevalent. It pervades all classes, from the cultivated readers of the city society journal to the country sewing circle and the frequenters of the notorious corner grocery.

Thomas Dunn. Pardon me if I take exception to your adjective "cultivated."

Dr. Dix. The word, as Artemus Ward would say, "was spoke sarkastic." But there are none who lay claim to higher "culture" than some of those to whom I referred. Of course their claim is an utterly false one. Personalities are the favorite food of ignorant and empty minds. Those whose thoughts rise to science, art, literature, history, or matters which pertain to the well-being of their race, their country, their state, their city or town, or even the street on which they live, have no leisure for personal gossip, either of town or country, newspaper or rural store.

One of the subjects proposed for our Talks is the relation between secular study and morals. One point has already been made. Here we may add another: One cannot very easily study algebra or Greek, and blacken his neighbor's character at the same time.

XXV.

GREAT IS TRUTH, AND IT WILL PREVAIL.

Dr. Dix. You have observed that in these Talks on Truth and Truthfulness I have made use of very plain language. As the homely saying is, I have called a spade a spade, and not an agricultural implement. The intentional uttering of an untruth with intent to deceive I have called a *lie*. I might have used a word which would have fallen more smoothly upon your ears and upon mine, — “misrēpresentation,” for instance, or “equivocation,” “prevarication,” “coloring,” or “embellishment.” Why do these words seem smoother than the little monosyllable which is so obnoxious to people in general, and to the culprit himself in particular? Certainly not on account of their articulate sound. In each of these polysyllables there are harsh consonants, while the little monosyllable contains only a liquid and a vowel sound, — the smoothest of all. It is because the little word is so uncompromising in its significance. Italian to the ear, it is blunt Saxon to the comprehension. Like a smooth, round bullet, it goes straight to the mark. Some people profess to regard it as coarse: it is not coarse; it is simply strong and exact. It is unpopular because it represents an ugly thing in its naked ugliness. Ugly things must be spoken of sometimes: we cannot fight our enemies efficiently without facing them. There are lies which are rarely or never called by their true name, — lies of look and gesture, even of silence and total inaction.

“I did not speak a word to you that was not strictly true,” pleads a clever culprit to the victim of his cun-

ningly contrived deception. But that is only another lie. The words themselves were but breath: if their import was intended to be misleading, it matters not if their actual meaning could be sworn to, they told as black a lie as if no mean and cowardly cunning had been used in their construction. But perhaps no word whatever was uttered. Still, it matters not. The tongue is not the only organ of speech we possess: the eyes speak, and the hands; the whole body may be eloquent with the utterance of truth or falsehood. If a stranger asks me his way, and I point with my finger in the wrong direction, have I not lied to him? If only the tongue can commit this sin, then it is only necessary for a man to be born deaf and dumb to be the very Truth incarnate.

George Williams. I think people sometimes tell what is not quite true, not from intentional dishonesty, but from mere carelessness. They do not think it worth while to take the pains necessary to state the exact truth; they think that what they say is near enough to the truth.

Dr. Dix. I want to speak of that notion of "near enough" and "well enough." There is no doubt that among the proverbs which have been abused is the one that tells us that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." If it were always understood to mean exactly what it says, it would be less likely to be abused; but there are some persons who know nothing of adjectives and adverbs but the superlative degree. Many things which are worth doing well are not worth doing in the best possible manner. Nature, with endless time and endless space at her disposal, can afford to aim at perfection in every minute detail of her work; but a man's life is but a span, and he must select. There is such a thing as sacrificing the whole to its most insignificant parts. Chinese pictures are sometimes exhibited as curiosities (they certainly are not

works of art), whose minutest details have been finished with an elaboration appealing equally to our wonder and our pity for the patient toiler, while the general effect may be inferior to that of the caricature on a child's slate.

Joseph Cracklin. Some people study Greek and Latin on the Chinese principle.

Dr. Dix. That stupid blunder has had its day. The classical scholar who makes etymology, syntax, and mechanical prosody an end, rather than a means to the more thorough understanding of classical literature, is an anachronism.

There is far more danger, however, of abuse in the other direction. Things that are worth doing are much more likely not to be done thoroughly enough than too thoroughly. "Well enough" and "near enough" are the greatest obstacles to successful achievement that lie in the way of scholarship or any other department of human effort. They who make these their mottoes are the ones who are surest to fail, and who at best never rise above mediocrity.

We shall soon talk about Industry and Work. What has just been said will then apply as well as now; but we have not yet finished with the great subject of Truth. Whatever else you may be in danger of doing too thoroughly, you can never be too exact in your adherence to the truth. There is no "well enough" here but the very best, no "near enough" but the truth itself.

If you quote an author, do not be satisfied with giving his drift, unless that is all you are pretending to do: give his exact language. By the change of a single word you may unwittingly spoil the force, beauty, and symmetry of the passage you attempt to quote; and you have no more right to slander an author, living or dead, than any other of your fellow-men. A beautiful countenance seen through a twisted pane of glass may be distorted to an ugly caricature. An unskilful por-

trait painter may excite your indignation and disgust by the misplacement of a single line. If you misquote an author, you are like a twisted pane of glass or an unskilful portrait painter.

Florence Hill. An author's works are usually accessible; but suppose we have occasion to quote a speaker, public or private, what shall we do? We are not all gifted with the memory of a Webster or a Macaulay.

Dr. Dix. In that case you can, of course, make no pretence of verbal quotation. Your hearers understand fully that you are attempting to give only the substance, and hold you alone responsible for the language. But this does not exempt you from the utmost possible care. This is one of the things you cannot do too well. You have no more right to color or distort the substance of what you have heard than you have to misquote the words you have read.

Henry Jones. Please, Dr. Dix, is n't it sometimes right to tell a lie?

Dr. Dix [smiling]. What do you think yourself, Henry?

Henry Jones. I think it is.

Dr. Dix. When, for instance?

Henry Jones. My Sunday-school teacher told me that it was better to break a bad promise than to keep it.

Dr. Dix. Your teacher might have explained to you that breaking a bad promise and telling a lie are two entirely different things.

Henry Jones. Why, sir, if a boy promises to help another boy to steal, and does n't keep his promise, has n't he told a lie?

Dr. Dix. If, when he made the promise, he did not intend to keep it, it was certainly a lie; but the promise itself was the lie, not the breaking of it.

Henry Jones. Do you think as my Sunday-school teacher does?

Dr. Dix. Certainly. I agree with him perfectly.

You cannot undo a past fault: the only thing you can do is to repent of it, repair it as far as possible, and resolve not to repeat it.

George Williams. I think I can state cases in which it would be right to tell a lie.

Dr. Dix. Possibly. Let us hear them.

George Williams. In war, to deceive an enemy; in peace, to save life or property from murderers or robbers. Would n't a bank cashier be justified in telling any number of lies to prevent a burglar from robbing hundreds of trusting, innocent people? What would you think of a mother who should scruple to lie to a band of savages to save herself and her children from their tomahawks?

Dr. Dix [rising, and speaking with deliberate emphasis]. Scholars, there is lying which is not lying, just as there is killing which is not murder. The command is, Thou shalt not kill; but when your country's enemies are arrayed in battle line against her life, the more killing you do until the hostile flag is struck and the hostile arms are grounded, the braver, better hero you are. May the day speedily come when no such heroism shall be needed! They who feel—and need to feel—no scruples in *killing* to save home and country, neighbor and child, need scarcely hesitate to tell that which is not true in such a cause. Such lying is *not* lying: they who are not entitled to their lives if you can take them are surely not entitled to the truth which you can withhold from them. But all this only serves to show the essential barbarism of war, which seems to justify all lesser evils necessary to its prosecution.

Frederick Fox. Last Wednesday you hinted at some exceptions to the rule that the lower animals and inanimate things tell the truth. Are not these exceptions somewhat similar to those we have just been talking about?

Dr. Dix. I was about to speak of that very resemblance. However, I should much rather hear your views on the subject.

Frederick Fox. We have learned in our study of nature of many curious instances of deception among both plants and animals, either for the sake of defence against enemies or for the sake of more easily securing their prey. If actions speak louder than words, and if a lie may be told by a look as well as by speech, the "walking-stick" is a continual liar. It seems to be always saying, "I am not an insect,—I am only a dry twig; so you need n't trouble yourself to try to eat me." The leaf-insect of Java, and the still more wonderful leaf-butterfly, which when in repose cannot without great difficulty be distinguished from a leaf of the tree or shrub on which it is in the habit of alighting, are greater liars still.

Joseph Cracklin. If Nature sets us such examples of deception, why need we look upon it as so very heinous an offence, after all?

Dr. Dix. They appear to me to be very much such examples as the mother would set, in the case supposed by Williams. Self-preservation is the first law of nature for the humblest insect and plant as well as for man. The very fact that it is shown in this cause, and in this cause alone, should teach us the sacredness both of life and of truth.

As I said at the outset, if a man were as truthful and honest as Nature, he would be a far better and nobler being than he is. Nature never adulterates her goods nor offers lying samples of them. Her apples are always apples, and not base imitations. Nor are they always placed at the top of her barrel. There is never any cheapening glucose in her sugar-cane.

Susan Perkins. Dr. Dix, you told us last week that Washington was shamefully slandered during his life. However great the effect may have been at the time,

it has all passed away. Does n't this show that even slander, wicked and mean as it is, cannot work permanent harm?

Dr. Dix. Not only slander, but all kinds of untruth are destined to die. Truth only is immortal. History is one long story of the mighty conflict between truth and falsehood, in which the victory is always at last on the side of truth. Each succeeding century has witnessed the crashing ruin, one after another, of the great strongholds of error. They are not all down yet, but they are all doomed.

*Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*¹

¹ Great is truth, and it will prevail.

XXVI.

HONESTY.

Dr. Dix. We began our consideration of the habits which we wish to cultivate with that of truthfulness. Closely allied to it is the habit of honesty; that is, justice in our dealings with others as regards property. In its widest sense honesty includes truthfulness, but I use the word now in the commonly restricted sense which I have defined. I spoke of the two virtues as closely allied. It is often said, you know, that he who steals will surely lie.

Jonathan Tower. But he who lies will not surely steal.

Dr. Dix. That depends, I suppose, somewhat on what kind of lies he is in the habit of telling.

Archibald Watson. The old sailor I spoke of the other day is thought to be honest enough so far as money goes.

Dr. Dix. Very likely. As a class I believe sailors are not often accused of avarice, whatever their other failings may be. Nevertheless, I think I should prefer to trust my own financial interests to one who is honest in the widest sense of the term, in words as well as in deeds. I intend no personal offence to your nautical acquaintance, Watson. I am speaking only on general principles.

Archibald Watson. I fully agree with you, Dr. Dix.

Dr. Dix. Our national Declaration of Independence names among man's inalienable rights, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. As property of some sort and in some quantity is necessary to at least two of

these, the right to it is generally regarded as next in sacredness to those of life and personal liberty.

Helen Sawyer. The other morning you said that a man's *reputation* is worth more to him than houses or lands or other earthly treasure.

Dr. Dix. And a moment ago I implied a different order, in the general estimation. Perhaps, as man advances in civilization, there may come about a complete readjustment in the acknowledged values of things, when even the courts will inflict a severer penalty upon a convicted slanderer than upon a convicted thief. The tendency seems to be in that direction. The time was when there was no such crime as libel recognized in law, — no crime, in fact, except such as was committed directly against person or property. The penalty for all other offences was left to the sufferer himself, who often wiped them out in the blood of the offender.

Isabelle Anthony. That he was allowed to do this seems to show that those other offences were recognized as crimes, even if the law did not punish them.

Dr. Dix. Not necessarily, for the most trivial insult was often punished in this way, though it might excite only the laughter of all save the aggrieved party himself.

Charles Fox. You refer to the duel?

Dr. Dix. Yes. That was the only means of redress men once had for all offences which were too subtle in their nature for the clumsy hands of the law to lay hold upon. If we look back far enough in history, we shall find that there was no other redress even for theft. Between that day and this, when such offences as libel and the "alienation of affection" are punishable by law, there is a wide gulf indeed! If the improvement goes on, if the time ever comes when all things shall be estimated at their true value, and those offences which are in reality the worst shall meet with the severest penalties, the mere stealing of one's purse will stand lower

in the list than it stands to-day. The slaying of the body is not the only crime that is worse than robbery or libel; the slaying of the soul is immeasurably worse than either. Is it not a singular commentary on the civil code that the chief offence attributed to the impersonation of all evil is rarely punishable by human laws? They among men who most closely resemble that impersonation in their wickedness, they whose lives are devoted to the work of undermining virtue and purity in the souls of their fellow-men, are, so far as human laws are concerned, very often totally unwhipped of justice.

Joseph Cracklin. Dr. Dix, do you believe there *is* such a being as the devil?

Dr. Dix. It matters not whether I do or not. Suffice it that there is a spirit of evil rampant among men, a moral gravitation which tends to draw their souls downward, as the earth draws their bodies downward. Against this power there is an inward force which tends to hold them erect. And as their bodies grow strong by continual resistance to the downward pull of earth, so may their souls grow strong and erect by their never-ending battle with evil.

In what I said before this digression do not understand me to belittle the wickedness of theft. That there are still lower depths of wickedness does not diminish the depth of this. Its guilt is so obvious, so palpable, that though, as I said, it has not always been subject to legal penalty, there can never have been a time when it was not looked upon as a heinous offence.

Helen Sawyer. The ancient Spartans are said to have encouraged and rewarded it.

Dr. Dix. The ancient Spartans were an exceptional people even for the savage times in which they lived. They encouraged theft, not as a meritorious act in itself, but as affording opportunities for the exercise of the courage, skill, and address which they prized so highly.

If these virtues were lacking, as shown by failure in the attempt or by detection, both the attempt and the lack of virtues were punished together.

From the very first the undisturbed possession of property must have been regarded by men in general as one of their inalienable rights. It has always been indispensable to their comfort, happiness, even life. Without it, the most powerful incentive to industry and the exercise of skill would not exist. The rudest savage must always have looked upon it as the just reward of his labor. The bow and arrows he had made, the hut he had built with his own hands, were, as a matter of course, his very own; and the attempt on the part of his fellow-savage to deprive him of them, without giving him a fair equivalent, was, as a matter of course, to be resented and punished.

Julia Taylor. But when his chief required them, even without recompense, I suppose he had no thought of resisting.

Dr. Dix. Like his civilized brother he was obliged to yield to superior force; but the inmost feelings of his heart were, no doubt, very much the same as yours would have been in his place.

Out-and-out, naked theft or robbery is one of those gross crimes which I described the other morning as needing no comment. Its revolting name is comment enough for all in whose souls the light of conscience is not yet extinguished. But there are forms of stealing and robbing which may well be commented on in a series of Talks on Morality, because their real nature is not always recognized. Like some forms of lying which we have mentioned, they are disguised by euphemisms: they are not naked, out-and-out thefts and robberies, but "embezzlements," "defalcations," "breaches of trust," "sharp practice," "able financing," etc. Masquerading under these more or less respectable aliases, they take their places among other business transac-

tions as well-dressed thieves and robbers mingle among honest men. But, in reality, two little words name them all, just as one little monosyllable names all forms of intentional deception. The man who takes that which does not justly belong to him, either by intelligent, free gift or fair exchange, is a thief or a robber, whether he does it with or without the sanction of the law. He may call himself, and others may call him, a clever business man, an able financier; he is a thief or a robber as truly as if he had literally as well as virtually picked his victim's pocket.

Henry Phillips. Why is it necessary to use two words? Why is not simply "thief" enough?

Dr. Dix. Because there is an important moral as well as legal distinction between the two words. Theft is properly defined as the wrongful appropriation of property without the owner's knowledge or consent, while robbery is the wrongful appropriation of it with his knowledge and with or without his consent, which may be wrongfully gained, as, for instance, by threats or violence. There are numerous legal subdivisions of each of these crimes, but the moral law is but little concerned with them. In its view all who take that which does not rightfully belong to them are either thieves or robbers, whether they do so with or without the sanction of the civil law.

Isabelle Anthony. Why does the civil law ever sanction the wrongful appropriation of property?

Susan Perkins. Why, indeed, does it sanction any act that the moral law condemns?

Dr. Dix. That is too broad a subject to enter upon to-day. We will try to answer you next time.

XXVII.

HONESTY, CONTINUED.

Dr. Dix. “Why does the civil law ever sanction the wrongful appropriation of property? Why, indeed, does it sanction any act that the moral law condemns?”

One reason is that its province is necessarily so largely confined to what is external, material, and tangible. What a man does with his body may be known to all; what he does with his mind is known fully only to himself. Every offence of the one may, therefore, meet with full recompense at the hands of the law, while the deepest wickedness of the other may be unrecognized and unpunished, save by that moral retribution which awaits both open and secret sins with equal certainty.

So what a man involuntarily suffers in his body through the means of another may be known to all and the offender may be duly punished; what he suffers in his mind and character through the baleful influence of an evil companion may be known scarcely to himself. This deepest of all wrongs is the one which most completely evades the civil law.

But though the civil law may permit the ruin of my soul with impunity, why, you ask, need it permit the theft or robbery of my purse, a purely physical matter?

Because, though my purse is a purely physical matter, the act by which it is wrongfully taken from me may not be; it may be, in fact, as purely psychical as the act by which my virtue is taken from me.

If a man puts his hand into my pocket and takes my purse without my knowledge, he is a thief, whom the

law may severely punish ; if he snatches it from my hand, or takes me by the throat and rifles it from my pocket, he is a robber, and may be punished with still greater severity ; if he persuades me to part with it by promise of a material equivalent, and does not make good his promise according to specifications, he has obtained it "under false pretences," and may be dealt with, but not so severely as the technical thief or robber ; if he persuades me to part with it by offering or promising that which he knows to be valueless, or of less value than the price I pay, he is a swindler, and may or may not be punished, according to circumstances.

But there are plenty of ways in which he may wrongfully take it from me with absolute impunity, so far as human laws are concerned. He may do it without my knowledge, as by charging unreasonable profits ; or with my consent obtained through my folly, ignorance, or weakness (which is morally the same as no consent), as by selling me some worthless or worse than worthless nostrum, or by inducing me to invest in some enterprise which he knows to be hopeless. In either case he is as truly a thief as the poor, unskilled wretch who knows not how to steal according to statute. Again, he may do it with my full knowledge and in contemptuous defiance of my indignation and powerless attempts at self-protection, as many a millionaire, trust company, or other monopoly has done and is doing to-day. How does he or they differ in reality from the strong, bold, insolent robber who seizes his victim by the throat and rifles his pocket ?

Joseph Cracklin. Are millionaires, trust companies, and monopolies always robbers ?

Dr. Dix. Your question is not a call for information, but an implication against my fairness and candor. You know very well that they are not always robbers, that some of the noblest men the world has ever seen have

been men of great wealth honestly obtained. You know, furthermore, that combinations of men for greater efficiency in business do not necessarily involve dishonesty in dealing, that such combinations may be, and often are, of the greatest benefit not only to the individuals composing them but to the general public also.

Thomas Dunn. It is true, however, is it not, that such combinations, especially when they amount to monopolies, offer very strong temptations to dishonesty?

Dr. Dix. Great power is always a great temptation, whether it be physical, moral, political, or financial. But virtue may be strong enough to withstand even that temptation. Of actual monopolies, as they are frequently secured and managed, I have no defence to make. Too often their prime object is fraud. Secured by the ruthless crowding-out of weaker rivals, one by one at first, and finally by hundreds or by thousands at a time, and when secured carried on by the wholesale legalized plundering of society,—what name can be properly applied to them but that of gigantic robbers?

If, however, men were as mighty in virtue as they are in intellect, even monopolies might be as powerful agents for good as they are for evil.

Henry Phillips. How would that be possible?

Dr. Dix. There is nothing necessarily dishonest or cruel in organization. On the contrary, when its purposes are right and just it is most beneficent in its effects. If all the charitable people, for example, in our State should unite into one body and carry out their schemes of benevolence under one well-managed system, their power for good would be immensely increased. That would be nothing more or less than a monopoly of practical beneficence. So if all the competent workers at the various guilds should be allowed by their stronger representatives respectively to organize for the more efficient and economical carrying on of their business, there might be a grand system of

monopolies that would be of incalculable benefit both to the workers themselves and to society in general.

Thomas Dunn. Always supposing the controlling powers were honest and public-spirited. I suppose the civil codes of an age afford us a pretty fair means of judging of the average standard of morality of that age.

Dr. Dix. It is often said that the rulers elected by a people fairly represent their average morality. As to the laws which those rulers enact, they more generally represent the average standard aimed at as attainable than that actually attained. How far short of the standard of the moral law that is, we have already illustrated to some extent. And yet the conduct of many so-called respectable men shows plainly that the civil law is their highest standard. In all their dealings their aim seems to be to keep just within its requirements. So long as they do this they defiantly challenge criticism of their conduct, though they may rob the widow and the fatherless with relentless cruelty.

Julia Taylor. However great future improvements may be, I don't see how it can ever be possible for the two standards to be the same.

Dr. Dix. If the day ever comes when they are the same, it will certainly not be by the enforcement of such civil penalties as are now in vogue. When the civil law requires, as the moral law has always required, that the rich shall not grind the faces of the poor in any way whatsoever, that the intelligent and the educated shall not use their intelligence and education to oppress the ignorant and the simple, it will be obeyed not through dread of fines or imprisonments, but through the fear of overwhelming public obloquy, — a far more terrible penalty to many persons than either fine or imprisonment.

Susan Perkins. If the time you speak of ever comes, there will be no need of the civil law; the moral law will be all-sufficient.

Dr. Dix. Not quite all-sufficient, Miss Perkins. The prevention of crime is not the only function of the civil law. The simplest form of society — even of those whose intentions were morally unexceptionable — could scarcely hold together without laws governing their intercourse in many ways upon which the moral law has no bearing. Such laws are the only ones in which multitudes to-day are personally interested so far as their own conduct is concerned. Did you ever think how small a proportion of the crowds that walk the streets of a city have any personal relations with the blue-coated guardians of its peace, — ever notice, in fact, whether they are on their beats or not?

Helen Mar. I was struck by your mention of the abuse of intellectual as well as physical power. A strong-armed ruffian that overpowers his victim and robs him of his purse is looked upon and punished as one of the worst of criminals, but the strong-brained ruffian that overpowers his victims by the thousands, perhaps, and robs them of purse, house, and land together by his superior intellectual power is looked upon, as you have said, only as a great financier. I do not see why one is not in reality a criminal as well as the other, and as much greater a criminal as his robbery is greater.

Dr. Dix. So the moral law regards him; so in fact he *is*.

XXVIII.

A BLACK LIST.

Dr. Dix. You may mention this morning some of the common ways in which the law of honesty as respects the right of property is violated.

Archibald Watson. Shall we include those we have already talked about?

Dr. Dix. Yes.

Archibald Watson. Well, then, there is plain out-and-out stealing, such as is recognized and punished by the law.

James Murphy. And robbery.

Frank Williams. And obtaining goods under false pretences.

Henry Jones. Forgery.

Lucy Snow. Counterfeiting.

Charles Fox. Overcharging for goods or services.

Jonathan Tower. Failing in business.

Jane Simpson. Is it necessarily dishonest to fail in business?

Dr. Dix. No more than in any other department of human effort,—no more than it is dishonest to fail in art, or authorship, or oratory.

Jonathan Tower. But does n't a man who pays only twenty-five cents to a man to whom he owes a dollar cheat him out of seventy-five cents?

Dr. Dix. Whether you can properly call it cheating or not depends entirely on the circumstances. Men in the business world sustain a very close relation to one another: the misfortune, folly, inefficiency, or guilt of one necessarily involves others in difficulties for which

they are in no wise responsible; unforeseen changes in demand and supply often reduce one to ruin while they may raise another to affluence, through no fault of the one or merit of the other. It is for the general interest of all that failures from such causes should not be irretrievable,— that the unfortunate should be allowed a fair chance to go on in their business or to begin anew. By just provisions of the law and by general consent they are allowed to do so.

Jonathan Tower. When I said "failing in business," I should have added "to make money."

Dr. Dix. Ah, that is a very different matter. No one will dispute the dishonesty nor the meanness particularly contemptible of that kind of "failing." Well, scholars, you may go on with your black list.

Henry Phillips. Usury.

Jane Simpson. What is usury?

Dr. Dix. Phillips?

Henry Phillips. Charging more than the legal rate for the use of money.

Jane Simpson. I should n't think you could call that dishonest. You need n't borrow money if you don't want to pay what the lender asks for it.

Henry Phillips. The trouble is, you may be obliged to borrow, whether you want to or not.

Jane Simpson. Then go to some one else.

Dr. Dix. In other words, if you don't want to be robbed, go to some one who will not rob you. That is rather a poor plea for the robber, is it not? So the murderer might say of his victim, "If he didn't want to be killed, he should n't have come to me; he should have gone to some one who would not have killed him."

Henry Phillips. Besides, there might have been no one else who would be willing to lend.

Jane Simpson. But is n't usury ever right?

Dr. Dix. Yes, there are circumstances when it might

be justified. Suppose, for instance, a man should ask a loan of a person who would rather keep his money for other purposes than lend it at the legal rate, but who could afford to accept a higher rate. There would be nothing morally wrong in a mutual agreement satisfactory to both, unless, indeed, the borrower were of that improvident class who are always trying to borrow at ruinous rates, and who need to be protected from their own recklessness.

Geoffrey Jenkins. Are there not some people who hold that all interest is wrong?

Dr. Dix. It is difficult to understand the basis of their objection. It is, of course, more advantageous to me to have my money in my own possession than in that of another: if I submit to disadvantage for the benefit of another, it seems no more than equitable that I should be compensated. However, this may be one of the controverted topics that are ruled out of our discussions. Go on.

Helen Mar. One of the worst and most cruel forms of dishonesty is taking advantage of the necessities of the poor to buy their goods or labor for less than their value.

Dr. Dix. Yes: this is what we mean when we speak of "grinding the faces of the poor."

Ah, when will the day come when the heart of Mercy will no longer be wrung by the sight of man's inhumanity to man! The poor woman in Hood's "Song of the Shirt" may speak for all her suffering kindred. Miss Mar, will you repeat the poem?

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Dr. Dix. But sometimes it is the poor man who wrongs the rich man. He says to himself, "A few pennies or a few dollars are nothing to him; but they are bread to me." So he feels no compunction. He wrongs his rich neighbor, but he wrongs himself still more. What is bread to his body is poison to his soul.

Geoffrey Jenkins. Should he starve to death rather than steal?

Dr. Dix. Happily that is an alternative to which few are forced in this age, at least in this country. Charity, public or private, will generally come to his aid long before that extremity is reached.

Susan Perkins. Not always. A few days ago I read of a whole family dying from starvation in the very heart of New York city.

Dr. Dix. I read the same account. Before they would call for help they were all too far gone to make their condition known, and it was not discovered till too late. Terrible as was their fate, therefore, they were themselves chiefly responsible for it,—not, of course, for the state of society that makes such extreme poverty possible. Society itself is responsible for that, and a fearful responsibility it is. Who knows what a fearful reckoning may come some day!

Florence Hill. That family might never have been able to make their condition known. Perhaps they would not have been believed if they had tried.

Dr. Dix. Yes; all that is possible.

Lucy Snow. If it was so, it was no better than murder.

Isabelle Anthony. It was no better than murder as it was.

Geoffrey Jenkins. Dr. Dix, would you have blamed those poor people if they had stolen to save themselves from starvation?

Dr. Dix. It would be a hard heart, even if a just judgment (which I do not say it would be), that would do so. Yet if they had had the energy to steal they would have had the energy to beg.

Jane Simpson. Some poor people would rather starve to death than either beg or steal.

Dr. Dix. But they have no right to starve to death if they can prevent it. Begging is humiliating, but not

wrong if unavoidable. Suicide, whether by starvation or any other means, is an immeasurably greater crime even than theft.

Geoffrey Jenkins. So, if one must either starve or steal, it would be right for him to steal?

Dr. Dix. My best answer is to say that the English judge who not only acquitted the poor, starving woman who snatched a loaf of bread from a baker's stand, but took up a subscription in her behalf, did precisely as any other man with a heart in his bosom would have done in his place.

But, as I said, there is little probability that any of you will ever be forced to choose between these terrible alternatives. Let us return to our list. The wealthy employer is not always the defrauder; sometimes it is the poor laborer. How?

Jonathan Tower. By joining in a "strike."

Dr. Dix. Ah, that is one of the controverted subjects that we must not discuss here.

Jonathan Tower. I beg your pardon. By wasting time when working "by the day."

Joseph Cracklin. By slighting his work when working "by the job."

Henry Phillips. By doing more than he knows is required or desired when the opportunity is given, for the sake of getting more pay.

Dr. Dix. Please illustrate.

Henry Phillips. Why, for instance, a mechanic sometimes puts very fine work into an article that he knows is to be used only for common purposes.

Isabelle Anthony. And a doctor sometimes continues to make his calls upon a patient when he knows that his services are no longer needed.

Dr. Dix [laughing]. I suppose the physician himself must be allowed to be the best judge of that. Go on with your black list.

Julia Taylor. Borrowing without intending to repay,

or without being reasonably sure of being able to repay, or carelessly neglecting to repay.

Lucy Snow. Returning borrowed articles in a worse condition than when borrowed.

Jonathan Tower. Borrowing goods and returning them when the market price has fallen.

Thomas Dunn. Borrowing money when prices are low and returning it when they are high.

Dr. Dix. That's rather a subtle point for this place, is n't it, Dunn?

Thomas Dunn. I don't think it need be; it is about the same thing Tower said.

Dr. Dix. Yes, that is true, goods being the price of money. Go on.

Frederick Fox. Coining silver.

Dr. Dix. That topic I rule out altogether. Try once more.

Frederick Fox. Making "corners in the market."

Dr. Dix. I think I will allow that. You may explain.

Frederick Fox. The usual way is for capitalists to buy up all they can get of some article for which there is, or may be, a demand, store it away, and thus produce an artificial scarcity. This brings the article up to an unnatural price. Articles of absolute necessity, such as wheat or other grains, are most often chosen for this purpose, because the profits are surer: men must have bread whatever its prices may be. It is, in my opinion, the most gigantic and villainous kind of robbery that can be committed, because by it everybody is robbed.

Dr. Dix. Your language is strong; but perhaps none too much so. Proceed.

Geoffrey Jenkins. Giving false returns of your property to escape taxes.

Archibald Watson. Moving out of town just in season to escape taxes.

Charles Fox. Not paying a debt until long after it is due, when you know that no interest will be asked for.

Dr. Dix. Yes; great cruelty is often inflicted in this way upon poor people who are dependent on prompt payments.

Isabelle Anthony. Being less careful of a hired horse or house than you would be of your own.

Florence Hill. Putting the best fruit on the top of the barrel.

Susan Perkins. Selling water for milk, sand for sugar, and slate for coal.

Jane Simpson. Men do worse than that; if they did n't put poison in our food, we could, perhaps, tolerate their water, sand, and slate.

Julia Taylor. Not paying your fare on the cars if the conductor forgets to collect it.

Helen Mar. Wantonly injuring private or public property, as, for instance, whittling fences, marking on walls, books, etc. I heard a story once of a man who whittled the counter in a store. The proprietor came behind him and snipped off a piece from his coat. "What did you do that for?" asked the whittler in great indignation. "This piece of cloth will just pay for that chip of wood," replied the proprietor.

Sally Jones. They were both thieves, were n't they?

Dr. Dix. Yes, they were both thieves; but the petty vandal richly deserved his loss. Go on.

Frank Williams. Not trying to find the owner of anything you have found.

George Williams. Putting a few cents' worth of sarsaparilla and iodide of potassium into a bottle and selling it for a dollar.

Henry Phillips. Gambling.

Joseph Cracklin. I know that gambling is wrong; but I don't see how you can call it actual dishonesty.

Henry Phillips. If a man takes another man's prop-

erty without giving him an equivalent, what else can it be?

Joseph Cracklin. But he does that whenever he accepts a gift.

Henry Phillips. Winnings are not gifts.

Dr. Dix. They are not looked upon as such by either the loser or the winner. Until they are paid they are regarded as debts as truly as if they were so much borrowed money.

Henry Phillips. They are considered even more sacred: they are called "debts of honor."

Joseph Cracklin. But there is a sort of equivalent given.

Dr. Dix. What is it?

Joseph Cracklin. An equal chance to win the other man's money.

Henry Phillips. An equal chance to rob the other man of his money, that is. That does not prevent it from being robbery, any more than the equal chance on both sides to take life prevents duelling from being murder.

XXIX.

HONOR.

Dr. Dix. My good boy — my hero *sans peur et sans reproche* — is the “soul of honor.” What does that mean? It means that he is honest, not because “honesty is the best policy,” but because it never occurs to him to be dishonest. If dishonesty were the best policy, as some shrewd men seem to believe, if we may judge by their conduct, he would still be honest. It means that he is truthful, not because he is afraid of the penalty that might follow if he were detected in a lie, but because he loathes a lie with his whole soul: the very thought of it makes his lip curl with scorn. It means that he is generous, not because he hopes and expects to be rewarded for his generosity, but because it is as natural for him to be big-hearted as it is for an athlete to be broad-shouldered: he could n’t be dishonorable or mean any more than a giant could be a dwarf; if he should try, he would n’t know how to set about it. He will stand by a friend, not because he expects his friend to stand by him, but because that is the only thing to do: active and suggestive as his mind is, it is not suggestive enough to think of leaving his friend in the lurch. It means that he is grateful for benefits received, not because it would not look well to be ungrateful, not because men would despise him if he were ungrateful, but because he can’t help being grateful.

You have heard of antipathies. There are some persons who will grow faint at the sight of a spider, and others who will almost become wild at the sight of a snake. It is useless to convince them that the spider

and the reptile are actually as harmless as butterflies, — they are not harmless to them. The soul of honor has a very similar antipathy to all things that are mean and contemptible. The soul without honor has no such antipathy : to it they may seem as harmless as butterflies ; it might not even be able to recognize them as mean and contemptible except that it has learned that they are so regarded by others.

The general sense of mankind is a very important guide to those who are below the average in honor and virtue : whatever they may be within their own hearts and souls, it enables them to preserve a certain respectability in their outward conduct. The fear of what others will think of them is the chief or only restraint upon their meanness and wickedness, unless it be the stronger, even more ignoble fear of what others will do to them.

But though they have learned that there is a generally recognized standard of honor and respectability above their own natural standard, still they cannot believe in its reality : in their secret hearts they believe it is an artificial standard, raised from motives of general policy. In other words, they cannot help judging others by themselves. Living in a valley and breathing its noxious gases, they cannot see the heights above them where others dwell in a purer atmosphere. To them there are no really honest men. "Every man has his price, if you only bid high enough." Fabricius, who "could no more deviate from the path of honor than the sun could leave his course in the heavens," is to them a myth, an impossibility. Boys and girls, put no faith in the man who believes that there is no honor in his fellow-men : be sure he is judging others by himself. There are authors who describe only villains, — they little know that they are only showing to the world their own bad hearts. Dean Swift had a clever brain, but a villainous heart.

Lucy Snow. Is not the general sense of mankind important to the honorable as well as to the dishonorable — That is not exactly what I meant to say. I meant, Ought not every one to regard the opinions of others ?

Dr. Dix. Most certainly, Miss Snow. But while the man of honor duly values the opinion of others, he values his own opinion of himself still more highly.

Lucy Snow. What is the difference between that and vanity or egotism ?

Dr. Dix. The difference is, that vanity and egotism are most sensitive to the opinion of others, while honor is most sensitive to that of self. Vanity thirsts for admiration on account of personal beauty, dress, wit, fine horses or houses, graceful accomplishments, etc. ; when the objects of the desired admiration are less frivolous, such as intellectual achievements, social, financial, military, or political power, vanity rises to ambition more or less laudable ; when the object is still higher, virtuous, benevolent, honorable conduct, it becomes no longer vanity, but a most noble and praiseworthy aspiration. The man of honor may feel all these in due measure, but high above them all is his desire for the approval of his own conscience and self-respect.

To the man absolutely devoid of honor his own opinion of himself is nothing: that of others is everything, either on account of the love of approbation, which the lowest possess in some degree, or for a worse reason.

Frank Williams. For what worse reason ?

Dr. Dix. For the reason that a sheep's clothing sometimes serves a wolf better than his own.

The moral furnishings of some persons are very much like the household furnishings of a family I once visited with my father on his professional rounds, when I was a very small lad, so small that the family did not think it necessary to keep me confined in the "show rooms" where their other callers sat. As you will never know who this family were or where they lived, I do not feel

that I am violating confidence in telling you about them. The contrast between the "show rooms" and the rest of the house was so strong that it made an indelible impression upon my childish mind. Such neatness and elegance here, such abominable dirt and squalor there! Nothing, evidently, was too fine for the parlor, dining-room, and guest chamber, where the outer world sometimes penetrated; but as to the kitchen and family bedrooms, what did it matter? "No one would see them." Ah, how many of us furnish the secret chambers of our minds and hearts as richly as we furnish the parlors?

Most people are exceedingly lenient critics of themselves; they rarely underestimate their own wisdom, cleverness, or personal attractions, and as to their moral qualities, they generally consider them well up to the average. They may be conscious of having committed acts which they would severely condemn in others, but then there are always peculiarly mitigating circumstances in their own cases. It is astonishing how tenderly a culprit will view his own derelictions from duty. Surely no one else was ever so strongly tempted; it was the fault of his peculiar temperament, and, pray, how could he help that? Besides, what he has done was not so very bad, after all, under the circumstances; others have done worse; you yourself would probably have done the same if you had been in his situation. Or he may go still further and throw the blame entirely on some one else who put the temptation in his way, and virtually obliged him to yield to it. If men in general always judged others by themselves there would be few misanthropes; it would be a pretty good sort of world, after all.

James Murphy. What is a misanthrope, Dr. Dix?

Dr. Dix. Well?

Helen Sawyer. One who hates or despises the whole race of men — except himself.

Dr. Dix. Sometimes he includes himself, but oftener

he judges himself in the lenient way I have been describing, and maintains the balance in his judgment by undue severity towards others.

But the man of honor is his own severest critic. What he might pardon to the weakness or peculiar temptations of others he cannot pardon in himself. He is especially severe in regard to what he does or is tempted to do in secret. "Coward!" he will say to himself, "would you do this thing because there is no eye to see you? Shame upon you!"

We will suppose that a private letter falls in his way. He sees from the superscription that it is intended for his political rival. It probably contains information that would be of the greatest importance to himself. The seal has already been broken: he might read it through and through, and no man but himself would be the wiser. Does such a thought enter his mind? If so, he spurns it from him as if it were a venomous reptile.

He encloses it in an envelope and addresses it to his rival with a polite note of explanation. The receiver opens it and — turns pale. His wily plans are all known; he knows what human nature is, he knows what *he* would have done. As the sender has not condescended to make any statement, his conviction is the stronger.

He acts upon his conviction: he informs his henchmen that it is all up with them, and gives his grounds for the information. Indirectly it comes to the ears of the finder of the letter that he took the dishonorable advantage which fortune threw in his way. What does he do?

Geoffrey Jenkins. The time was when he would have taken the only recognized course to vindicate his honor.

Dr. Dix. Challenged his slanderer?

Geoffrey Jenkins. Yes, Dr. Dix.

Dr. Dix. And would that have accomplished his purpose?

Geoffrey Jenkins. It would at least have silenced the tongue of slander.

Dr. Dix. As well as his own tongue or that of his antagonist forever. But how would that have affected the fact of his real honor or dishonor? Whatever that fact was, the challenge would probably have followed the accusation.

Geoffrey Jenkins. It would not have affected the real fact in the least.

Dr. Dix. What would he probably do in this more civilized age?

Geoffrey Jenkins. He would indignantly deny the charge, and trust to what men already knew of his character for the vindication of his honor.

Dr. Dix. Yes; that would probably be all-sufficient. But a far better course would be to treat the accusation as utterly beneath the notice of the man of honor he professes to be. His friends—who could testify that whatever he might have discovered from the tempting document he kept scrupulously to himself—would do the rest.

XXX.

“WHEN THE CAT’S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY.”

Dr. Dix [*entering his schoolroom late and finding it in disorder*]. Ah, it seems that I have interrupted your diversions and pastimes. This sudden unnatural stillness is quite oppressive.—Pray go on just as if I were not here.—Well, why don’t you go on? Why don’t you throw that crayon, Cracklin, as you were intending to do?

Joseph Cracklin. Do you order me to throw it, sir?

Dr. Dix. By no means. I asked you to do as you would if I were not present. Would that justify you? Would it release you from the proper penalty of your misconduct?

Joseph Cracklin. N-no, Dr. Dix. But I was not the only one; the others were—

Dr. Dix. We have already expressed our sentiments on the courage, manliness, and honor of throwing blame upon others. They will undoubtedly speak for themselves.

Geoffrey Jenkins. I threw crayons, Dr. Dix.

Archibald Watson. And so did I.

Jonathan Tower. And I.

Dr. Dix. That is very well so far. “Open confession is good for the soul.” Does any one else wish to relieve his mind?

Henry Phillips. I drew that picture on the blackboard; but—but I was intending to rub it out before you came.

Dr. Dix. And you think, I suppose, that that intention palliates your offence. I shall allude to that kind

of palliation presently. I await further acknowledgment that any one has to make.

Charles Fox. I called on Butters to make a speech.

Dr. Dix. Yes; and, Butters, did you respond?

Trumbull Butters. No, Dr. Dix. He and the rest of the boys are all the time nagging me,—all except Dunn. He tried to keep order while you were away,—he and some of the big girls.

Dr. Dix. Nagging is another subject that we shall do well to consider. Dunn and the “big girls” deserve, and hereby receive, my hearty and sincere thanks.

Susan Perkins. I am sorry to say, Dr. Dix, that *all* the “big girls” are not altogether blameless; I for one am not. I confess and apologize.

Jane Simpson. And I wish to do the same.

Dr. Dix. That is the most honorable thing you can do now, except to resolve not to offend again. Well, if there are no more confessions, I will now hear any further excuses or explanations that any one has to offer.

Geoffrey Jenkins. We only thought we would have a little fun; we did n’t think there was any harm in it as long as you were not here. We could n’t do much studying, you know.

Dr. Dix. Why not?

Geoffrey Jenkins. Because—because there was so much *noise*. [Laughter.]

Dr. Dix [joining in the laugh]. If all your fun was as funny as that, you must have enjoyed yourselves!

Archibald Watson. But do you really think, Dr. Dix, there was any harm in our having a little fun as long as you were not here to direct our work?

Dr. Dix. Fun is a most excellent thing. It is one of the greatest blessings conferred upon our race; it is good for the body, for the mind, for the heart, for the soul. Laugh and grow fat; be jolly and long-lived. I will not yield to any one in my fondness for fun. But no good thing, even fun, is good at the wrong time and

in the wrong place. The time you have given to it this morning belonged to *work*. What if I was not here? When the hours of work and play were laid down for you no such condition was affixed as "if Dr. Dix is here." I may be late again, as I was this morning.

You say, "*We* wanted a little fun." Who are the *we*? It seems there were some of your number who did not want it,—some who "tried to keep order." They wanted the time for study, and they had a right to it. Why should you defraud them of their right? Your fun, therefore, was of the kind we spoke of some time ago, that which injures or annoys others. It is not unlikely that that fact had something to do with its being funny,—that and the other fact that it was in violation of the rules of school. Are you quite sure that if it had not been for these two conditions it would not have been rather tame fun?

I say, what if I was not here? Am I to understand that my presence is indispensable to the performance of your duty? Do you do right only because you are afraid of *me*? If that is the case, how do I differ from the policeman who stands with his billy on the corner of the street, and how do you differ from those who are watching for him to disappear around the corner? Is that why your fathers and mothers obey the civil laws,—because they are afraid of the policeman? Is that why *you* will obey the civil laws when you in your turn become men and women? School is a civil community on a small scale; it is governed by its laws just as the state and the city are governed by their laws. If you need a teacher-policeman to keep you from small violations of law here, what guarantee have we that you will not need a rougher policeman to keep you from greater offences and harsher penalties hereafter?

Susan Perkins. Dr. Dix, we need your presence here, not because we are afraid of the punishments you may inflict, but because we are afraid of displeasing *you*.

Dr. Dix. It is very gratifying to hear you say so ; still, the principle is the same, for my displeasure is a punishment to those who care for it. I believe you all do care for it, and for this time it shall be your only punishment,—at least the only one *I* shall inflict.

But I wish you to observe that I have more than ordinary reason to be displeased. Have you forgotten our last Talk ? What was its subject ?

Several Voices. Honor.

Dr. Dix. Your lowered tones and your downcast eyes show how you think you have illustrated that subject this morning. Does the man of honor need a policeman to keep him to his duty ? What cares he for a policeman, whom a whole regiment with fixed bayonets could not drive from the path of duty !

As I said a long time ago, I cannot expect that one Talk or a hundred will work a complete transformation. Character is a structure that is slow in building ; but it is all the more solid when built. But may I not hope that both our Talk and the practical lesson of this morning may do something to strengthen the principle of Honor in this school ?

XXXI.

NAGGING.

Dr. Dix. I promised to speak of nagging. The glances of resentment and strong disapproval which were directed to the boy who publicly reported his grievance did not escape my notice. "The boys are all the time nagging me," he says. Perhaps you think, boys, he was not honorable in reporting you. Well, since "honor is the subject of my story," let us consider his course and yours from that standpoint.

In the first place, I wish to give you full credit for the manly courage and promptness with which you reported your own misconduct, and, girls, I pay a like tribute to your womanly courage and promptness.

The young man in question acted the part of an informer, a talebearer; hence your glances of scornful disapproval. I think I understand your feelings. I was a boy myself once; I did not spring into an existence of full maturity, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. And I have not forgotten how I felt when I was a boy; so I suppose you are willing to admit my competency to discuss this matter with you.

I say I have not forgotten how I felt when I was a boy. Why don't I feel in the same way now that I am a man? Is it because I have grown less generous and honorable? I should be sorry indeed to believe so. Is it because my judgment is less clear? I can hardly believe that, since judgment is one of those faculties which are usually most strengthened by years and experience. No; my philosophy is, that boys develop unsymmetrically in their judgment and sentiments, just

as they do in their bodies. While they are growing, sometimes their legs and arms are too long for their bodies and sometimes they are too short; sometimes their hands and feet are too large and their shoulders too narrow, or they are otherwise "out of drawing." Never mind; healthy maturity will bring symmetry, or at least an approach to it. There are similar disproportions in growing minds and hearts, which full healthy maturity will go far to correct. The imagination and fancy, for example, like the legs, are too long, while the reason and judgment, like the body, are too short. "The Bloody Scalper of the Plains" is the ideal hero, who will hereafter subside into the vulgar criminal he is. But especially is the immature sense of honor out of proportion. I know of scarcely anything more grotesque in the whole range of human nature than the average boy's notion of certain points of honor. Don't feel hurt, boys; I don't include all points of honor, by any means. On some of the most important, boys are generally admirably strong and sound. On none are they more utterly absurd than the whole human race, young and old, has been time and again. As the biologists say, the life-history of the race is repeated in that of the individual. Our race has passed through its infancy and childhood; but whether it has fully emerged from its boyhood is a question that can be determined only by comparing its present with its future development. Surely no boys' code of honor could be more thoroughly wanting in the first principles of true honor or common sense than that which has been especially dignified by that title.

But I think the individual case we now have in hand will illustrate some of the points of honor on which boys as a class are not always particularly strong and sound. Let us consider the facts.

Butters told me nothing that I did not already know. I am not quite deaf nor quite blind. I see and hear

more, perhaps, than you think. The only question I was in doubt about was, whether your continual "nagging" really troubled him. He bore it with such good-natured indifference, so far as I could see at least, that perhaps you were in equal uncertainty with myself in regard to its actual effect upon him.

Archibald Watson. No, Dr. Dix; we *knew* it really plagued him, or we should not have kept it up.

Dr. Dix. Ah, then I must give you credit for clearer perceptions than my own. And yet I might have known, for the advice I always give in such cases is, let them see that you don't care for their nonsense, and they will soon tire of it. That is precisely what I thought Butters was doing, and I rather wondered why the usual effect did not follow. But then I knew how persevering boys are in such matters; if they showed a like perseverance in a worthier cause we should see better results on Promotion Day.

Let us return to our facts. You "knew it plagued him," and therefore you "kept it up." Could we have a better illustration of the kind of fun you have all agreed with me in condemning? Is it in accordance with the boys' code of honor?

I wish it had not plagued him. There are some strong natures that really care no more for such petty persecution than for the buzzing of flies. But we cannot all be like them. Because the elephant's hide is impervious to the mosquito, the same does not follow of the horse's hide or even of the tiger's.

Trumbull Butters. But boys are bigger than mosquitoes,—some of them are bigger than I am. They would n't have nagged me so much if they were n't.

[*Laughter.*]

Dr. Dix. A palpable hit, Butters. You seem able to defend yourself with your tongue, at least.

Trumbull Butters. I think I could defend myself if they did n't all side against me. Twenty to one is too big odds.

Dr. Dix. That deserves generous applause, boys. . . . There, that will do for the present.

Trumbull Butters. They don't mean it for applause, Dr. Dix ; it's only some more of their foolish nonsense. But *I* don't care for 'em.

Dr. Dix. No ; you 're wrong there, Butters. That was genuine, — was it not, boys ?

Chorus. Yes, Dr. Dix.

Geoffrey Jenkins. Well, I will let him alone hereafter. I should have been willing to apologize for my share of it, if he hadn't peached.

Dr. Dix. No, Jenkins ; I beg your pardon, you would have done nothing of the sort. If he had not done exactly what he did do, you would have gone on indefinitely with the rest of the "twenty against one." Why should n't he "peach," as you call it ? What other defence had he against your continued annoyance ? As he himself has so justly and pertinently said, there were too big odds against him to attempt his own defence.

Geoffrey Jenkins [sullenly]. If he had wanted it, we would have given him fair play. . . .

Dr. Dix. You mean that you would have made a ring and let him fight it out with you, one by one ?

Geoffrey Jenkins. Y-yes, Dr. Dix [suddenly coloring] — I — I did n't mean that — I " —

Dr. Dix. Ah, I see you have some wholesome recollections of the past. Well, this becoming exhibition of feeling encourages me to believe that our Talks have not been entirely without effect.

Suppose these battles had been fought, even if Butters would have been justified in his share, — which, mark, I do not necessarily admit, but I need not tell you on which side my sympathies would have been, — what would you think of your own share in them ?

Geoffrey Jenkins. I — I take back what I said.

Trumbull Butters. I offered to fight 'em more than once, big as they are ; but they would n't fight, — they only guyed me worse than ever.

Dr. Dix. Evidently our Talk on that subject has not converted *you*.

Trumbull Butters [*disconsolately*]. You told us that returning good for evil would make them ashamed. I honestly tried that for a while; but it did n't seem to do any good. Then I thought I would try the other way.

Dr. Dix. You didn't try long enough. It did more good than you thought. There's not one of your tormentors who is not thoroughly ashamed at this moment, down in his secret heart. I challenge one of them to deny it. What do you say, *Watson*?

Archibald Watson. I never saw him try to return much "good for evil." He was always *talking* about fighting, but nobody supposed he really meant it.

Trumbull Butters [*valorously*]. They would have found out whether I meant it or not if they had tried. [*Derisive laughter, which the Doctor instantly checks.*]

Dr. Dix. I suspect, *Butters*, that your attempt to overcome evil with good was rather feeble and short. I am thankful, however, that there was an attempt. I shall never cease trying so long as there is so much fruit as this. Come, my boy, you are now the only obstacle to a complete reconciliation. The boys have already advanced a long way to meet you; but you have not as yet yielded an inch. As long as you maintain this hostile and implacable attitude you cannot expect them to advance much further.

Trumbull Butters. I am willing to be friends if they are.

Dr. Dix. Then we 'll have no more talk about fighting. I say, boys, why should n't your victim peach? Under what possible moral obligation was he to endure your abuse day after day and week after week? Give him credit for the long time he endured it before he did peach. When your fathers and mothers are wronged, they do not wait until they can endure it no longer

before they appeal to the proper authorities for protection and redress.

Archibald Watson. They would n't mind a little nagging.

Dr. Dix. In the first place, we are not talking about a *little* nagging; and in the next, grown-up men and women do not often indulge in such amusement, — their sense of honor is usually developed beyond that point. Of course you understand I am speaking of respectable men and women, as you are of respectable boys and girls.

I will leave it to your own consciences and to the influence of our past Talks to decide whether the joining of twenty against one — with the knowledge that that one could not defend himself by his own unaided power, and with the belief that in deference to the boys' code of honor he would not inform against you — was generous or mean, manly or unmanly, chivalrous or dastardly, brave or cowardly, honorable or dishonorable.

Now, a few words on the subject of nagging in general. When there is fair play, and when it is not carried to the extent of being really a serious annoyance, it is not an unmitigated evil. If one is too thin-skinned, it may be an excellent remedy. Socrates, as you know, placed a very high value upon one species of it as a means of discipline. But the option should always be allowed the subject of the remedy as to whether it shall be applied or not. If he is sensible, he will submit to it with a good grace and return the favor for the benefit of his physician, who should submit with equally good grace. If he is not sensible enough to do this, no one has the moral right to force it upon him.

Joking at other people's expense is often very funny, and the victims are often as much amused as others. Sometimes, however, it is far otherwise; you cannot always tell how deep the wound is under the indifferent or smiling exterior. If this kind of joking becomes a

habit, like all other habits it will grow until, before he is aware, the joker may have become intolerable to all his acquaintances. Intimate friends among boys, and girls too, are especially liable to the habit: they sometimes carry it to such an excess that nearly everything they say to each other is some sort of disparaging joke.

All this may be very entertaining up to a certain point, but gradually the little stings, which at first only tickled the skin, begin to reach the quick. Never let your fun go as far as this. Watch yourselves. Remember that too much of a good thing is often worse than none of it. If you find that pretty nearly everything your friend does or says suggests to you some unpleasant witticism at his expense, stop short; forego for a while those stale, vulgar old insinuations in regard to his miraculous gastronomic powers or the superiority of his pedal over his cerebral development. [*Laughter.*] Let your next words to him be something really agreeable: you have no idea how refreshing and delightful you will both find the change.

On the other hand, don't be oversensitive. Some persons have the notion that extreme sensitiveness is an indication of extreme refinement. It is more often a sign of extreme selfishness and egotism. It is only what offends themselves that excites their super-refined resentment; the nerves of others may be rasped to any extent in their sight and hearing without disturbing them very seriously. And, above all, don't be that particularly unlovable character that is always ready to give a thrust, but never ready to receive one.

XXXII.

INDUSTRY, WEALTH, HAPPINESS.

Dr. Dix. Among the habits of the highest importance, from its effects upon health of body, mind, and heart, upon happiness and prosperity, is the habit of industry.

Perfect health is that condition in which all the functions of body, mind, and heart are in harmonious action, in perfect harmony with their environments.

Henry Jones. What are environments and functions?

Dr. Dix. Well?

Helen Mar. Environments are surroundings: all things outside of us with which we have anything to do are our environments. Functions are offices to perform, things to do. For instance, the function of the legs is to walk and run; that of the eyes is to see; that of the brain is to think.

Dr. Dix. Yes, and if any part of us does not perform its proper function it speedily loses its health and power. If the legs do not walk or run, they shrivel. Look at the poor cripple who rides every day through the streets upon his "velociman." If the eyes do not exercise their power of sight, they eventually lose it.

Activity, then, is an indispensable condition both to health and happiness,—continued and regular activity; that is, industry.

No wish is more often felt and uttered than the wish for money enough to live without labor. Do those who so often feel and express this wish know what it really means? It means for most people a wish to lose the

only thing which forces them to be healthy and happy. That lost, all that would remain would be their own sense of the usefulness of effort and their resolution to continue it in spite of its irksomeness. Do they know how efficient that sense and that resolution would be? Let them try a very simple experiment: let them resolve to take a mile walk every morning simply for its healthfulness. Hundreds and thousands of people do try this experiment, but I will venture to say that not one in a hundred continues it year after year. It works very well for a while, but gradually it gets to be less interesting, then somewhat of a bore, then most decidedly a bore; then a morning is omitted occasionally, then every alternate morning is omitted, — then the walk is taken only on very pleasant mornings, and finally it is dropped altogether in disgust. Indolence with its present ease and future penalties is preferred to industry with its present irksomeness and future rewards. So the muscles are allowed to grow flabby, and the vitals to grow sickly and feeble.

Such is the usual end of labor performed for the sole purpose of benefiting the health. But suppose the mile walk is a matter of necessity, to take a man from his home to his office, shop, or school. Unless it increases the tax upon his powers beyond the limit of healthfulness, — which is, of course, possible, — who but the incorrigibly lazy man ever thinks of it as other than a pleasant and wholesome variety to his life of enforced effort?

Joseph Cracklin. The loss of the advantage of being obliged to work for a living may be a great loss, but I don't believe the person ever lived who could not easily be reconciled to it. I think I could bear it myself without repining.

Dr. Dix. I have no doubt of it, Cracklin. If such a misfortune should befall me, I don't think I should be utterly inconsolable. But neither good nor bad fortune

is to be measured by the present rejoicing or mourning it occasions. Children often cry for what their wiser parents know will not be good for them. The wisest of us are but children of a larger growth, and it is well for us that we have not the ordering of our own fortunes. Both you and I might bitterly lament at a later day what we now might look upon as the best of 'good fortune.'

Joseph Cracklin. Nevertheless I should be perfectly willing to take the risk.

Dr. Dix. You may have the opportunity. There's no knowing. And it might not, after all, prove a misfortune to you. All would depend upon your character, — the stuff you are made of. But however it might be in your individual case, with the majority the effect is more or less disastrous. Let us suppose a by no means unusual instance : —

One of the millions who sigh so eagerly for that greatest of all blessings, a fortune, suddenly falls into one. Ah, now he is going to be happy ; no more grinding labor for him ; he is now going to live a life of elegant ease, of luxury, of "style." He is not going to be absolutely idle, of course, — he understands that occupation of some sort is necessary to his health ; but now he can choose his occupation, — he is no longer forced to toil at his former uncongenial employment ; he is going to improve his mind and his taste, — perhaps, now and then, he may even do some sort of work that is useful to others.

Well, he begins his new life with great enthusiasm. But somehow or other it does not prove just what he expected. He finds that improving his mind and taste is not so agreeable an occupation as he thought it was going to be : there is hard work in it that he had not counted on. He still finds it easier to read a cheap novel than a good one, a history, an essay, or a poem. He meant to study music and art ; but his wealth does not diminish

one iota the irksomeness of the laborious beginnings. To his dismay, he finds that the same is true of all the best things he looked forward to with such delightful anticipations ; they all cost *hard work*. The mere consciousness of his wealth, at first a delight in itself, soon loses the charm of novelty, and with it its power to delight, — all things do that, scholars, which are in themselves unchanging, and which demand no effort of mind, heart, or body ; the social position which his wealth gives him, that at least to which he aspires, can be maintained only by the cultivation of those graces which require work, work as hard as that from which his wealth delivered him, — ay, harder, for that he performed under the stimulus of necessity, while this costs the effort of resolution.

Stronger and stronger the inclination grows upon him to do that which is agreeable in the doing, leaving the consequences to take care of themselves. Why should n't he follow his inclination ? What is there to prevent ? Has n't he money enough to do as he likes ? And so it is the story of the mile walk over again. His muscles, once hard and strong, become flaccid and shrunken ; his mind, once full of energy and vigorous interest in his honest labor, becomes vacant and listless ; the days, once too short for the unappreciated happiness that filled them, become long and tedious ; the nights, once almost unknown to his consciousness, are even worse than the days, — fortunate, indeed, is he if their weariness is not beguiled with the vices that lead by the shortest path to ruin of body and soul.

The bitter “Curse of Nature” has been removed, but a bitterer curse has taken its place ; the grievous burden of labor has been lifted from his shoulders, but a heavier burden has fallen thereon.

Julia Taylor. But the bitterer curse and the heavier burden do not always follow : did n't you say it depends on the character of the individual ?

Dr. Dix. Yes, Miss Taylor, and I repeat it. I have told you the story of multitudes who have been lucky enough to come into a fortune through no effort or merit of their own.

Charles Fox. Why should n't the same results follow, even if the fortune was acquired by their own efforts?

Dr. Dix. Because the habits of industry and energy which were necessary to acquire the fortune are generally too firmly fixed to be easily dropped.

Charles Fox. But the necessity to labor has been removed in either case.

Dr. Dix. No. To one who has acquired through his own effort there is an ever-increasing necessity to acquire more, while the free gifts of Fortune are usually large enough to satisfy the ambition undeveloped by effort. "What comes easily goes easily." The only use of unearned money is to be freely spent.

I have told you the story of multitudes who have been lucky enough to come into a fortune through no effort or merit of their own. It is not the story of all. To some strong, noble natures suddenly-acquired wealth proves really a blessing, and not a curse, but it is not because it relieves them from the necessity of labor. Industrious before, they are now still more industrious, if possible, and in a broader field. They are not obliged to toil for their daily bread, but there are other necessities which to them are more urgent than hunger or thirst. There is a hunger of the mind which impels to effort the day laborer knows not of; there is a thirst of the soul which can be satisfied only by a life of patient industry in the cause of human welfare.

XXXIII.

INDUSTRY, WEALTH, HAPPINESS, CONTINUED.

Helen Sawyer. It does n't seem to me that the necessity to work for a living is indispensable to either health or happiness, notwithstanding the Talk of last week.

Dr. Dix [smiling]. I have sometimes complained that you young people do not generalize enough. Here is an instance of too wide generalizing. What we said last week of the majority, Miss Sawyer evidently understood us to apply to all. If she had paid a little closer attention, or if she had remembered more accurately, she would not have ignored the important exceptions we were so particular to make.

Helen Sawyer. But it seems to me that there are a great many more exceptions than were mentioned. I know plenty of people who, I am sure, never earned a dollar in their lives and who never needed to earn a dollar, and yet they are healthy and happy enough, so far as I can see. They always seem to have enough to do, too : what with reading, writing letters, travelling, yachting, driving, going to the opera, playing tennis, visiting, and attending parties, their time seems to be pretty well occupied. And they are so bright and rosy, too, — at least some of them, — so full of life and spirits. I don't see what good it would do them to have to work for a living. I can't help thinking it would only make them dull and stupid ; at any rate, that it would take a good deal of the brightness out of their lives.

Dr. Dix. You have drawn a most charming picture, Miss Sawyer. It seems an ungracious task to paint out

any of those brilliant colors. And yet if the picture is to be true to life I fear it must be done. I must be the ogre in your paradise.

Joseph Cracklin. In her "fool's paradise."

Helen Sawyer [*with spirit*]. He would like to be one of the fools, all the same. We all heard him say so. [Laughter.]

Dr. Dix. Well, if you two have finished your passage at arms, the ogre will proceed with his ungracious task.

If the experience of all mankind has established one principle more firmly than another, it is that a life devoted solely to pleasure-seeking is the one most likely to fail in its object. Such a life will do well enough for the butterfly,—it seems to be what it is made for; but man was made for a different purpose, a purpose immeasurably nobler and higher,—a purpose upon which not only his usefulness, but his health and happiness depend. He is endowed with faculties and energies which call for action, as his stomach calls for food, as his lungs call for air. If they are denied action they will starve. Mere pleasure is not their proper food nor their proper air; it is only their confectionery and their wine. Hence a life devoted to pleasure is a life of mental and moral starvation.

All that Miss Sawyer and the rest of us have observed may be true, so far as external seeming goes. Nature adapts herself wonderfully to circumstances. She will endure the violation of her laws for years, sometimes, without apparent penalty. Throughout the years of youth she is particularly forbearing. But the penalty is none the less sure because it is delayed. It is an infallible law that no pleasure is enduring that costs no effort of mind or body.

Helen Sawyer. But some of the pleasures I have mentioned do cost effort, and plenty of it.

Dr. Dix. Yes, I was coming to that. I was about to say that even those whose sole object in life is pleasure

have discovered the law, and hence some of their pleasures call into vigorous play certain powers of mind and body ; in certain instances they even cost severe and irksome labor in preparation. These pleasures, I scarcely need say, are the longest-lived of all. But even these fail after a time, because their object is not high and noble enough to last.

You have described the votaries of pleasure as they appear to you. But you see them only, perhaps, while their pleasures are yet new, before they have lost their charm. Seek them out a few years later, when they have withdrawn from the society that no longer interests them ; when the wine of pleasure has lost its effervescence, and their jaded appetites find no substitutes for the sweetmeats that have lost their taste. Their powers, unused to effort, save for that which no longer pleases, refuse to be aroused by less stimulating objects : they cannot read, for the sensational novel is to them no longer sensational ; they cannot work, for labor is even more insupportable than ennui. In short, they are “the most mournful and yet the most contemptible wrecks to be found along the shores of life.”

Helen Sawyer. Oh, Dr. Dix, what a terrible ruin you have made of my “charming picture” ! And is that to be the fate of all those delightful people ?

Dr. Dix. I truly hope that it may be the fate of no one of them ! I truly hope that the mere butterfly’s life may satisfy no one of them for even one year of their bright, vigorous youth ! Their travelling and their sailing, their opera-going and their tennis-playing, and all the rest of their round of elegant pleasures are most excellent in themselves, — would that every human being could have his share ! — but they are excellent only as diversions, never as the regular business of life.

To those who are not destined by Fate to labor for their daily bread, let me say, Do not be disheartened. [Laughter.] Bread is not the only thing worth labor-

ing for. Though you may be possessed of millions, there are yet objects enough in life to call forth all your powers of mind and body. Nay, it is in your power to count the bounties of Fortune among your greatest and truest blessings: rightly used, almost nothing else will so broaden your field of noble activities.

Archibald Watson. If work is so good for us, I don't see why it was made so disagreeable.

Dr. Dix. Here is another example of too wide generalizing. What is true of some work to some workers you have no right to predicate of all work to all workers. Aversion to labor is a frequent but not a universal feeling; nor is it normal in those to whom Nature has given the ability to labor. The beaver shows no dislike for his laborious task, nor the ant, nor the bee, nor the winged nest-builders. The change from an abnormal to a normal condition is often a disagreeable process, as every physician knows. Learning to like labor is such a process. Strength is gained only by overcoming resistance: if we had not always had gravity to overcome, none of us would have the strength to stand erect against it to-day, and the effort to do so would have been disagreeable. There is no greater or more obstinate resistance to overcome than our own indolence: while the process of overcoming it continues, all kinds of effort are disagreeable, but no longer. To man in his normal condition work in proper amount is no more disagreeable than to the beaver or to the bee. On the contrary, he finds in it his keenest pleasure; a pleasure, too, that, unlike the pleasures of passive indulgence, never loses its zest while the ability to labor lasts.

Frederick Fox. That may be true of some kinds of work. I can understand how the artist and the writer, who are gaining fresh laurels with every new achievement, or the merchant and the manufacturer, who are continually adding to their wealth, may enjoy their

labor. But how can the man who does the same thing day after day for each day's bread help finding his toil disagreeable? Do you suppose anybody ever did enjoy his daily promenade in the treadmill?

Dr. Dix. Probably not. Certainly not when, as is too often true, that "daily promenade" demands all his waking hours. But those are not the conditions of labor brought about by Nature's beneficent design. We are not now speaking of the abuse of labor, but of labor under normal conditions. Under such conditions its humblest form might be a pleasure as well as a benefit to the laborer. Why should not the artisan feel the same pride and enthusiasm that his more aristocratic kinsman, the artist, feels in making his work the very best possible? That is the feeling of every man who enjoys his labor, — the artistic impulse. The stonemason, for instance, may take the same kind of interest in making his rough ashlar true and smooth that the sculptor takes in moulding the exquisite features of his Venus or of his Apollo: the difference is only in degree. I am not so disposed as many are to ridicule the custom of certain people in comparatively humble employments to call themselves "artists." If the ambitious title will only stimulate them to do their very best to raise their employments to the dignity of arts, so much the better for their customers as well as for themselves.

Jonathan Tower. Would you include bootblacks?

Dr. Dix. Why not? There is a wide range of skill in the blacking of boots, from that which covers them with a coarse, fibrous, lustreless paste to that which changes them to polished ebony. I tell you, I have seen an artistic zeal and pride in his work in a shabby, grimy little street Arab which would have redeemed many an ambitious canvas from ignoble failure.

Surely this class of laborers are far more entitled to respect and sympathy than their opposites. I sincerely hope no one among you will ever look down upon his

business, however humble it may be in general estimation. If what you do is of real service and benefit to any fellow-creature, your position in life is immeasurably above that of the mere pleasure-seeker, though he live in a palace and wear a crown of diamonds upon his brow.

Yes, the pen and the pencil, the hammer and the needle, even the pick and the spade are more honorable in human hands than the jewelled fan or the gracefully brandished walking-stick. If justice were done, the idler, whatever his station, would doff his hat to the humblest laborer. "He has the right to live in a world that is better for his living in it," he would reflect; "he has the right to hold up his head in the proud consciousness that he has earned the coarse bread he eats and the humble clothes he wears. But what of *me*, whose only use in life is to consume what he and his fellow-toilers have produced?" And the reflection should impel him, in deference to his own self-respect, to be no longer a mere parasite on human industry.

XXXIV.

VOCATION, VACATION, AND AVOCATION.

Helen Mar. It seems to me, Dr. Dix, that there is more complaint nowadays against too much than against too little industry. Americans, in particular, are said to work too hard rather than not hard enough.

Dr. Dix. Yes, Miss Mar, there is wrong and ruin in excess as well as in deficiency. "Drive neither too high nor too low," was the sun-god's advice to Phaeton. "*In medio tutissimus ibis.*"¹ It is not enough that the engine of life be amply supplied with steam; there must be a wise engineer in the cab to turn it on and shut it off as occasion requires. Without him the engine will either not move or it will rush on to its own destruction. Activity is indispensable to health and happiness; but it must be regulated by wisdom and conscience. Alternate labor and rest is nature's law.

Jonathan Tower. How shall we know when we have done work enough?

Dr. Dix. It will not be difficult to decide. The penalties of overwork are as plain as are those of idleness. Nature is a faithful sentinel, and she gives her warnings with no uncertain sound. The loss of cheerfulness, of elasticity, the growing sense of weariness which the night's broken slumbers do not dispel, are unmistakable warnings. If these are not heeded, others will come which must be heeded; if rest is not taken as a sweet reward, it will be enforced as a bitter punishment.

It is not long now, scholars, before vacation. The old-fashioned advice was, not to lay aside your books.

¹ Thou wilt go safest in the middle course.

Teachers and school trustees are wiser now. "Lay them aside," we say, "and don't touch them again till vacation is over."

But that does not mean, Spend your days in utter idleness. Many students make that unhappy mistake. They congratulate themselves on having finished, for a time, their mental toil, and promise themselves the luxury of complete mental rest. They soon find, however, that rest is a luxury only while it is rest. As soon as the faculties have fully recovered from their weariness, if new and vigorous employments do not take the place of the labors of school, they find that rest degenerates into that ennui which I have already described as the permanent curse of the habitual idler. Nay, they find it even more insupportable than the habitual idler finds it, for inaction is in any degree tolerable only to powers which are torpid by nature or by habit.

Jonathan Tower. Then how shall we spend our vacations?

Dr. Dix. Spend them in such a manner as to give yourselves the maximum of rest, health, and happiness, in such a manner as best to fit yourselves for the faithful, vigorous performance of the next year's work. That is the best rule I can give you.

Jonathan Tower. But *how* shall we do that?

Dr. Dix. In different ways, according to circumstances, opportunities, tastes, and dispositions. There are few definite rules I can give you that will fit all cases. To those who are not actual invalids the only true rest is a change rather than a cessation of action. To the healthy mind and body there is no harder work than continued inaction. Each day nature supplies a certain amount of nervous energy, which demands an outlet in some direction. If it does not find that outlet it accumulates, and creates a growing sense of uneasiness: few maladies are harder to bear than what is known as the Lazy Man's Dyspepsia.

In order to be interesting and satisfying, the employments of vacation need to be systematized as well as those of vocation. To depend upon the caprices of each day for each day's occupations will do well enough for a while ; but soon the question, Well, what shall we do to-day ? becomes the dreaded bugbear of each successive morning. Plan for yourselves, then, some sort of systematic employment that shall take a good part of your vacation. It matters little what it is, so long as it is honest, harmless, interesting, and as unlike your regular work as you can make it. This last condition is especially important ; — your vacation employment should be literally an *a-vocation*, a call *away from* your vocation. Your daily instalment of nervous energy will then neither call into action those brain-cells or those muscles which are already exhausted, nor will it accumulate upon and congest your nerve centres, as it would do in complete and continued idleness, but it will find a safe and delightful outlet through a different set of brain-cells or a different set of muscles.

Jonathan Tower. What avocations would you recommend for us ?

Dr. Dix. Oh, there is a long list. Some of them Miss Sawyer has already mentioned. I believe she began with

READING.

To a student, reading as an avocation should be on subjects different from those he is studying at school. Should it, therefore, involve no study ? We will suppose its sole purpose is to give rest and pleasure to the tired brain. What a delightful sound there is to that well-worn phrase, "Summer Reading" ! What charming pictures it calls up of luxurious hammocks on breezy piazzas, or of shady nooks beside mountain rivulets ! "I want something that I can read without the least effort," you say to yourself as you make your se-

lection, "something that will carry me along by its own power." And so you gather up a score, more or less, of the freshest, spiciest novels, and nothing else. Essays you abominate; histories you eschew utterly; poems are a little better, but they require closer attention than you feel like giving in vacation: so your stock of mental pabulum consists entirely of literary caramels and comfits and bottles of literary champagne, with something stronger for an occasional intellectual carouse.

Now, the natural and desired effect of healthful rest is to invigorate, to render brain and body better fitted for labor; nay, to give them a renewed appetite and relish for labor. How a good night's sleep sweetens that which the night before was a dreary task! Well, your summer vacation is over, your score, more or less, of novels have been read, and you resume your studies. How much do you find your mind *rested*, applying the test I have named? how much keener is your relish for your trigonometry and your political economy than it was before vacation?

Helen Sawyer. I have done almost exactly what you have described, over and over again, and I don't remember that my school studies seemed any more distasteful on account of the novels.

Dr. Dir. Neither you nor I can ever know how they would have seemed to you, if you had not done exactly what I described, "over and over again." Most pupils perform duties at school cheerfully that they could not be induced to perform anywhere else; the stimulus of competition carries many through studies that would otherwise be intolerably distasteful. Let me ask you how your long and uninterrupted courses of novel-reading have affected your taste for other kinds of reading? how do you enjoy an elaborate magazine essay, for instance? how do you like McMaster's United States or Macaulay's England?

Helen Sawyer. To be candid, I never read such things: I have history enough in school, and magazine essays are generally altogether beyond my feeble comprehension.

Dr. Dix. Oh, no, Miss Sawyer, not beyond your comprehension, for you easily comprehend things here in school, quite as difficult and abstruse as anything in the average magazine article; what you meant to say is, that they are beyond your inclination.

Now I am not going to make an uncompromising attack upon novel-reading. If I should condemn it utterly I should only exhibit myself as a narrow-minded bigot. So long as the novel keeps its place,—the good novel, I mean,—it is one of the very best things in life. It is only when it usurps the place of other kinds of reading that it becomes a positive evil. But I think I am not extravagant when I say that, with the average mind, its inevitable tendency is to usurp the place of all other kinds of reading. Almost every librarian will tell you that the majority of his readers take scarcely anything but novels.

Helen Sawyer. Well, suppose what the librarians say is true,—do not their readers find in their novels much truth, much valuable instruction, especially in regard to human life, motives, and character? Is it not the novelist's peculiar province to— to unveil the human mind and heart?

Dr. Dix. Yes, that is, or should be, the novelist's highest aim. If fiction were generally studied by the reader as well as by the writer with this object in view, it would justly take its place high among the fine arts. There are such writers and such readers. All honor to them. It is not of these that I complain, but of those whose motives are by no means so high or noble.

Love of narrative is a natural passion, and should be gratified to a reasonable and healthful extent; but it is a passion, the keenness of which is easily blunted by

over-gratification. In the normal condition of the mind the simplest narrative of actual events, or of events which might easily be actual, is interesting enough to carry the reader or the listener along without effort on his part. But the trouble is, that neither the average writer nor the average reader of fiction is satisfied with such narratives ; so the passion is gratified with so highly seasoned material that it no longer finds pleasure in the simple tales of nature and real life. The jaded appetite becomes finally too feeble to tolerate even the fragments of essay or actual history which are thrown in here and there to give "body" to the romance, and they are impatiently skipped in the languid desire to see "how the story is coming out." I can liken the mind in this pitiable condition only to a stomach which has been fed so long on confections, spices, and worse stimulants that it can relish only the strongest of these.

Susan Perkins. Then it is better and safer to avoid novels altogether, is it not ?

Dr. Dix. No, indeed, Miss Perkins ; everybody ought to read some fiction, but only the best. Why, indeed, should any but the best ever be read ? There is enough for all, and it is as cheap and as easily obtained as the poorest. Why should any one drink of the muddy, stagnant pool when the clear, sparkling spring bubbles just beside it ?

But do not let even the best novels get the mastery over you. The moment you find that they have blunted the keenness of your relish for more solid reading it is time for your "vacation" in reading to end for a while.

XXXV.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Dr. Dix. Referring again to Miss Sawyer's list —

Helen Sawyer. Oh, Dr. Dix, I did n't intend anything so formidable as a *list*. If I had, I should have given it in alphabetical order.

Dr. Dix. Referring again to Miss Sawyer's casual remark, we find travelling mentioned among the favorite occupations of those who are privileged to do as they please. We may include it among our summer avocations ; but, mark you, it must be travelling with a definite object in view, not in the listless, fruitless way in which many travel. You might as well dawdle away your time and sigh with mental dyspepsia at home as in a palace-car. Miss Sawyer mentioned yachting : that must also have a definite object ; observe that no one enjoys this avocation or profits by it more than the man who sails the yacht. Tennis was another amusement she named, to which we will add cricket, base-ball, and all similar games ; but you must set about them with an energetic determination to excel, or they will afford you little of either pleasure or profit. Among still other avocations I will mention the collection of minerals, plants, and — and —

Trumbull Butters. Postage stamps ?

Dr. Dix. Yes, though this is better suited to a mechanic or a farm laborer than to a student. He needs something that will give him more physical exercise and out-of-door air.

Charles Fox. Birds' eggs and insects ?

Dr. Dix. I was about to mention these. I hesitated

for a moment because the thought of them suggested another subject of which I wish to speak, *Cruelty to Animals*.

In the collection of minerals and plants there is nothing that need be painful to the most tender sensibility, though I heard a lady once say she never pulled a beautiful flower to pieces without feeling like a vandal. There is a wide difference between this lady and the man who for mere sport can wantonly destroy the most magnificent animal without compunction. Think of the heart that finds one of its keenest enjoyments in the destruction of joyous, beautiful life! It has been accounted for, and it can be accounted for, only in one way: We are descended from a race of cruel savages, and the savagery has not all been civilized out of us.

Joseph Cracklin. Would you, then, forbid all hunting, trapping, and fishing?

Dr. Dix. For mere sport, yes: for food or other legitimate uses that may be made of the poor mangled victims of man's superior strength, skill, or cunning, or for defence against their depredations, no.

Joseph Cracklin. But would you thus not greatly restrict one of the best means men have of cultivating their power, skill, and manly courage and hardihood?

Dr. Dix. If they choose they can find plenty of other means equally good of cultivating their power and skill. It takes far more of either quality to study successfully the nature and habits of an innocent beast or bird, to find out where and how it lives, than to kill it. For my own part, I would rather hear a blackbird or a nightingale sing and note down its song on my musical scale, than to still its beautiful voice forever; to watch it as it preens its feathers, than to ruffle and stain them with its blood, or as it builds its nest, than to leave its tiny architecture, all unfinished, to fall into ruin.

As to "manly courage and hardihood," it takes a wonderful amount, truly, to make war upon harmless

creatures whose only wish or effort is to escape ! Think of a band of stalwart heroes armed with guns and mounted upon fleet horses, with an auxiliary force of bloodthirsty hounds, all in courageous pursuit of one little terror-stricken fox ! What paeans of victory should welcome their return with their formidable antagonist defeated and slain !

“See, the conquering heroes come !
Sound the trumpet, beat the drum !”

Joseph Cracklin. I never looked at it in that light before : it does seem rather unfair to the fox, to be sure.

Dr. Dix. Unfair ! I can admire the heroes of a lion or of a tiger hunt as enthusiastically as any one, but I confess I cannot sound my trumpet nor beat my drum very loudly in honor of the heroes of a fox hunt.

Joseph Cracklin. But they don’t boast of their courage in attacking and killing the animal ; they think only of their skill in the chase — they don’t think of the animal at all.

Dr. Dix. You mean, they don’t think of the odds between them and their victim ?

Joseph Cracklin. Yes, Dr. Dix ; that’s what I mean.

Dr. Dix. Because it is only an animal, and because the odds is so enormous that it eludes thought altogether. They would scorn to try their prowess with an inferior human antagonist, and the greater the disparity the greater they would deem their cowardice in such a trial. If we see a great, strong man abusing a defenceless child, our hearts swell with indignation and contempt ; but if it be a creature a thousand times feebler and more defenceless than the child, he may abuse it or kill it at pleasure, with little or no imputation upon his manliness or chivalry.

Henry Phillips. But, Dr. Dix, it is simply impossible to look upon human beings and animals in the same light.

Dr. Dix. I admit it. I admit that it is better that an animal should suffer pain and death rather than that a human being should suffer pain. I go still further: If the death of an animal can really benefit a human being, it is right that the animal should die. I do not admit, however, that it is right to take harmless lives, simply to gratify a cruel love of sport, or to gratify a still more cruel vanity — whether it be to adorn a lady's bonnet or an Indian's belt.

Jane Simpson. Oh, Dr. Dix, do you compare the birds on a lady's bonnet to scalps taken by a savage?

Dr. Dix. To my mind there are striking points of resemblance: both are the trophies of a cruel warfare, — though in one case the fighting is entirely on one side, the slaughter entirely on the other, — both are the ornaments of hideous death.

Jane Simpson. Ugh! I will never wear a bird on my bonnet again.

Geoffrey Jenkins. But what of killing birds for natural history collections?

Dr. Dix. As the design of that is to benefit human beings by affording them better opportunities of studying nature, I have already expressed my opinion upon it. For the same reason, you remember, I began by approving of the collection of birds' eggs and insects. But even this should not be done at the sacrifice of our humane sensibilities. Let the death of the poor martyrs to our needs and conveniences be as nearly painless as possible; and, above all, do not waste the lives so precious to them. Do not rob the nest of all its store; do not leave the tiny mother's tiny home utterly desolate.

Archibald Watson. I suppose there's no need of being careful about wasting the precious lives of insects injurious to vegetation.

Dr. Dix. That topic has already been disposed of, since their destruction is beneficial to man.

Lives so precious to them, I said. Did you ever think when you thoughtlessly crushed the life out of some harmless little creature, that you had in an instant destroyed what the combined skill of all mankind could not restore? that you had wantonly taken away one happy being's whole share in the universe of being? Think how bountiful Nature has been to you, and how niggardly to your victim. Could you not, with your thousands of herds, have left it its one ewe lamb?

If it is cowardly to treat an inferior with cruelty, why should not the cowardice be estimated in proportion to the degree of the inferiority? You say, we cannot look upon the human and the brute creation in the same light. This, in general, I have admitted. But pain is pain and death is death, whoever or whatever suffers them. The man or the boy who can inflict torture upon a dumb animal without a stirring of pity in his heart is not likely to be very tender of any suffering but his own.

The timidity of the animal creation is a constant reproach to man. The wild deer spies him in the distance, and scours away in terror: birds that alight fearlessly upon the broad backs of the buffalo dart away at man's approach, while their shaggy steeds plunge headlong over the precipice in their mad attempt to escape.

It need not have been so. It is pathetic to witness the affection with which creatures so often maltreated return kindness. The Arab's steed loves his master with almost the love of a child for its father; the dog's affection for his master is entirely unselfish; birds can be tamed so that they will feed from your hand.

Louisa Thompson. Alexander Selkirk in his solitude laments that the beasts that roam over the plain

“Are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.”

Dr. Dix. And shocking it should be to any humane

heart, but not for the purely selfish reason which made it so to him.

It is well for us that there is no race on earth for whose sole benefit we ourselves are supposed to have been created. Who knows what there may be in future ages? Science has shown that we have been evolved from this same inferior creation that we sacrifice so ruthlessly to our needs and pleasures: John Fiske to the contrary notwithstanding, who knows positively that there may not be evolved from us an angelic race as far above us as we are above the anthropoid apes—in all respects save the sense of what is due to inferiors?

Imagine these glorious beings hunting, wounding, and slaying us for the sake of angelic "sport," and for the sake of cultivating their strength, skill, and angelic courage and hardlihood! Imagine them harnessing us into their chariots; peeling the skin from our tongues and setting our teeth into agony with icy bits; strapping our heads back till our necks ache beyond endurance, to make us look spirited; blinding our eyes lest we should notice things by the way too curiously; and then, perhaps, driving us until we drop dead with exhaustion. Imagine them forgetting us in our cages and letting us die of cruel hunger and still more cruel thirst, or leaving us to languish in unvisited traps and snares; transporting us thousands of miles so closely packed together that we can neither stand, sit, nor lie without pain, and neglecting to give us food or drink because it would take too much time and trouble; destroying our fair-haired women by the thousands for the sake of their tresses to adorn their angelic bonnets withal; collecting us for natural history museums and biological lectures. In short, imagine them inflicting upon us any of the myriad torments we so thoughtlessly and heartlessly inflict upon the unfortunate inferiors that Fate has thrown upon our mercy. Then, in fine, sup-

pose we should hear them justify their cruelty with the plea: "They are only *men*, and it is impossible to look upon *men* and *angels* in the same light!"

Florence Hill. But such things would not be possible with such a race of beings; they would be as superior to men in kindness to their inferiors as they were in all other respects.

Dr. Dix. You are right, Miss Hill. I supposed the exception only for the sake of helping us to see ourselves as others — angels, for instance — might see us. Such a race as I have imagined may never exist on earth, but I have no doubt that the Coming Man will be greatly superior to the present representatives of the race in kindness of heart as well as in all other respects; and I believe that he will look back upon the atrocities of this age, those inflicted upon animals among the rest, as we look back upon the gladiatorial shows of ancient Rome or the torture of prisoners in ancient Carthage.

Geoffrey Jenkins. Dr. Dix, *all* people are not cruel to animals. There are some who seem to think more of them than they do of human beings. I have seen ladies take better care of a snarling little puppy than they would ever think of taking of a baby.

Joseph Cracklin. And I have seen girls pet a kitten while they were making mouths at their brothers.

Helen Sawyer [*promptly*]. That is because kittens always *behave* so much better than brothers do! [*Laughter.*]

Joseph Cracklin. While *sisters* are always such patterns of gentleness, patience, and sweet —

Dr. Dix. The time to close our discussion has come.

XXXVI.

CHARITY.

Dr. Dix. In our last Talk we spoke of our duties to the lower animals: let us now return to our duties to our own race. We may dispose of Jenkins's remark, that some people think more of animals than of human beings, with the reflection that such sentiments can awaken only pity or disgust in any well-regulated mind. What should be our feelings and conduct towards our fellow-men, particularly those who need our sympathy and help, will be our subject this morning.

I said awhile ago that no life is more certain to fail in its object than that one which is devoted to selfish pleasure-seeking. The rule extends to all self-seeking of whatever kind. The purely selfish man may gain all he strives for: wealth, power, learning, fame, idle amusement,—all save the one thing that he most ardently desires, and to which all the rest are sought as merely stepping-stones—happiness.

Now how shall happiness be obtained? It has been defined as that condition in which all the functions of mind and body are in perfectly harmonious action,—perfect harmony with their environment. It is not probable that such a condition has ever yet been attained in this world, but the nearest approach to it has been where to a healthy body and mind has been joined a heart so filled with love for fellow-men that it has had little or no thought for self. For, scholars, Happiness comes to us most readily when she is not sought for her own sake. She is beautiful and sweet, but she is an arrant coquette. "Pursue her," says an old proverb, "and she will flee; avoid her, and she will pursue."

But the selfish man will not believe this. Day by day, and year by year, he goes on straining all his energies for that which is designed to benefit only himself ; and with each successive triumph comes disappointment, astonishment, that the happiness he so fondly expected does not follow. He concludes, at length, that whatever satisfaction there is in life comes in the process of acquiring and not in the acquisition itself, and so — he goes on, still striving.

But he makes a fatal mistake. There is a satisfaction far greater than that of the mightiest and most successful struggle for self, — a satisfaction, too, which does not end with success, but goes on ever increasing.

It would be well for him if the three spirits that visited Scrooge on that famous Christmas night would visit him also. Then, when he had seen how much wretchedness there is in this sad world that he might relieve, how many bitter tears that he might dry, how many heavy hearts that he might cheer, perhaps he could taste the happiness which all his years of labor and of triumph cannot bestow. Instead of feeling a dead weight of discontent, of unsatisfied longing for he knows not what, forever pressing down upon his heart, he might cry, like the transformed Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath, —

“I don’t know what to do ! I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy, I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody ! A happy New Year to all the world ! Hallo, here ! Whoop ! Hallo !”

George Williams. Scrooge was a rich man : he had it in his power to do all those benevolent deeds. But if happiness depends on that sort of thing, there was n’t much chance for the poor people he helped ; and he could n’t have succeeded in making them really happy, after all, however comfortable he may have made them.

Dr. Dix. Ah, Williams, giving money is not the

only way to benefit our fellow-men. A kind word, a cheery smile, has many times lightened a sorrow-laden heart as money could not have lightened it; and none of us are so poor that we cannot, now and then, give a crust of bread, a cup of cold water, or a helping hand to those in need. The giving of money, indeed, often does more harm than good. The careless rich, who satisfy their pride and their consciences by the indiscriminate scattering of their bounty, are responsible for most of the culpable pauperism in the world. To give to a lazy, shiftless man is only to defeat the beneficent purpose of Nature and Fortune, which is to force him by the stern discipline of necessity to use the energies they have given him. To feed his laziness and shiftlessness is little better than to give strong drink to the drunkard or laudanum to the opium slave. The only help which those who are wise and really sincere in their benevolence will vouchsafe such a man is encouragement and assistance to help himself.

This is the best work of the great charitable organizations which do so much to distinguish our age from the cruel past.

Frederick Fox. I have heard bitter complaints against charitable organizations: that a great deal of the money given them is spent in fat salaries to officials and in useless decoration and printing, but especially that there is so much red tape about their operations that those who are actually most in need of their aid do not know how to set to work to get it, and, even if they did know, would have neither the time nor the energy to go through with the necessary preliminaries.

Dr. Dix. While there is probably some foundation for such complaints, you must bear in mind that there is nothing many people enjoy so much as fault-finding, and generally those who know the least of what they are talking about are the most severe in their criticism. Most frequently, I suspect, their criticisms are pro-

nounced merely as the most effective way of saving their own money.

I have taken some pains to inquire into the methods of several of the best known charitable associations, and I have yet to find an official overpaid. On the contrary, most of them fill their offices at an actual personal sacrifice. I have found no useless decoration, and as to printing, every business man knows how essential that is to the efficiency of any enterprise, whether charitable or otherwise. The "red tape" you speak of is not an unmitigated evil. I do not think there is generally any more than is necessary to prevent imposture. It is well, too, that help should not be obtained too easily, so long as it comes in time to those in actual need.

Florence Hill. But how many thousands there are in the sorest need, to whom it never comes!

Dr. Dix. Alas, yes. If those who are so liberal with their complaints and criticisms would be but half as liberal with their help, they would find far less to complain of and criticise. Scolding is not the best way to correct abuses, scholars.

Let me now make a practical suggestion to you: Whether you ever become active working members of such associations or not, at least inform yourselves thoroughly in regard to their methods and the steps necessary to secure their aid, so that when a case of need comes to your knowledge you may know exactly what to do, and how to do it in the best and quickest way. And, let me add by the way, do not wait for such cases to come to your knowledge accidentally. *Seek them out.* None of you will be too busy in your own behalf or in that of those dependent upon you to do an occasional act of kindness of this sort. Do it, not for the sure reward of happiness it will bring *you*, especially on your last day, but for the love you bear your suffering brother or sister.

XXXVII.

WITH HAND AND HEART.

Dr. Dix. Do your kindnesses, I said last Wednesday, with your heart as well as with your hand. This morning I say, Do them with your hand as well as with your heart. The seed that germinates, but never sends its shoots into the sunlight, is no better than a stone; the plant that puts forth leaves, but neither flower nor fruit, is little better.

Jane Simpson. But did n't you say, a kind word, a cheery smile, often do more good than more substantial gifts?

Dr. Dix. And so they do. They are the *flowers* of kindness, and flowers are sometimes more needed than fruit. Did you never see a beautiful, fresh bouquet brighten the eyes of a weary invalid as the choicest viands would not have brightened them? I have, and I have seen a ragged child in the city laugh with delight over a poor little nosegay, who would have pocketed your dime with scarcely a "thank ye, sir."

Lucy Snow. And what are the *leaves* of kindness?

Dr. Dix. Oh, they are merely Talks about kindness. All that we say here, if it results in neither a kind word and a cheery smile to those more in need of them than of the helping hand, nor in both the kind word and the helping hand to those in need of both, is "nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves."

Helen Mar. And the germinating seed that never reaches the sunlight is, I suppose, the mere thought of kindness in the heart that never finds expression either in words or deeds?

Dr. Dix. Precisely. But let us not run our figure into the ground,—I refer to the figure, not the seed. [Laughter.]

Do your kindnesses with your hand as well as with your heart: do not be satisfied with unspoken impulses, nor yet with eloquent panegyrics on the beauty and the nobility of benevolence.

Florence Hill. If the hand does not obey the impulse of the heart, is there not good reason for suspecting the genuineness of the impulse?

Dr. Dix. There is, indeed. A great deal of such impulse that is taken for real benevolence, especially by the subject himself, is but the flimsiest kind of sentimentalism. Oh, what a vast amount of it there is! what floods of tears are shed over the romantic sorrows of fair creatures that never breathed, by readers who can hear of real living distress without a tinge of pity! what heart-throbs and suppressed sighs over the picturesque woes of the stage heroine in her velvet, satin, and jewels,—heart-throbs and sighs which even the knowledge that the persecuted fair one gets her thousand dollars a night cannot mitigate!

Helen Mar. Such grief seems absurd enough when we think of it coolly, and yet I can't think it is entirely heartless. Only those whose imaginations are vivid enough to make the scenes read and witnessed a reality for the time being, can feel it. To them the suffering is real suffering, so the pity they feel and the tears they shed — their sighs and their heart-throbs — are genuine after all.

Dr. Dix. Don't lay too much stress on the reality, Miss Mar. Reality would lead genuine feeling to some sort of action, whereas the most remote notion of being anything more than a passive spectator, whatever outrages are perpetrated, never enters the most lively imagination of the theatre-goer or the novel-reader.

Geoffrey Jenkins. I never heard of but one man to

whom the persecuted stage heroine was a *bona fide* reality.

Dr. Dix. Well, you may tell us about him, if it will not take too long.

Geoffrey Jenkins. He was a big-hearted, chivalrous Irishman who, when he could restrain his outraged feelings no longer, stood up in his seat in the gallery, shook a most formidable fist, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Av ye don't lave her alone, ye currly-headed, murtherin' thafe o' the wurruld, I'll—" But before he could pronounce the "murtherin' thafe's" doom he was summarily repressed.

Dr. Dix. There was heart and hand, surely.

Archibald Watson. Or rather, heart and *fist*.

Dr. Dix. Yes, and, I remember, I made a distinction. No one could doubt the genuineness of *his* impulse. Whether Jenkins's story is true or not, it illustrates more forcibly than anything I could say the shallowness of sentimental emotions. The natural outbreak of a heart whose warmth and strength, unimpaired by artificial excitement, overmastered its owner's judgment and reason, was simply ridiculous to his fellow spectators, who neither felt nor wished to feel more than the hollow semblance of his emotion.

There is a certain amount of sentimentalism in nearly all of us. Something of the theatrical or, at least, of the dramatic is needed to arouse our hearts to lively emotion. We read in our morning paper of a great railway disaster. If the reporter is a plain statistician, without imagination or power of word-picturing, how many of us feel more than a momentary thrill of horror? how many feel even that strongly? But let the story of one of the sufferers be skilfully told, and we lavish upon him the sympathy that we withhold from the many. Nay, let the story of suffering that we know was never endured be told with sufficient dramatic power, and it will arouse emotions, perhaps tears, that

not even Waterloo or Gettysburg has ever brought to us.

Louisa Thompson. But the vivid emotion is only momentary, while the other is lasting.

Dr. Dix. What there is of it.

Louisa Thompson. Even if there is not much of it, do you think it necessarily implies heartlessness? We cannot feel until we realize. The reality is too much for us; we cannot feel it because we cannot comprehend it.

Dr. Dix. Yes, all that is true. But full realization does not always bring the emotions that are due, that would arise in a heart in its normal condition. I have heard the most eloquent pity poured out for a beggar-girl in a painting from people who I know would never notice the original.

What I wish to impress upon you is that mere emotion, it matters not how vivid, does not necessarily imply real goodness of heart, nor on the other hand does the absence of vivid emotion imply a want of goodness of heart. We see this principle illustrated every day. It is not real distress that affects people of shallow emotional natures, but the pathetic manifestation of distress, particularly if that manifestation is graceful and pleasing, a beautiful sorrow in the eye or a mournful music in the voice. Literary, dramatic, or musical pathos is the only pathos that will move them, whether in fiction, on the stage, or in real life. It follows that there must be nothing in the distress too disagreeable to witness, — nothing decidedly repulsive: the filth and squalor so often inseparable from it are utterly out of the question.

In short, the chief concern is not so much for the sufferer as for self.

“I cannot visit the homes of the extremely poor,” says one of these tender creatures; “my sympathies are too strong, — and as to hospitals, how any one with

a heart can bear to enter them, I cannot understand." And so the extremely poor might suffer on, the hospital patient might languish uncheered and unmured, without disturbing his equanimity, so long as they remained out of his sight and hearing. I have heard a man boast, as if he thought it was really creditable to his good heart, that he always got away from a crowd assembled around an object in the street as quickly as possible, for fear it might be somebody killed or badly hurt.

Joseph Cracklin. Would he show a better heart if he should elbow his way through the crowd and stand like them staring at the man that was killed or hurt, just out of curiosity?

Dr. Dix. That there are lower depths of cruelty and selfishness than his own does not imply that he is not cruel and selfish. There are still lower depths than that to which probably any one in that crowd has sunk. People have lived who would not only gaze with pleasure upon suffering and death, but would, if permitted, help them along, as boys throw fuel upon a bonfire. The utmost that the man I spoke of can claim is neutrality to the suffering of others and tender consideration of his own sensitive feelings. He can claim no positive goodheartedness until, at the sacrifice of feeling, he has offered his help, or has learned that no help is needed.

It is good to feel the heart swell with tender sympathy for the pain of others, it is good to express tender sympathy in well-chosen and effective words, but it is better—oh, immensely better—to *do* that which will help to relieve that pain.

Do your kindnesses, then, with hand as well as with heart. Son, do not merely pity your anxious father, so sorely beset in the battle of life: stand by his side when he needs you most, and fight the battle with him. Daughter, when your sympathetic heart is touched by your overburdened mother's pale face and drooping figure, do not be satisfied with embracing her and pouring

forth a wordy flood of pity and affectionate remonstrance, and then leaving your "cold-hearted," undemonstrative sister the humdrum task of actually lightening your poor mother's burden. Take hold bravely and help her with your own fair hands. Never mind if the strain on your long cherished selfishness and love of ease is a little severe at first, persevere; it will do *you* good as well as her — though heaven forbid that this should be your prevailing motive — and you will find the strain grow less and less, until what was at first an irksome task will become one of your purest pleasures.

XXXVIII.

POLITENESS.

Dr. Dix. We cannot finish our Talks on Benevolence without some mention of Politeness, which may be defined as Benevolence in Little Things. The polite man desires that everybody around him should be at ease, and by being at ease himself, he does what he can to bring about that result. He is polished, he has no rough surfaces to rasp those with whom he comes in contact, no sharp corners nor edges to push into or cut into them.

Now, as a rule, we find the greatest development of politeness, or at least *polish*, where people are most thickly congregated together: hence our words *urbane*, from the Latin *urbanus*, belonging to the city; and *civil*, from *civilis*, belonging to the citizen in distinction from the savage, although it by no means follows that every resident of a city or a state is either urbane or civil, polite or polished. Some persons are so coarse-grained and obstinate in their natures that no amount of attrition will wear them smooth.

There is an illustration of the process that polishes the manners of men which, though somewhat hackneyed, is so good that I will give it:—

Stones which have not been subjected to the attrition of one another or of water retain the rough surfaces and sharp corners and edges which they had when they were first broken from the earth's crust. But go down to the seashore or to the river-bed, and you will find that the continual washing of the waves and the rolling of the stones together have polished their rough

surfaces and worn off their sharp corners and jagged edges.

So men who live much by themselves are apt to be rude and unpolished, to have, so to speak, sharp corners and jagged edges. More frequent contact with their fellow-men would render these roughnesses intolerable to themselves as well as to their neighbors, and so they would be of necessity worn off. The country farmer in the midst of his wide acres has plenty of room to stick out his elbows as far as he pleases, and as there are so few to be offended by his unpolished speech and his indifference to personal appearance, he may indulge in them with comparatively little inconvenience. But imagine a crowded city in which such were the prevailing speech, manners and dress ! what a chaos of rasping and elbowing, pulling and pushing, mutual anger and disgust, it would be ! With all the many and great disadvantages of city compared with country life, it has, at least, one great advantage : it enforces mutual forbearance and consideration.

Susan Perkins. Do you mean to imply that city people are really more benevolent than country people ?

Dr. Dix. By no manner of means, Miss Perkins. I have been speaking of external politeness, or polish, to show how it is produced and, merely superficial as it is, how essential it is to comfort and happiness in our intercourse with one another.

No, real benevolence is peculiar to neither city nor country. The roughest exterior may cover the kindest and noblest heart, while the most polished exterior may hide the basest and most selfish. It is none the less true, however, that the noble heart would be all the nobler if it were not satisfied with benevolence on a large scale, but condescended to little kindnesses also. Life is, after all, more concerned with little than with great things. There are men who would not hesitate to lay down their lives for their families, who never think

of the little courtesies which make so much of the sunshine of life.

There are children who in their hearts love and venerate their parents, who nevertheless shamefully neglect the visible and audible manifestation of their love and veneration. Both parents and children should know that love is a plant that needs to put forth leaves, flowers, and fruit, lest, hardy as it is, it may languish and die.

There are men, too, — you are quite as likely to find them on the farm or in the backwoods as in the most crowded city, — “Nature’s noblemen,” who are always polite, not according to any prescribed code of etiquette, but from the unerring instinct of native refinement and a kind and noble heart. Theirs is the only politeness which has the true ring. I make a distinction between true politeness and mere external polish: the one is solid gold, only brightened by the wear of daily life like the gold eagle passed from hand to hand; the other is but gilding, which soon wears off and shows the base, corroded metal beneath.

But the purest gold is sometimes hidden under a surface of base metal; it is good, indeed, to know that the gold is there, and that it will come out when emergency demands it, but how much better that it should always gladden the eye! Let there be no base metal either within or without.

Granting, then, that the heart is good and true, how shall the manners be polished? I have spoken of men whose unerring instinct makes them always polite. But goodness of heart alone is not enough to give them this unerring instinct: there must be also refinement and good taste.

In manners as well as in morals it is not safe for men to judge the standards of others by their own. What is good enough for them is not necessarily good enough for others. A half-blind man should not rely upon his

own perception in preparing things for others to see. Untidy and ill-fitting garments may not offend their wearers, but their wearers should not suppose, therefore, that others will view them with like indifference. A generous, whole-souled fellow may drum with grimy fingers upon his plate, or use his knife instead of his fork, with the most serene complacency, totally oblivious of the fact that he is inflicting a sort of mild torture upon his neighbors, who never did him any harm. This is neither polite nor benevolent; it is not doing as he would be done by. He should know that all skins are not as thick as his own.

Trumbull Butters. But how can he be blamed if he does n't know any better?

Dr. Dix. He has no right not to know any better; he has no right to be guided by his own standard of taste and comfort where the taste and comfort of others are concerned. If he is to mingle with other people it is his duty to learn their requirements in manners as well as in morals. In fact, as I have already plainly said, good manners are properly included in good morals. No man can justly be a law unto himself in respect to either: he must abide by the accepted laws, and it is a recognized principle of all law that an offender cannot be exculpated on the plea of ignorance.

Lucy Snow. I confess I never thought of the rules of etiquette in that light before.

Dr. Dix. Is it not the right light? The laws of good manners are as truly laws as are those of the civil government; the rewards of obedience and the penalties of disobedience are as assured.

Now, the man who drums with grimy fingers on his plate, and substitutes his knife for his fork, is an extreme case of ignorance and vulgarity. He and others like him are not the only persons who are satisfied with too low a standard of good breeding. The girl who shouts from the school-room window to a companion

across the street, who tears her French exercise into tiny bits and showers them down upon the floor in serene obliviousness of the uneasiness they cause her more tidy neighbors, who talks commonplace slang at home and abroad, apparently indifferent to, but secretly proud of, the attention she is attracting from total strangers — how should she know that their glances betoken either disgust or an admiration that she would rather not awaken? — who is affable and sweet to those who care little for her and for whom she cares as little, but is cross and snappish to those who are all the world to her and to whom she is all the world, — this girl, most certainly, has too low a standard. She may have a heart of gold, but it is so deeply buried under the outside coating of dross that it is difficult to believe in its existence, until some crucial test comes to burn away the dross and reveal the gold pure and shining.

And the boy who swaggers and swearing, with the absurd notion that he is exciting general admiration for his spirit and dash, instead of contempt and dislike from all except those on or below his own low plane; who complacently sports his flashy jewelry (the African savage shows precisely the same complacency in his monstrous adornments); who makes himself obnoxious by his aggressive conduct in the public thoroughfares and conveyances; who treats with flippant disrespect those whose superior age, wisdom, and worth entitle them to his profound reverence; who is unchivalrous to the other sex, especially his own mother and sisters, — this boy most assuredly has too low a standard, both of benevolence and of good breeding.

Jonathan Tower. Is n't something more than benevolence, native refinement, and good taste needed to make people always polite?

Dr. Dix. I said that one who has these qualifications will always be polite, though he may not conform to any prescribed code of etiquette.

Joseph Cracklin. That does n't matter much, does it ?

Dr. Dix. The education that one acquires in cultivated society bears the same relation to manners that the education of school and college bears to intelligence and learning. One can be self-taught in both directions ; but it is no more than reasonable to suppose that the combined judgment and good taste of many learned and cultivated people are superior to those of one person, however intelligent and refined by nature.

It is the habit of some persons to speak slightly of the rules of etiquette ; but they are generally those who know little of them. More intimate knowledge would convince them that, for the most part, these rules are founded in common sense and pure benevolence,— that they are the very best that can be devised to secure the highest degree of ease, comfort, and refined pleasure in social intercourse.

XXXIX.

PROFANITY AND OBSCENITY.

Dr. Dix. *Pro*, before; *fanum*, a temple. So the old Romans compounded the word from which comes our word *profane*.

We picture to ourselves a low-browed, villainous-looking lout standing before the portico of a noble edifice, and with insulting gestures pouring upon it a torrent of vulgar abuse. What to him is the spotless purity of that Pentelican marble, the ineffable grace of those fluted columns with their exquisitely chiselled capitals? What to him is that realization of the poet's loftiest dream, the marble imagery of the pediment; or the majestic symmetry of the whole structure, which seems instinct with the spirit of the goddess whose superb figure stands within?

He sees them all,—the columns, the smooth, pure walls, the sculptured gods and nymphs; but they inspire no noble awe or tender admiration in his base-born soul. He stands there like a dragon befoiling them with his fetid breath.

It matters not that the temple he profanes is the sanctuary of a pagan religion, that the divinity he insults exists only in the imagination of a deluded people. It is enough that the temple is a sanctuary, that the divinity is to many far nobler souls than his own a cherished reality, that to many other noble souls who may not believe in the religion they represent, they are, at least, the expression of a lofty ideal of beauty, power, and majesty.

Louisa Thompson. That was the way in which the

most intelligent people of Greece and Rome looked upon their divinities, was it not ?

Dr. Dix. So the best classical authorities assure us. Now, as you have been told repeatedly, this is not the place either to attack or to defend any of the forms and teachings of our modern religions ; but it is both my privilege and my duty to impress upon you the solemn obligation that rests upon you as moral beings, bound to do unto others as you would that they should do unto you, to treat with respect and veneration all that is sacred from the good there is in it or the good it may cause, whether it is ancient or modern, whether it is in itself a demonstrated reality or only the belief of good and honest hearts.

Profanity is the violation of this most solemn obligation, if it is not a very much greater crime. Why does a man insult the name which so many millions of good men and good women regard as the most sacred of all names ? If he believes it is but a name, he can have no purpose but to insult those who believe it is infinitely more ; otherwise his words have neither point nor significance : if he believes as they do, what words can measure his awful wickedness ?

Archibald Watson. Probably no one who swears realizes what he is doing.

Dr. Dix. I am convinced of that. Surely no one who did realize it, whatever his religious belief or unbelief, would be guilty of an offence, which of all offences offers the smallest return. The profane swearer has been aptly described as the only gudgeon among men that is caught with an absolutely naked hook. His profanity brings him neither gold, power, nor glory. What does it bring him, boys ? what does any man swear for ?

Geoffrey Jenkins. He thinks it sounds bold and reckless ; it gives him an air of jaunty hardihood, which he and others like him particularly admire.

Dr. Dix. Yes ; it *sounds* bold, and reckless, and hardy ; but, as we have said in a very different connection, “words are cheap.” And of all words, none are cheaper in a certain way (though they are dear enough in others) than the generality of profane oaths, — none more absolutely meaningless. Every one knows that the dire curses which fall so recklessly from the habitual swearer’s lips are but the idlest of idle breath. He curses with equal vigor what he likes and what he hates, his sonorous profanity is applied with utter impartiality to what strikes his vulgar mind as good or bad, beautiful or ugly, honorable or mean. As to its indicating real boldness or hardihood, any one that would be terrified by such senseless babble, however sonorous and blood-curdling (if it really *meant* anything), must be timid indeed !

“Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?”

asks Brutus of his choleric friend. With a very slight change, the question might be asked by any of us,

Shall I be frightened when a madman *swears* ?

They who understand human nature know very well that the loud-mouthed blusterer, whose hot oaths pour forth from his mouth like a stream of molten lava from the crater of a volcano, is very apt to be perfectly harmless as a fighting man. It is the *quiet* man, whose conversation is Yea, yea ; nay, nay, that is to be guarded against when his righteous wrath becomes white-hot within him.

Joseph Cracklin. I should think that anything that serves as an escape valve for “white-hot wrath” must be a good thing, even if it is profanity.

Dr. Dix. Not for righteous wrath, which is the kind I mentioned. No escape valve is wanted for that, — there is altogether too little of it in the world to cope with the evils that are rampant.

Joseph Cracklin. But what if the wrath is not righteous?

Dr. Dix. Ah, then I grant you that even the profanity of a blustering bully may be the less of two evils, — that is, supposing his profanity serves as a substitute for anything else, which, by the way, is not likely; he is probably too cowardly to risk anything but terrible words.

Joseph Cracklin. But there are others besides cowards and bullies who swear.

Dr. Dix. Undoubtedly; and their swearing does not prevent other forms of wickedness. A cool, courageous villain will accomplish his villainy — and swear too. The point is, that it is not his swearing that shows his courage or hardihood. He knows this as well as others, and he knows, too, that it is not his swearing that will test the courage or hardihood of others; that if any one fears him it is on account of his *lightning*, not his *thunder*.

We will admit that so far as sound goes, profanity is bold, reckless, and hardy; but towards whom or what is the noisy boldness, recklessness, and hardihood shown? If the speaker believes that the sacred names he blasphemes stand for nothing, wherein does his boldness consist, even in sound? I have heard it said that when a negro child in the South wishes to be particularly insulting to his playmates he abuses their *mothers*. Is it in a similar way that the profane swearer desires to show his manly courage by insulting what multitudes of good people hold most sacred? If he believes as they do, is he willing to accept the penalty he believes he merits? or does he expect to escape by timely repentance, and is that his notion of *courage* and *honor*? Would he utter his blasphemies if he believed that merited punishment would follow instantly upon the offence?

Jonathan Tower. But a man does n't always swear

because he is angry, — he does it sometimes simply to be emphatic and forcible, or witty.

Dr. Dix. Yes, I have already credited him with perfect impartiality in the bestowal of his epithets. Things are profanely good and profanely bad, profanely great and profanely small, profanely sad and profanely funny, and so on throughout the list. I will make the same remark about him that I made about the drunkard: his force, emphasis, or wit is of a very cheap order. The really eloquent and witty man is dependent upon neither alcohol nor profanity for his eloquence and wit; he shows the genuineness and power of his gifts by doing without such aids: nothing shows essential poverty of mind and character like a reliance upon either.

But besides being insulting to good men and to the Being whom so many good men believe in and worship, the profane man is unutterably vulgar. I return to my picture of the clown before the beautiful, noble temple, — he is like a dragon befouling it with his fetid breath. In fact, profanity is very often and very properly mentioned with, as it is usually accompanied by, another still grosser form of vulgarity, of which I shall now speak.

Virgil has typified *obscenity* in his Harpies, those “obscene birds” than which “no more revolting horror has come forth from the Stygian waves.” While *Æneas* and his companions are feasting in the Strophades, the disgusting creatures swoop down upon their banquet from the adjacent mountains, with hoarse, discordant croakings, flapping their great wings and emitting an offensive odor, and what they do not devour of the feast they defile with their horrible filth.

The Harpies are not yet extinct. Their foul contact still pollutes many a choice banquet; their trail is over many a fair fruit and beautiful flower.

Obscenity is filth, — uncompromising, unmitigated

filth. And, like all other forms of corruption, it is found in the greatest abundance at the lowest levels. It is not usually the mountain top or the wind-swept plain that calls loudly for the cleansing besom, but the deep gutter and the rotting swamp. So it is among the lowest classes of men that both obscenity and profanity run their wildest riot. Savage races are almost invariably indescribably nasty in thought and word as well as in person and habits of life, while among civilized nations it is most often in the slums that the household words include the foulest in the language.

But corruption does not confine itself to the lowest levels. Its miasma rises and spreads, with greater or less attenuation, to all heights and distances. It enters the open windows and doors of palace and cottage. It is breathed alike by the strongest and by the most delicate lungs. So the foul word may fall upon the most jealously guarded ears.

But it is not always in the gutter or in the swamp that the poison has its origin: the palace and the cottage may breed their own foul germs. So moral filth may gather in the millionaire's home, the impure thought may spring in the most delicately nurtured mind, and the foul word may soil the daintiest lips.

What an incongruous combination, scholars! a refinement that cannot brook a speck of physical dirt, but can tolerate, even enjoy perhaps, moral nastiness! a fastidious taste that is disgusted by the sight of a soiled glove, but cherishes the foul thought, and listens to and utters the foul word without wincing!

How can any one pretend to refinement or good taste who relishes dirt of any kind, on the outside of the platter or within? And if there must be dirt in either place, is it not better that it should be on the outside? Ah, yes; far better soiled hands, the sooty face, and the dusty blouse without than the impure mind within.

Would you keep clean from this kind of filth? Keep

the windows and doors of your mind closed against it; keep the hearthstones within clean-swept, lest it gather from within. Tolerate no evil companion, book, or picture.

It is not that which is external, but that which is internal, that defileth the man. The microbes of disease and death are well-nigh omnipresent; they infest the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the food we eat. But persons whose physical systems are in a state of vigorous health are rarely subject to their deadly invasion; it is those whose vitality is already impaired that fall easy victims. So, if our hearts and minds are in vigorous health, and especially if our thoughts are fully occupied with good honest work and pleasure of one kind and another, the microbes of disease and death that infest the moral atmosphere will not find easy lodgment therein.

“Blessed are the pure in heart.”

XL.

WHAT HAS ALGEBRA TO DO WITH VIRTUE?

Dr. Dix. We will now discuss a subject which we promised to consider a long time ago.

You are accustomed to hear education coupled with morality, ignorance with immorality. The common-school system of America is looked upon as a greater preventive of crime than all her court-houses and prisons. Yet among the list of regular studies prescribed for schools there is rarely one which has a direct bearing upon personal morality. In introducing this series of Talks as a regularly appointed exercise, we have made an abrupt departure from long established custom. True, it is required and expected that instructors shall always exert a good moral influence over their pupils, that they shall use their best endeavors to make of them good citizens and true, noble men and women, but there is usually no special time set apart for this most important of all objects. On the contrary, the hours of school are so completely appropriated to purely intellectual work, that, unless some arrangement is made like that which we have adopted, whatever time is taken for moral instruction must in a certain sense be stolen or, to put it more gently, must be taken "under a suspension of the rules."

Nevertheless, the desired result is in a great measure accomplished,—not so completely as could be wished, of course, or as we hope it will be accomplished under improved conditions, but yet so completely that, as I said in the outset, you are accustomed to hear education coupled with morality, and ignorance with immorality.

This being the case, it follows that intellectual work has a direct salutary effect upon the moral nature. It is difficult, at first thought, to understand what relation there can be between the two. How, for example, can the pure mathematics, which of all the subjects engaging the thoughts of men seems to have the least relation with either virtue or vice, make them more honest, kind, temperate, or patriotic?

George Williams. I am glad you are going to talk about this subject, Dr. Dix. I have often wondered, when I have heard so much about school making people good, what algebra had to do with virtue.

Dr. Dix. I cannot promise to answer the question to your satisfaction. There are a great many facts in nature which we can only accept as facts: our attempts to explain them go but a very little way. *Why* one plant bears grapes and another thistles, no man can explain; he can only know that such is the fact. Now, we know that intellectual culture is a tree that generally bears good fruit; the experience of all ages and all countries has established this beyond question; and though we may not be able to explain it in full, we can present some considerations which may throw a little light upon it. We have already incidentally mentioned two of these considerations, which I will ask you to review.

Frederick Fox. One effect of intellectual training is to inspire a love of truth and a contempt for error. It is only the untrained mind that is satisfied with half-truths, slovenly conclusions, unproved propositions.

Dr. Dix. Yes; and it seems natural that the mind that is in the habit of insisting upon the strict truth, or the nearest possible approximation to it, in matters of science, history, or mathematics should, at least, be strongly predisposed in favor of the strict truth in all other matters. Go on.

Isabelle Anthony. In one of the Talks on truthful-

ness you remarked that the person who is thoroughly absorbed in his algebra or in his Greek cannot at the same time be engaged in blackening his neighbor's character.

Dr. Dix. Or in any other kind of mischief. Every one will admit that, if there were no other good result of intellectual occupation, this would be enough to establish its moral usefulness.

George Williams. May not the same thing be said of any kind of useful occupation, whether intellectual or physical?

Dr. Dix. Yes, with modifications. It is generally true that those who are usefully occupied in any way are not engaged in mischief at the same time,—not actively engaged, at any rate, although it does not necessarily follow that the mind and the hands are always occupied with the same thing. While the hands are busy with good, honest work the heart may be as busy in nourishing hatred, revenge, envy, pride, or discontent; and the brain may be equally busy in devising schemes for gratifying the bad passions of the heart.

George Williams. Is not that being "actively engaged in mischief"?

Dr. Dix. Not in the commonly accepted sense of the phrase. That demands the actual execution of the evil designs of the mind and heart, which, so long as the hands are usefully occupied, is not usually easy.

Florence Hill. The useful employment of the hands may not prevent the tongue from doing mischief at the same time.

Dr. Dix. Very true, Miss Hill. Most employers will tell you, however, that an active tongue is not often found associated with very busy hands. Neither, indeed, for that matter, are a mind and heart which are not fixed on the work of the hands. Even in the most mechanical employments the hands will sometimes lapse into idleness, that the thoughts may have freer play.

Helen Mar. Dr. Dix, you never attended a ladies' sewing circle, if you think that the tongue and hands cannot be busy at the same time. [Laughter.]

Dr. Dix [smiling]. No, Miss Mar. I confess I have never had that pleasure. I am speaking from my own limited experience. With a more extended experience, I should undoubtedly modify some of my opinions. But let us go on :—

It is evident that the only time we are absolutely secure from all temptation to evil is when the thoughts are completely absorbed in some good and useful, or at least harmless occupation. It is also evident that the mere employment of the hands is not enough : the homely old lines, —

“For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,”

should be understood to include idle brains and hearts as well.

Now, it would be absurd to claim that algebra, Greek, geography, and the other branches that occupy so much of our attention here are the only things that can completely absorb men's thoughts. It might even be said of certain individuals among us, whom I will not name, that these studies are about the only things that *cannot* completely absorb their thoughts. [Laughter.] But we will suppose that they fulfil their mission, that they are among the good, useful, at least harmless, things which absorb men's attention, and thus keep them from possible mischief. We have already a pretty good answer to the question, “What has algebra to do with virtue ?”

Louisa Thompson. Why should unoccupied minds, or rather those which are free to act according to the impulse of each moment,— for I suppose it is true that no waking mind can be really unoccupied,— why should they be so prone to evil ? why should n't they be equally prone to good ?

Dr. Dix. Why, indeed? It is a question easy to ask, but hard to answer. It seems to be the general policy of Nature that good should be the prize of effort and evil the penalty of idleness. A garden left to itself bears a crop of ugly, useless, or noxious weeds, with only now and then a pleasing flower or a wholesome fruit. A mind left to its own undirected thoughts is very much like the neglected garden. What a crop of rambling, inane fancies, of unreasoning discontent, of foolish sighing for the impossible, or perhaps of hatred, envy, and impurity, with all their poisonous, bitter fruits, it will bear!

Frederick Fox. Yet some of the brightest thoughts in literature and even some of the important discoveries in science are said to have been struck out in an idle hour.

Dr. Dix. Not often, however, by habitually idle minds. The unoccupied hours of habitually busy minds are not what we are speaking of. The busiest worker must have his hours of rest. Still, there may be exceptions to the rule I have been laying down. As I have said, the neglected garden may bear, now and then, a pleasing flower or a wholesome fruit.

But the moral function of intellectual work is not alone to prevent evil or useless thoughts by preoccupying the ground,—it has also a positive influence upon the moral nature.

It is commonly said that a large proportion of our acts have none of what is called the moral quality; that is, they are in themselves neither virtuous nor vicious. The act of buying and paying for a piece of property for pleasure or convenience might be mentioned as an instance. That of studying a lesson in algebra or Greek in school would seem, at first thought, to be another equally good example. A little consideration will show us, however, that it is essentially different from the first mentioned. In the first place, it calls into play

industry and, usually, self-denial, two important virtues ; in the next, it disciplines the mind, between which and the heart there is a closer connection than many suppose. Our three natures, the moral, the intellectual, and the physical, are not separated by distinct lines of demarcation, like adjacent states on the map : there is a subtle interweaving among them, like that of the three primary colors in a ray of light. The same blood that nourishes our muscles nourishes our hearts and our brains. Each of man's three natures suffers or is benefited with the rest. But what affects his intellectual nature seems to be especially marked in its effects upon the other two. Intellectual Greece and Rome, cruel as they were, surpassed the barbarians around them no less in humanity than in physical prowess. To-day the educated European is superior to the Australian savage both in his bodily and in his moral stature, and among civilized men those of purely intellectual pursuits are, as a class, not only among the longest-lived, but also among the most virtuous.

We conclude, then, scholars, that intellectual training does not stop with the intellect, but that it strengthens and ennobles the whole threefold nature of man.

Joseph Cracklin. I have heard that it makes only the good man better,—that it makes the bad man worse.

Dr. Dix. If that be true, the vast majority of men must be good,—*otherwise our prisons and penitentiaries would be the centres of learning, instead of our schools and colleges.*

XLI.

HOME AND COUNTRY: THE GOOD SON AND THE GOOD CITIZEN.

Dr. Dix. The child's habit is to take things for granted, to accept the blessings of home and country as matters of course, like sunshine and water. As he grows older it gradually dawns upon him that these blessings do not come of themselves, but are the fruits of unremitting labor and care. Still later he begins to realize that the time is not far distant when he must bear his share of the burden.

The management of such a country and government as ours is a most momentous responsibility. It requires the highest statesmanship, the stanchest loyalty, and eternal vigilance. Those upon whom that responsibility now rests will soon pass away, and you and your generation will be called, by your suffrages and personal influence at least, to take their places. The older you grow, if you fulfil the law of your being, the less you will live for yourselves alone.

Let us talk this morning of those great responsibilities that are coming to you all.

In one of our earlier Talks, we spoke of the heroic soldier as a human type of that perfect fidelity to duty which we saw in the inanimate and in the lower animate creatures. Neither he nor they exist for themselves alone, but for the great wholes of which they are parts.

The strength and efficiency of an army depend upon the faithfulness of each member of it; the harmony of the universe depends upon the fidelity to law of each world that rolls, of each atom that vibrates.

The good citizen is another human type of the same fidelity to the general good.

To make each one of you a good citizen is the great object of all these Talks and of all our other efforts in school.

The first duty of either men or things is *obedience*. Universal faithfulness to this duty would bring about universal harmony ; universal neglect of it would bring about universal chaos.

No stage or position in life is exempt from the duty of obedience. The child owes it to his parents, the pupil to his teachers, the workman to his employers, the soldier to his officers, the citizen to his rulers, and all to the laws under which they live, especially to the laws of morality and the dictates of conscience.

George Williams. Suppose there is a conflict of authorities ?

Dr. Dix. In all cases precedence is to be given to the highest, which I named last.

George Williams. Then a child may disobey his parents if his conscience so dictates ?

Dr. Dix. Certainly. But he must be sure that his conscience is right and his parents are wrong : he must bear in mind their superior age, wisdom, and experience, and the possibility that he does not understand what may be good and sufficient reasons for their commands. If they should order him to commit an unmistakably criminal or immoral act, it is not only his right but his duty to disobey them ; in all other cases it is his duty to trust to their judgment and parental fidelity. Gratitude and natural affection should incline him to obedience where otherwise he might hesitate.

Do you realize, boys and girls, what you owe your parents ? Think of your infancy, of the tender care and the utter forgetfulness of self with which your helplessness was guarded and your every need supplied ; of the long, long years of your childhood, of the won-

derful patience with which your folly, petulance, and thoughtless ingratitude were borne,— not merely borne, but repaid with unremitting devotion to your happiness and welfare.

This devotion still continues. Never so long as you live will your parents cease to love you better than themselves, to hold your interests more sacred than their own. You can never repay them for all their love and self-sacrifice,— they do not ask for repayment,— but you can make them happy by your grateful reverence and obedience in your youth; you can make them happy and proud by leading noble, upright, and aspiring lives in your manhood and womanhood, and you can bless their declining years by returning some of the devotion and self-sacrifice which they lavished so freely upon you in the years of your helplessness.

You owe all this not only to them, but also to yourselves and to your country; for the most dutiful son is likely to become the most faithful citizen. As he passes out from under the parental roof, the filial obedience and fealty which he has so long practised will be most likely to extend to "Father-land," to "Mother-country." He will recognize a similar debt of gratitude for blessings received, great and manifold, and a similar obligation to stand by and support with heart, brain, and hand.

The man otherwise intelligent and honest who neglects his duties to his country, from indolence, culpable ignorance of what these duties are, selfish absorption in his own private interests, or the mistaken notion that she does not need his help, is unworthy of a country bought by the blood of his fathers and preserved by the blood of his brothers. She does need his help, his most earnest and constant help: to defend her from her enemies, and to strengthen the hands of her friends; to protect her treasure from the spoiler, and her public places from those who seek to gratify only their own greed and selfish ambition. There was no lack of public

spirit among the founders of the republic. It was their devotion to the public good and their sacrifice of private interest to it which gave us the best government on earth. It is only a like devotion among their descendants which can keep it the best government on earth. The immortal epigram, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," was never more true than it is to-day, and it will never be less true.

You hear men excusing their neglect of public duty by the plea that politics has degenerated to a contemptible, mercenary trade, and that no self-respecting man will have anything to do with it. Happily their charge is only partially true; there are still noble, unselfish statesmen and loyal patriots in public places, there are still multitudes of men who vote, as they would fight, for their country's best good. But if the charge were wholly true, those who bring it could blame none but themselves.

These very men, honest, honorable, intelligent, and at heart patriotic, are in the vast majority if they but knew it: they have the power in their own hands if they chose to exercise it. It is not the great mass of voters who are to be benefited (nor would they be benefited if they could) by the plunder of the public treasury; it is not *they* that wish the chairs of office to be filled by those who seek only their own interests. If the good men and true of the nation would bestir themselves, take a little pains to inform themselves of what is going on all around them, and of the proper steps to take the whole control of elections into their own hands, they would make short work of the fraud, corruption, and trickery which are such a reproach to our still fair republic. The "machine" is formidable only to those who are too indolent or too timid to walk straight up to it and see what a mere scarecrow it really is. It could not stand against the persistent opposition of the united honesty and patriotism of the land.

Frederick Fox. The general prosperity is so great, notwithstanding the evils you name, that it is hard to arouse the people. They see the public corruption plainly enough, but they think the country can stand it, and so they do not think it worth while to take the pains to correct it.

Dr. Dix. Yes, Fox, that is the great trouble. As some one has truly said, the danger to a small republic comes from without, to a great republic it comes from within. When the existence of our government was unmistakably in danger, men forgot their pursuit of gain, pleasure, and personal power, and rushed bravely to its defence. Now that it is, as they imagine, no longer in danger of actual destruction, they do not concern themselves with the smaller dangers to which it is exposed. They are like a man who will peril his life to protect his home from a pack of hungry wolves, but will carelessly and stupidly allow it to be slowly undermined by vermin or dry rot without lifting a finger to save it.

Cato said, "When vice prevails and impious men bear sway, the post of honor is a private station." It was such sentiments as this which hastened imperial Rome to her ruin; and if our own great republic shall ever fall, it will be due to the same cowardly and selfish sentiment prevailing among those who should be her saviours.

But she will not fall. Men will not always love their private ease better than their country's good; they will see that the "post of honor" is never a "private station" when she is in peril either from without or within.

George Williams. It is of very little use for any one man or for any small body of men to come to her rescue. Even if it is true that all the honest and patriotic men might take the control of affairs into their own hands by uniting, what good is there in that, so

long as they will not unite? What would the attempt of a few amount to?

Dr. Dix. It would amount to an honest, faithful attempt; it would amount to their doing their duty, even if all other "honest and patriotic" men neglected theirs.

George Williams. But they could n't accomplish anything.

Dr. Dix. Could n't accomplish anything! They are the ones who are destined to accomplish the salvation of the country. Each year they will grow stronger; each year thousands will be encouraged by their growing strength to rally under their standard. That is the way all great reforms, from the very foundation of the world, have been accomplished.

Frederick Fox. One chief difficulty is that there are so great differences of opinion among really honest and patriotic men. Might not this alone give the balance of power to fraud and corruption, even if indolence and selfish neglect of duty did not?

Dr. Dix. Differences of honest opinion there must necessarily be; but they would be enormously diminished if men would but take the pains to sift more carefully the evidences on which their opinions are based.

Jonathan Tower. How can they do this? What one party journal declares the other party journal contradicts, — and I suppose most men will believe their own paper rather than its political rival.

Dr. Dix. When you get to be voters I hope you will not be slaves either to your party journals or to your parties themselves. Don't be satisfied with a party name, however respectable or historic. Attend its meetings, find out for yourselves what its principles and representative men are to be before you commit yourselves to its support. Do not receive your ticket already cut and dried; have a voice and hand yourself in its making-up.

Jonathan Tower. How can we do that?

Dr. Dix. By being alive and awake at the *primary meetings*.

Not that your vigilance should end there. “*Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.*” But he who would control the course of an arrow will do well to have a hand and an eye in its aiming. Once sped, only a strong wind can turn the direction of its flight. Especially would I warn you against feeling in the least degree bound by the decisions of “*our party,*” unless they accord with your own convictions of what is expedient and what is *right*.

Do not admit the necessity of choosing between evils. If you can agree with none of the great political parties in what you honestly regard as essential to the welfare and honor of the state, join the party with which you *can* agree, no matter how feeble and insignificant it may appear at first. If it is really in the right, it is destined to triumph sooner or later, and you will have the proud satisfaction, the glory, of being one of its pioneers.

You are preparing to take your places among the educated men and women of our nation. Upon you as such will devolve the greatest power, the greatest influence, the highest responsibility. Remember that the noblest product of education is

THE GOOD CITIZEN.

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